

THE
YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S & LADY'S
Magazine,
OR
UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

of
Knowledge, Instruction
and
Amusement,

Intended to open the tender Mind
to an acquaintance with
LIFE, MORALS, & SCIENCE

the
Works of Nature and of
Art;

and to serve as an useful auxiliary
to
Public and Private Tuition.

Edited by D.^r Mavor.

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The Golden Crested Wren.
drawn from Nature by J. Hornsey.



THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN's and LADY's MAGAZINE.

NUMBER VII. VOLUME II.

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Embellished with an exact Representation of the BLUE PASSION-
FLOWER, beautifully coloured from NATURE, a plain Duplicate,
as an Exercise for the juvenile Pencil, and a MAP of CHESHIRE,
to illustrate a geographical Description of the Counties of Eng-
land and Wales, intended to be continued in this Work.

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Paul's Church-yard; and all other Bookfellers and Stationers
in Great Britain, Ireland, and America.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Journal of a SCHOOLBOY, provided it is not too long, will be very agreeable, if we may judge from the good sense of his introductory letter. We are always happy to encourage juvenile application to literature.

The Anecdote communicated by A. R. does great credit to the parties concerned, but it is too well known to be interesting to our readers in general. The Enigma is not without merit, but wants a solution. On the subject of enigmas and charades, we beg leave to observe, that, unless they are peculiarly neat and ingenious, they are not adapted to our miscellany. Indeed the chief beauty of such *jeu d'esprits* lies in the structure and language; and our taste is perhaps too fastidious to be pleased with essays of this kind, that fall short of the standard of excellence we have proposed to ourselves.

The encomiums on our work, which we constantly receive from parents and tutors, are best acknowledged by our strenuous endeavours to deserve them.

Several of our kind correspondents will see we have given a place to their favours this month, and those of others are not forgotten, but unavoidably delayed.

PREFACE.

TO strive to deserve success, has generally been considered as the most effectual means to command it. Our publication, we are conscious, originated from the purest motives; and if, in conducting it, we have failed to realize our ardent desire to be useful to the rising generation, it is because it is much easier to form good intentions than to execute them, and because most would rather be amused than instructed. We have made no sacrifices to acquire a temporary popularity by deserting the objects we proposed to pursue: we have indeed been anxious to mix the *agreeable* with the *useful*, in order to seize the vacant attention; but sensible that little instruction is to be gained without some effort, we have studied rather to communicate real knowledge to such as are ambitious to learn, than to lull native indolence into deeper repose by the opiates of childish inanity.

On what we have accomplished, however, it does not become us to speak with the confidence of desert. Our First Volume is now before the public; and by the unbiaſſed decision of the sensible and the virtuous we wish to abide. The encomiums we have received from those whom it is creditable to please, are such as might justify the hope that our labours have not been wholly in vain. In proportion as our work has been known, it has gained patrons

patrons and admirers: it is already admitted into schools of the highest reputation, and into families of the first rank; and we flatter ourselves that we have still new resources in store, that will enhance its value to the discerning, even should they be ineffectual to fix the regard of the trifling.

Experience, and the kind hints and communications of judicious friends, have enlarged our views, and given us a greater facility in conducting our miscellany for the advantage of our readers, than when it was first started; and we shall avail ourselves of them to the full, to make the volume which now commences, as much better and more acceptable than the preceding, as we possibly can.

We therefore earnestly solicit the continuance of the patronage and protection of affectionate parents and conscientious instructors of youth: by the suggestions of such we shall at all times be guided; by their censures we shall stand corrected; by their applauses we shall be animated to still farther exertions. It is the liberal and active support alone of those who think it of importance that the young should be trained up in virtuous knowledge and sound principles, that can recompense our toils, or give efficacy to our endeavours; and when we forfeit the esteem of the friends of learning, religion, and morals, by voluntary neglect, or a dereliction of our plan, we are willing to endure the frustration of all other hopes, and to retire from the honourable station we have presumed to fill, as public guardians and counsellors to uncorrupted innocence.

THE EDITORS.

STRIC-

STRICTURES ON SOME POSITIONS OF ST. PIERRE,
RESPECTING LOVE AND AMBITION; WITH ANO-
THER VIEW OF THOSE SUBJECTS.

TO THE YOUNG READERS OF THIS VALUABLE MAGAZINE.

THAT the works of St. PIERRE display genius, learning, and an amiable frame of mind, no one who has any claim to judgment will deny, and these have justly made him a favourite of all who read. The opinions, however, on two of our noblest passions, which appeared in the last number*, among the select passages from his *Studies of Nature*, have a tendency to depreciate our race, and to set our nature in a point of view, in which, indeed, experience says it may be considered, but which, I think, truth will justify our regarding as the dark shade of a picture, that serves to give prominence to the brilliant figures that stand foremost on the scene.

I have lately read the sentiments of a fond father, who, for the instruction of his children, drew some sketches of our nature. He aimed at giving them an idea that ALL the passions were in their *origin* good, and that whatever was evil in any passion, was a *deviation* from the purity of its source. It would extend this paper to too great a length, were

* The ingenious author of this address, to our readers, for which we tender him our respectful gratitude, while we invite his future correspondence, will do us the justice to recollect, that, on different occasions since the commencement of our labours, we have controverted many of St. Pierre's principles, and that to the extract which has procured us the honour of his notice, we subjoined a note to limit that writer's character of ambition to what was *criminal*.

I to give the whole of his sentiments on the two passions which *St. Pierre* hastily calls opposite ones, LOVE and AMBITION; the former tending, according to him, to brutalize us, and the latter never rising except at the expense of other men. But I hope to please, and to serve you, my young friends, by offering to you the following selected passages from the sketches I allude to; and confident I am, that the more we convince ourselves of the exaltation of our nature, the more shall we be incited to retain or recover the high post for which our Maker designed us.

“AMBITION,” says this father to his children, “is the desire of great things; or rather of those things which transcend our present state or attainments. It is an essential quality in man to aspire; it marks the superiority of his spirit above the rest of animals; and, in no slight degree, indicates his immortality. Aspire, my children! but let your ambition be fixed on those objects that legalize the passion. Whatever tends to the exaltation of your nature, is the legal object of ambition. Cast your eyes to the summits of intellect and virtue; and strain every faculty to accomplish the ascent.

“The passion flows regularly and purely, while it runs towards real greatness; it deviates into a turbid stream, when diverted by imaginary grandeur. How far the desire of power, of popularity, of fame, of wealth, are deviations, can only be known from actions; they are not necessarily corrupt. The ambition of Cicero induced him to be the support and the father of his country; that of Cæsar impelled him to its destruction. Personal aggrandizement, with no ulterior view to the will of God,

cannot be the end of a laudable passion; but every wish to rise, should be accompanied with the desire of moral improvement and extended utility. The tendency of native ambition, is the melioration of the soul, which is true greatness; and every step we take, we advance nearer to the Father of all grandeur. The tendency of false ambition, is the depravation of the soul; power is sought for the gratification of vice; and no means are rejected, however base or horrid."

He then takes a view of the passion under the following heads—*the desire of power, the desire of fame, avarice, and envy*; showing the two former to be pure and laudable, and contending that the two latter are deviations. As for the other passion:

"Love," he says, "is that noble, genial, and warm affection of mind, excited by amiable objects, that, while it exalts the soul, communicates inexpressible delight to every part of the human frame. It is the soil of virtue, the divinity that stirs within us, the grand enjoyment of superior natures, a great portion of which mankind is suffered to participate: it was the spring of creation, and continues to support it. From this source an infinite variety of streams branches forth. It is piety, devotion, philanthropy, charity, benevolence, friendship: and, in fine, it is that passion peculiar to the human species, which, from its superior liveliness, obtains the very name of LOVE.

"This last species of LOVE is a passion of the mind, depending, however, on the distinction of sex, and is the emotion that is raised by qualities in the object, which excite the highest pleasurable sensations. It is sometimes a pure, but oftener a

mixed passion. It is nobler when it is pure, but not culpable when it is mixed. In the former, the happiness of its object is the highest gratification; in the latter, selfish desires predominate. The mixed passion is so agreeable to the mixed nature of mankind, and so attractive, that the purer being with difficulty distinguishable, becomes the object of suspicion; and indeed the existence of platonic love is nearly banished from the belief of polite society."

I shall now conclude with adding his aphorisms on this subject, which he has entitled,

"GOLDEN RULES OF LOVE.

"The virtues are necessary to love, and the more they are exerted, the more are its delights increased.

"As general kindness is necessary to the character of a good disposition; and is also the avenue of love; there the barrier ought to be kept. The man who offers unusual kindness rings for further admission to the heart. On this alarm, a good girl will consider two things, the one for her own sake, namely, What are the virtues and accomplishments of this man? The other for his sake: Shall she give birth to a hope she is likely to disappoint? Continue at the barrier, and no harm can ensue.

"Though it behoves every young woman to be cautious from whom she receives kindness, and by no means to admit any particular mark of it from a man of whose character she is ignorant; on the other hand, let her not be backward in a general interchange of regard with all liberal men of her acquaintance.

"When the barrier is passed, happiness is placed in a critical situation. A man of sensibility will not risk a refusal, much less will a delicate woman com-

mit

mit herself. Here nature has established a mode of intelligence, by which the most scrupulous may understand each other—this is the sympathy prepared by kindness.

“When the passion is ascertained to be mutually agreeable, it is the part of the man to be ostensibly the courtier of a happiness, which both are satisfied is reciprocally coveted.

“The allurements to LOVE, are virtue, beauty, and accomplishments, uniting with kindness.

“The emotion that is excited by certain intelligible movements of the eyes is not love: yet the eyes speak its most harmonious periods.

“*Infatuation* is not a word in the vocabulary of LOVE. To infatuate, signifies to make foolish; the very reverse of LOVE, which *refines* and *exalts*.

“The woman, who, having raised hope in the bosom of a lover, disappoints him without very good reason, is a jilt; a base character.

“The man who uses kindness to excite sympathy, and sympathy for an idle or ignoble gratification, without respect to love and honour, is a seducer; the basest of characters.

“The flame of love once raised, will burn long, if fanned by both its votaries; but will inevitably expire, if left to the care of one.

“Mutual constancy, and unbounded confidence, are chief ingredients in love.

“A disposition to gallantry is unfit for love.

“Chastity, by which is understood the exclusive appropriation of person and inclination to the object of affection, is one of the chief props of love, which, unsupported by it, totters and falls.

“Jealousy is said to be attendant on love: it

may be so; but then it is only as diseases are attendant on life; a good constitution escapes the one, and pure love the other.

“A kiss is the link of union between mental affection and animal sense: it is at first brittle, and needs the aid of a solemn engagement to secure the chain entire.

“The end of love is the melioration of the heart, the invigoration of family affections, and the security of domestic happiness.”

And now, my young friends, I shall take leave of you with a small display of learning, by advising you to pay the greatest attention to a saying of one of the wise men of Greece, Γνωθὶ σεαυτόν: for information who the wise man was, and the explanation of the Greek, I refer young ladies to their brothers, or other classical friends.

SOLON.

EPIGRAM TO GALLA.

TRANSLATED FROM OUR LAST.

SEE, GALLA, how the perfect year
On thee its different gifts bestows;
Spring hangs upon thy cheek, and paints
On thy sweet lip her blushing rose.

With countless rays of beamy light,
Thine eyes are by the *summer* blest;
And two bright apples *autumn* hides,
Two ripen'd strawberries in thy breast.

What yet remains, e'en *winter's* care
In full perfection will disclose:
It spreads along thy beauteous form
One smooth expanse of glitt'ring snows.

N.

BLUE





Blue Passion Flower.

BLUE PASSION-FLOWER—PASSIFLORA CÆRULEA.

CLASS GYNANDREA—ORDER PENTANDRIA.

THE passion-flowers, so called from their cross-like parts of fructification, may be ranked among the most beautiful productions of the vegetable kingdom. They are all natives of warm climates; but the blue species succeeds very well in our climate, if planted in a warm situation. This plant has long, slender, shrubby, purplish green stalks, branching, and ascending by claspers, thirty or forty feet high, with one large palmated leaf at each joint, and at the axillas large spreading flowers, with whitish green petals, and a blue radiated nectarium; succeeded by a large, oval, yellowish fruit.

The flowers are very large, and their composition exceedingly beautiful and curious. The calyx is five-lobed, and the corolla has five petals, arranging alternately with the lobes of the former. Within the corolla is the nectarium, composed of a multitude of thread-like fibres, of a blue and purple colour, disposed in circular rays round the fructification. In the middle is an erect, cylindric, club-shaped column or pillar, crowned with the roundish germen, at the base of which are five horizontal spreading filaments, tipped with yellow anthers that move about every way; and from the side of the germen arise three slender spreading styles, terminated by headed stigmas.

These singularly elegant flowers generally open about eleven or twelve o'clock at noon, sometimes with elastic force, remain fully expanded till night;

but by next day they appear closed and shrivelled, and are daily succeeded by others of the same beauty and duration, from July to October.

OUTLINES OF BRITISH GEOGRAPHY.

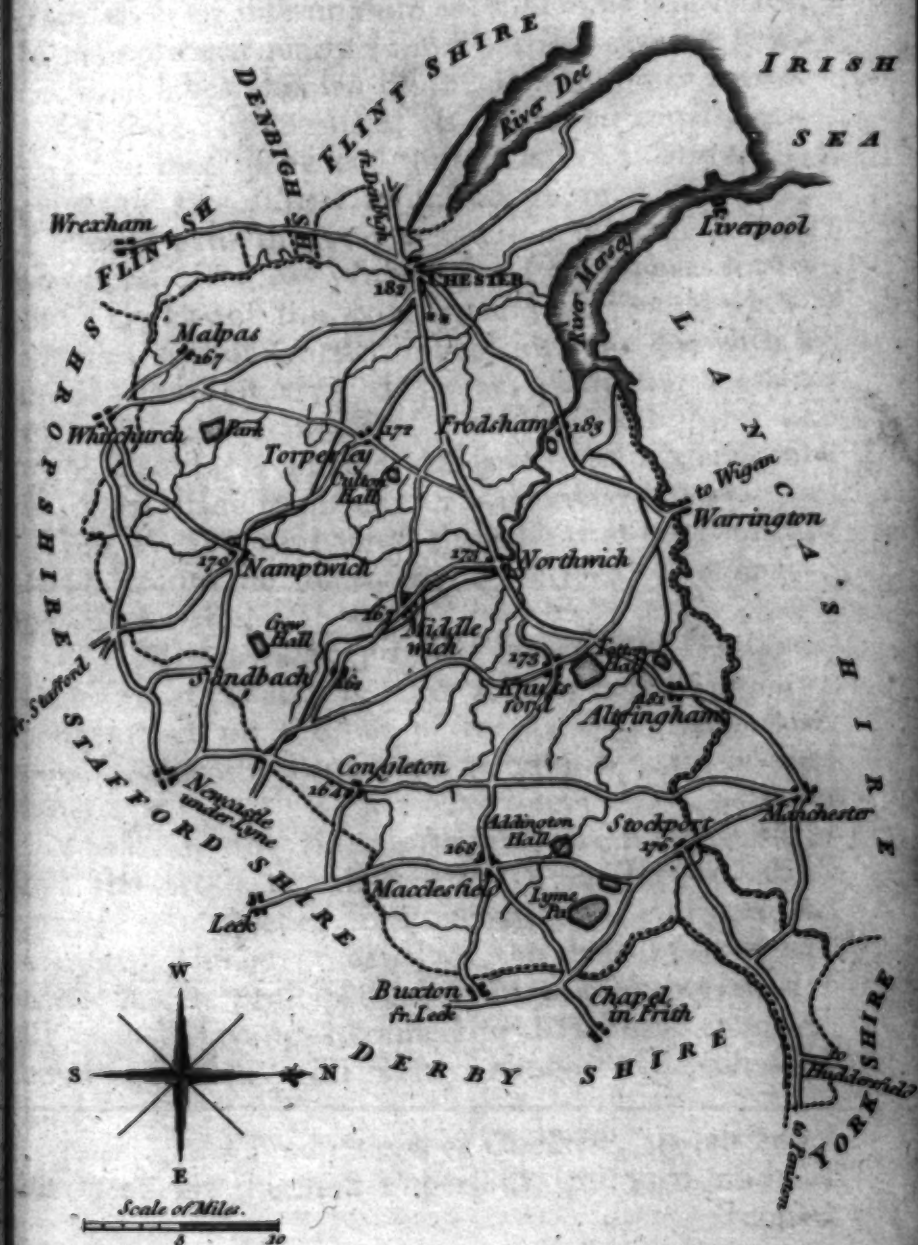
CHESHIRE.

WILLIAM the Conqueror made Cheshire a county palatine, and endowed it with peculiar privileges. Its length from east to west is 50 miles, and its breadth from north to south about 33; containing 1050 square miles; divided into 7 hundreds, and 101 parishes. It has one city, Chester, a bishop's see, which also gives the title of earl to the prince of Wales; and 11 market-towns—Nantwich, Macclesfield, Malpas, Middlewich, Northwich, Congleton, Altringham, Prossham, Knotsford, Stockport, and Sandbach.

Cheshire is bounded on the north by the rivers Mersey and Tame, which separate it from Lancashire; on the east by Derby and Stafford; on the south by Salop and Flint; and on the west by Denbigh, Flint, and the broad estuary of the Dee. The two projecting horns to the east and west of its northern boundary, give its figure somewhat the resemblance of a crab.

The face of this county is generally level; but towards the eastern border are some considerable eminences, and an interrupted ridge crosses it from north to south on the western side, in which we find that large heathy tract called Delamere forest, and the insulated rock that supports the ancient castle of Beeston. The champaign however prevails; and

CHESHIRE





and the soil in many parts is light and sandy, with much red gritty rock, while, in others, it is a stiff clay, with an intermixture of wild moss and heath. In the northern quarters more particularly, are several small lakes, known by the appellation of meres.

Cheshire, by means of its rivers and canals, enjoys the most beneficial and extensive inland navigation of any district in the kingdom. The Dee, a stream held in great veneration by our British ancestors, rises in Wales, for some space forms the boundary of this county, and afterwards washing the city of Chester, flows into the sea with a broad sandy estuary. It is navigable for a great way; but the continuity is broken by a ledge of rocks forming a kind of cascade, and a lateral cut has been made to obviate this inconvenience.

The Weaver runs across the middle of the county, and falls into the mouth of the Mersey. It is navigable a few miles above Northwich.

The Mersey more properly belongs to Cheshire than to Lancashire; but, as there is no port of any consequence on the side of the former, that noble river is generally considered as an appendant to the latter.

These are the three principal natural streams; but the artificial canals are, if possible, of still greater consequence to its commerce and convenience. The great canal of the duke of Bridgewater has its principal course in this county; and, by means of various connecting branches, opens a communication with many remote parts of the kingdom.

Among the productions of Cheshire, its salt and its cheese are the most important, and form no in-
con-

considerable branches of our national commerce. The principal salt-works are at NANTWICH, MIDDLEWICH, NORTHWICH, and WINSFORD. At most of these, the brine is pumped up from native salt-springs, and boiled to a proper consistence; but at Northwich there are vast pits of solid salt-rock, of infinite beauty and curiosity, out of which amazing quantities of this mineral have been dug from very remote periods.

The cheese of this county is noted for its mellow rich flavour; and is made in such plenty, as to supply many parts of the kingdom with this favourite article of food. Indeed almost three fourths of the land in Cheshire is either pastured or mown; and the dairies are not only the most extensive, but the most celebrated in England.

CHESTER, the capital of the county, is a very ancient, and singularly built city. Its main streets are hollowed out of the rock to the depth of one story below the level of the ground, and the houses have a kind of covered portico one story above the street, and afford a sheltered walk for foot-passengers. This style of architecture has, no doubt, some conveniencies; but they are more than overbalanced by the darkness of the shops and warehouses, the confinement of the air, and the consequent insalubrity of houses so situated. Chester, however, is the residence of many genteel families, and contains a number of beautiful edifices. The walks on the city-walls are much and justly admired, and are the principal promenade of the inhabitants.

The salt-towns have little to recommend them to attention, beyond the pits and springs in their vicinity. These, however, entitle them to consideration,

deration, and render them well worthy of a visit from every person of taste and curiosity.

STOCKPORT is at present one of the most flourishing places in the county, on account of its cotton manufactures. Formerly its great trade was in hats, buttons, and checks; but the fabric of those articles has some time been on the decline. This town is conveniently situated on the Mersey.

MACCLESFIELD is a spacious and agreeable town, near the confines of Derbyshire. It has a handsome church, and a college adjoining, in which was an oratory, where are two brass plates, in one of which is a promise of 26,000 years, and twenty-six days pardon, for saying five pater-nosters, and as many ave-marias! What a misfortune for Macclesfield; that no faith is now placed in such liberal offers! At this place and CONGLTON, about seven miles distant, are mills for the winding of silk; and the cotton manufactory seems generally extending itself over other towns in this county, and gradually superseding the ancient branches of business.

PARKGATE, near the efflux of the Dee, is well known as a landing-place between this kingdom and Ireland, and is also frequented for sea-bathing. The other towns and villages present nothing which deserves to be noticed in a general description. Cheshire, indeed, is rather a rich and fertile, than a pleasant and healthy county; though it must not be denied, but that there are many spots which unite picturesque beauty with salubrity of air, and every advantage that can contribute to comfort and convenience.

ORIGIN

ORIGIN AND ADVANTAGES OF HISTORY.

THE endeavour to perpetuate the memory of great and laudable actions, seems to have intruded itself even into the barbarism of the most savage and illiterate nations. The *Indians*, the *negroes*, who are now the most rude and unlettered tribes existing among mankind, are fond of registering the deeds of their distinguished countrymen; and by some symbolical representation or other, on trees and stones, or mounds of earth thrown up, or deep pitfalls, they indicate the praises of some deserving chief, or the site of some remarkable action.

How productive of benefit to society, how conducive to order and harmony, is that amiable propensity, so strongly united to the soul of a thinking creature, to desire the applauses, and to thirst after the encomiums of our friends and associates! Wretches, destitute of this principle, who despise the good opinion of the world, whose hearts know not the raptures and exultations of receiving deserved praise, are prepared for the most desperate and abandoned undertakings; careless whether they are remembered as the blessing, or as the curse of their fellow-creatures.

The soul, in the reluctance it feels at the thought of the cessation of its activity, perceives, beside the blissful expectation of a future state of existence, no alleviating satisfaction equal to the hope of being remembered by posterity. Hence our avidity of doing or saying things worth remembrance; of *bragging*, as it were, for praise; nor, as before hinted, can there be a more rational and laudable desire.

It is highly probable that mankind, even in their first patriarchal state, preserved, by such vehicles as were adapted to early ages, family memoirs, for the benefit of succeeding generations; that these, by contemplating the virtues or the vices of their ancestors, might strive to emulate their merits, or, on the contrary, to avoid and despise qualities that were destructive of peace and happiness. Several passages in the *sacred chronicle* seem to justify this conjecture, by allusions, often introduced into the mouths of speakers, to some remote act or event of the lives of their progenitors.

Before the invention of letters, the great and the powerful seem to have relied, for future praise and remembrance, upon massy and huge structures, expressive of the grandeur and potency of those who caused them to be erected. Hence the mighty works of Nebuchadnezzar and Semiramis: and hence those magnificent and awful edifices, the *pyramids*; edifices, that have survived the very names of their founders. At length, humanity and letters spread themselves over the face of the earth; and laid the basis of monuments still more durable; and the introduction of the excellent, the invaluable art of *printing*, made the communication of them to all ranks of people cheap and easy. From this source flow the refinements and embellishments that so remarkably distinguish modern from all preceding times.

Fame ceased, now, to be restrained to him, who, with the hands of a thousand slaves, could build himself a name: like a confined torrent, it burst its too narrow bounds, and diffused itself, in gentle streams, among all conditions of men. Since this

auspicious period, every one has been permitted to become a candidate for glory; and vice, in every situation, has been exposed to the scourge of reproach. Happy he, who feels, with one of the greatest of poets:

“Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all;
 But if the purchase cost so dear a price
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
 Indignant let me scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
 Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me none.” POPE.

History, as it is one of the most ancient, so it is also one of the most improving sciences. Not only to the great, but to every one, it is an excitement to virtuous, and, therefore, laudable actions: it is a kind of sea-mark to warn from the approach of the sands and shelves to which we are often exposed: it opens our minds; informs us what to seek, and what to shun; renders us conversable creatures, and fits us to be members of society.

The pleasure and entertainment of this study are equal to any thing that can be expressed. We seem to converse with our fathers; and to be in the very scene of action which the historian is describing: we rejoice and exult, we glow with passion, we melt into pity, we are filled with indignation and remorse, we shudder with horror, we are impatient to trace the hand of Providence to the catastrophe of affairs; and, in a private study, experience all the joys and tumults of life.

In order to understand, and to derive advantage from, what we read, some judgment, however, and the observance of some rules, are always necessary; and never more so than when we read history. Great care should be taken, lest, from reading without attention, or from the wrong choice of historians, the mind be led to imagine only such and such things right, without giving fair quarter to another party or opinion. A person who sits down to this study, should divest himself of all prejudice and partiality; should enter upon his subject, unbiassed by any resentment or pique against any party or sect; whose actions he is going to scan; till, by comparing different accounts of the same persons or facts, his reason directs him where to settle his good opinion, or his dislike. Biography, which introduces us more minutely to the characters of the persons who have acted conspicuous parts in those events which the historian records, is extremely useful as a collateral study; and a knowledge of geography, and, indeed, an immediate reference to maps, is often necessary to render the pages that lie before us intelligible.

If we would really *study* the history of a country, we ought upon no account to omit reading the records of those with which it is in any way connected. Thus, in reading the history of England scientifically, we should consult the historians of Scotland, France, Spain, and Germany: for, if we desire to judge of truth for ourselves, we ought, when they are mentioned as at variance with us, to consult their own writers on the contested point. The practise of this rule would increase our knowledge of chronology; and by knowing what princes

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reigned

reigned successively in other countries, and the tendency of their conduct, we should be enabled to take a very enlightened view of our own affairs.

SYMPATHETIC INKS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S AND
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIRS,

THE article in your last on a new sympathetic ink, induces me to trouble you with some farther communications on the subject, for the entertainment of your young readers. Many amusing experiments may be made with such fluids; nor is the agency of fire always necessary to bring them to light, but only a different fluid to be passed over the writing.

YELLOW SYMPATHETIC INK.

Steep the flowers of marigolds for about a week in distilled vinegar, and then press them out, and keep the liquor well corked in a bottle. It may be rendered more limpid at any time, by the addition of a little clear water.

RED SYMPATHETIC INK.

To the pure spirit of vitriol or nitre, add about ten times as much water, and preserve it for use.

GREEN SYMPATHETIC INK.

Dissolve salt of tartar of the clearest and driest quality that can be procured, in a sufficient quantity of river water, and bottle it close.

VIOLET

VIOLET SYMPATHETIC INK.

Express the juice of lemons, and keep it well secured from the air, in a phial.

Whatever is written or drawn with either of the above liquids, on any white body, such as paper, silk, or vellum, will appear of the colours above expressed, after it has been dipped in or brushed over with the following solution:

THE COLOURING LIQUOR.

Take a sufficient quantity of the flowers of pansy, or of the common violet, and bruise them in a mortar, adding a sufficient quantity of water to the mass. Strain the liquor through a cloth, and keep it in a bottle for use. ~~For~~ Water, in which turnsole has been steeped, will answer the same intention.

EXPERIMENT.

TO REVIVIFY FLOWERS.

Provide some artificial flowers made of silk, and their leaves of parchment, such as roses, jonquils, and pinks. Dip the roses in the red sympathetic ink, the jonquils in the yellow, the pinks in the violet, and their leaves in the green ink. When perfectly dry, form them into small bouquets, which will all appear white in a day or two.

Exhibit these bouquets, to convince the company that they are all white; then dip them in the vivifying liquor made of violets, and presently drawing them out, each flower will appear in its native hues, to the astonishment of those who are unacquainted with the secret principles on which the phenomenon depends.

THE CABINET OF ANCIENT WISDOM UNLOCKED.

CONSISTING OF MAXIMS AND PRECEPTS, BY THE GREATEST WISE
AND PHILOSOPHERS OF ANTIQUITY.

[Continued from vol. i. page 351.]

178. **I**T is the property of virtue, and contrary to vice, to hate injustice. *Cleobulus.*

179. Judges who do not punish the wicked are more to be blamed than the wicked themselves. *Cato Major.*

180. Some nations, like headstrong horses, require more instruction than others. *Socrates.*

181. It is justice to do those things which ought to be done, injustice not to do them*. *Democritus.*

182. Justice is the virtue of giving to any one according to his desert*. *Aristotle.*

183. Justice is a virtue which gives to every one his due, and provides that injury be done to no one*. *Epicurus.*

184. What you would not have done to yourself never do to others*. *Alexander Severus.*

185. In childhood be modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just, in old age prudent. *Uncertain.*

186. One ought to remember kindnesses received and forget those one has done. *Chilo.*

187. Prefer labour before idleness, unless you esteem rust more than brightness. *Plato.*

188. We ought to aim at such pleasures as follow labour, not at those which precede it.

* This is not the political justice of the would-be philosopher of modern times; who, regarding the end alone, overlooks the means and would establish one solitary abstract virtue, at the expense of the most atrocious actual crimes.

189. Laws are like cobwebs, where the small flies are caught, but the great ones break through.

Solon.

190. Where there are many medicines and physicians there are most diseases, and where there are many laws there is most iniquity. *Arcefilaus.*

191. The law is not made for the good. *Socrates.*

192. Nothing is so precious as leisure; not because one should be idle, but because one should choose to do what he wills. *The same.*

193. Liberty is the greatest of all goods, and the foundation of all others. *Diogenes.*

194. We should live as though our life would be both long and short. *Bias.*

195. In navigation we ought to be guided by the pilot; in the course of life by those of better judgment. *Socrates.*

196. To live well, one must oppose nature to law, reason to passion, and virtue or resolution to fortune. *Diogenes.*

197. We ought to regulate our lives so as not to become terrible to our inferiors nor contemptible to our superiors. *Chilo.*

198. A man must live not only to eat and drink, but to use his life for the attainment of happiness. *Zeno.*

199. The wicked live to eat, but the good eat to live. *Socrates.*

200. To lead a bad life is perfect misery. *Diogenes.*

201. It is better to make ourselves loved than feared. *Pythagoras.*

202. Love as you may afterwards hate; hate as if you may afterwards love. *Chilo.*

203. Liars are the authors of all the mischiefs that affect mankind. *Epanetus.*

204. Lie not, but speak the truth. *Solon.*

205. One gains nothing by lying, but the advantage of not being credited when he speaks the truth. *Aristotle.*

206. Meditation is the fountain of discourse. *Chrysippus.*

207. It is a great misfortune not to be able to endure misfortune. *Bion.*

208. Deride not the unfortunate. *Chilo.*

209. Reproach not the unhappy. *Pittacus.*

210. Love thy neighbour. *The same.*

211. Nobility is a proud temper of soul. *Socrates.*

212. Wind puffs up empty bladders, opinion fools. *The same.*

213. Orators make most noise when they have least reason, as men get on horseback when they cannot walk. *Cicero.*

214. An orator without judgment is a horse without a bridle. *Theophrastus.*

215. Reverence thy parents. *Solon.*

216. Expect the same filial duty from your children which you paid to your parents. *Thales.*

217. One should make a serious study of a pastime. *Alexander the Great.*

218. The wicked obey their passions as slaves do their masters. *Diogenes.*

219. The noblest death is to die for our country. *Epaminondas.*

220. One must no more take revenge of one's country than of one's father. *The same.*

221. The world is our country. *Theodorus.*

222. Philosophy is to do those things voluntarily which others do by compulsion. *Aristotle.*

223. Philosophers, though all laws were abolished, would lead the same lives. *Aristippus.*

224. We ought to study philosophy till nothing is the object of our wonder. *Crates.*

225. We ought not to regard what place we came from, but what place we are worthy of. *Aristotle.*

226. Contemplate pleasures as they depart, not as they come. *The same.*

227. Pleasures are mortal, virtues immortal. *Periander.*

228. Power must be used moderately, to make it lasting. *Cato Major.*

229. Nothing is more unseemly than pride, especially in young men. *Zeno.*

230. To be naturally fitter for command is the property of the most excellent. *Pittacus.*

231. No man is worthy to command unless he is better or worthier than the rest. *Cyrus the Great.*

232. A prince ought to be distinguished from his subjects by his virtues, and not by his pleasures. *Agésilas.*

233. Royalty does not consist in vain pomp, but in great virtues. *The same.*

234. A prince who pretends to empire ought not to show himself unworthy of it. *Cyrus the Younger.*

235. They are not kings who are in possession of a throne, or who come unjustly by it, but they who know how to govern. *Socrates.*

236. It is no less the duty of a prince to obey the laws than to command over men. *Democritus.*

237. Justice is the rule to the will of kings. *Antigonus.*

238. A good prince does not consider the effects of his subjects to be his own. *Adrian.*

239. Kings ought to be kings in all things. *The same.*

240. Princes may be able to alter the laws of society, but not those of nature. *Diomysius the Elder.*

TRAVELLING.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S AND
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

BY the favour of a kind parent, I am every midsummer vacation indulged with a tour through some part of England, and the weather this season has been most propitious both to health and pleasure during our short route. It is a maxim my father is always inculcating, that learning without health is of no avail; and that some knowledge of the world ought at proper intervals to be joined to the seclusion of schools. I have often heard him repeat, that, as his own constitution was injured by too close confinement in his boyish days, and as to his future misfortune, he was left to pick up an acquaintance with life and manners by chance, and as circumstances arose, he was resolved that no son of his should follow the same plan. Yet, lest this disposition should be misunderstood, and his sentiments misapplied, I ought to remark, that no man can be more anxious for his children's improvement in school learning, or more attentive to its promotion: he only thinks, and perhaps justly, that the

are objects of equal importance for young people to pursue with Greek and Latin; and that, as we are born to perform a part in society, we ought to lay in a sufficient stock of health to enable us to do it with pleasure and effect; and that when we are called upon to fill a station in human life, we ought not to be wholly unacquainted with our fellow-agents, or the scene in which we are destined to act.

By these motives the conduct of my father seems wholly to be influenced, and I have reason to be thankful that he has adopted them. Pleasure, and, I trust, some profit, have been produced from them already; and I look forward with hope to the time when I shall be able to realize the fond expectations of a good parent in regard to myself.

But to return from this digression. Before setting out on our excursion this summer, I was presented with the **BRITISH TOURISTS** in a case, and at every place where we stopped, and frequently in the carriage, I eagerly read the remarks of those who had gone before me, and who were much better qualified than I am, to describe the present appearances of things, and to investigate the past. As we are, however, the creatures of imitation, and are ambitious to attempt what gives us pleasure to see done by others, I requested to be furnished with a common-place book, and in it I entered such observations on the passing scenes as struck my fancy, and made such memoranda as were likely to refresh my memory, when the objects that had delighted me were no longer visible to my eyes.

Being again returned to school, in order to renew the pleasures I received in my late tour, which included

cluded some of the most interesting and delightful parts of the kingdom, I have begun transcribing and amplifying my remarks; and as vanity, you will allow, is natural to youth, perhaps partly owing to this passion, and partly to a desire of communicating pleasure to those of my own age who have been less fortunate in spending their holidays so agreeably, I should be happy to see my journal in print; and I prefer your excellent Magazine to any other vehicle, because it is best calculated to gratify my wishes in every respect.

A SCHOOLBOY,

ORIGINAL CHARADES.

BY A LADY.

I.

CHEER'D by my first, the gallant sailor braves
The roar of cannon and the dash of waves:
My next declares the flutt'ring captive's pain,
When cruel snares his rising flight restrain:
The fair, whose nimble tongue, above control,
Outruns her sense, is justly term'd my whole.

II.

Swift flies my first, when round the festive board
The social sons of frolic pleasure meet;
There, 'midst the laugh, the jest, the song encor'd,
My sparkling second makes their joys complete.
Not so the hermit in his lonely cell;
Pensive he marks my monitory whole,
Bids the light scenes of noisy mirth farewell,
And fits for other realms his earth-wean'd soul.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS OF DICK, THE LITTLE PONEY.

[Continued from vol. ii. page 425.]

XI. DICK'S STRANGE SENTIMENTS ON THE CAUSE OF HUMAN MALADIES—DIPS IN SATIRE—PRAISES HIS MISTRESS—WHO FALLS A MARTYR TO CONSUMPTION—HER EPITAPH.

WHETHER it arises from their not eating hay and drinking water, like the more useful kinds of quadrupeds, I cannot pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the human race are subject to many maladies which we escape. They often die as soon as they are born, and few reach the period of longevity, which nature seems to have allotted them. I have often fancied too that they hastened fate by having recourse to means to prevent it. When ill, if they can afford to pay for having her intentions perverted, they leave nothing to NATURE, but trust wholly to art. An uncouth-looking kind of men, who disguise themselves in a mass of hair, to supply which, I imagine our tails and manes are robbed, are commonly applied to when any person is sick. I have seen them occasionally lay hold of the patient's wrist, pull a round thing out of their breeches pocket, and look very grave, but never could understand the use of this ceremony. However, the conclusion always was, that the sick were enjoined to swallow something which could not be food, and was too unpleasant in its appearance to be intended for drink.

The charming but unfortunate young creature I had now the honour to serve, was attended by one of these magicians, who, indeed, had his black hair

cut as close as my tail, but in other respects followed the customs of his fraternity. I was told he pretended to be very clever; and if abilities consist in talking well of himself, and ill of every body else, he certainly must have been a miracle of perfection as to knowledge. I was astonished, however, that such a beautiful and delicate lady should suffer such a being to come near her. When he opened his mouth, his teeth looked more formidable and jagged than a curry-comb, and his smile was so ghastly, that I was more than once in apprehension he intended to bite her. He visited her daily, however, and seemed to furnish her with almost every thing she ate or drank. He sometimes rode out with her after I had the happiness to bear such a precious load; and I began to think he had as much regard for her as I had conceived; but, at last, understood he was only hired to drive away her consumption; and could it have been frightened by ugliness, her sufferings would have been of short duration.

Never did I experience such lenity and kindness before. My mistress was extremely light, she never wore a spur, and carried a whip in her hand more for ornament than for use. I now lived in higher style than I had done with the squire; and instead of being confined to a nasty stable, I had free liberty to graze over several verdant fields. I was never wanted above two hours in a day; and at last the excursion was as pleasant to me, as I wished it might be beneficial to my rider. In this situation, however, there were some peculiarities which, at first, were rather strange to me. My mistress did not sit astride, but her whole pressure was on one

side.

side. This was rather irksome to me, and I feared it might be inconvenient to her. Various and inexplicable are the customs of mankind, and this is one I could never solve!

The tenderness with which I was treated, endeared my mistress so much to me, that I followed her familiarly whenever she came into my pasture. I ate the grass from her delicate hand, and I thought it more sweet to the taste. Did she pat me, I was ready to die with pleasure; did she speak to me, I thought her voice more harmonious than the music of the groves.

Happy, happy days! I still recall you with fresh delight. I now felt myself a servant, and not a slave; every wish I was capable of forming was gratified, and I dreamed not that my present felicity was so near an end.

I began to perceive that my mistress mounted me with less animation, that she seemed to grow more feeble; but I had no idea I was to lose her for ever. Notwithstanding the shock-headed conjuror flattered her that she was mending, and redoubled his assiduity to make her swallow his prescriptions, she daily declined. I was less and less wanted, because she was not able to use me. At last she was assisted to mount me, though, had I known her wishes, I would have lain down to raise her up. Her voice became fainter, her pat less hearty; and one day after I had brought her home, and her father was assisting her to dismount, she made an effort to spring towards him, and immediately expired in his arms.

Never did I witness such a melancholy scene as this.

this. The father stood in much agony; his sorrows were too big for utterance: the mother raved in distraction. The whole family had fallen by the same deplorable malady in the opening bloom of youth. All the hopes of two affectionate parents had been embarked on this last frail vessel, and now the wreck was total.

This was the first time I had seen the debt of nature exacted from any of her children; and never could it be paid by one who had less reason to dread settling the account. I grieved, however, for the mortal condition; the stroke of death seemed terrible. What a change did a moment produce! Those eyes that beamed benignity were for ever closed; that voice which sounded of music was for ever lost. Pale was the countenance once so fair, and the whole frame was cold and inert as its kindred earth.

I could neither demonstrate my grief for this irretrievable loss by action or expression; but I felt in passive silence more than eloquence could express. Tears coursed one another down my face. Stare not, reader! for a horse has tears; and his feelings for the moment are as acute as yours; but he neither increases his misery by retrospects on the past, or distant anticipations of the future.

I saw my late dear mistress carried to the grave, and there was not a dry eye in the melancholy group. O how attractive is goodness! Who would not wish to possess it, were it only for the love it inspires!

On this mournful occasion I became poetic. I did not mount on Pegasus, but I was Pegasus himself.

self. The following lines were intended as an epitaph on my mistress:

Nipp'd by the chilling hand of death,

A lovely flower here withering lies;

The mortal part is lodg'd beneath,

The spirit mounted to the skies.

For sure in man's superior race

Some portion must survive the grave;

Else why for fame the restless chase,

That prompts the good, the wise, the brave?

[To be continued.]

ON FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

[Continued from vol. i. page 354.]

ALLEGORY.

ALLEGORY is nothing but a continued metaphor: it is, in fact, the representation of one thing by another, which has a resemblance to it. Thus Prior, in his *Henry and Emma*, makes the latter describe her constancy to her lover by the following beautiful allegory:

"Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play with prosperous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?"

On account of the strict affinity that subsists between metaphors and allegories, the same rules are applicable to each. A repetition will therefore be unnecessary. The only material difference, beside

the one being short and the other prolonged, is, that a metaphor always explains itself by the words that are connected with it, in their proper and natural signification: as when we say, "Achilles was a lion; an able minister is the pillar of the state." The lion and the pillar are here sufficiently interpreted by the mention of Achilles and the minister, who are joined to them; but an allegory may be allowed to stand connected with the literal meaning; the interpretation not being so plainly indicated, but left to our own reflection.

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW: A FABLE.

BY DR. WILKIE.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
 'Mongst animals of every kind,
 Of each condition, sort, and size,
 From whales and elephants to flies,
 A creature that mistakes his plan,
 And errs so constantly as man.
 Each kind pursues his proper good,
 And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
 As nature points; and never errs,
 In what it chooses and prefers:
 Man only blunders, though possess
 Of talents far above the rest.
 Descend to instances, and try:
 An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
 Or leave his pasture in the wood,
 With fishes to explore the flood.
 Man only acts of every creature
 In opposition to his nature.
 The happiness of human kind
 Consists in rectitude of mind.

A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art;
Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom never sad nor sour;
In these consist our proper bliss;
Else PLATO reasons much amiss;
But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true;
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While reason no assent can gain,
And revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives in every stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind;
E'en when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost, and gone.

You'll ask me why I thus rehearse

All EPICTETUS in my verse;

And if I fondly hope to please

With dry reflections, such as these,

So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale;

I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One evening as a simple swain

His flock attended on the plain,

The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,

Which warns us when a show'r is nigh;

With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,

Its distance eighty yards or so.

This bumpkin had, it seems, been told

The story of the cup of gold,

Which fame reports is to be found

Just where the rainbow meets the ground;

He therefore felt a sudden itch

To seize the goblet, and be rich;

Hoping

Hoping—yet hopes are oft but vain—
 No more to toil through wind and rain,
 But sit indulging by the fire,
 'Midst ease and plenty, like a squire:
 He mark'd the very spot of land
 On which the rainbow seem'd to stand,
 And, stepping forwards at his leisure,
 Expected to have found the treasure;
 But, as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
 Still chang'd its place, and slipt away,
 As seeming his approach to shun:
 From walking he began to run;
 But all in vain: it still withdrew:
 As nimbly as he could pursue:
 At last through many a bog and lake,
 Rough craggy rock and thorny brake,
 It led the easy fool till night
 Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight:
 And left him to compute his gains,
 With thought but labour for his pains.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES OF PRUDENT ECONOMY
 NECESSARY TO BE STUDIED BY THE YOUNG
 THAT THEY MAY PRACTISE THEM WHEN THEY
 BECOME OLD.

Non esse emacem est vestigal,
 Quid non opus est asse charum est.

I. **W**HENEVER you feel yourself disposed to go to the tavern, club, or any place of public or private amusement, stay at home; and put down under this head what you reasonably suppose it would have cost you, had you indulged your taste for dissipation or pleasure.

III. When business can be as well dispatched by

a letter

a letter as by a journey, calculate the difference in the expense, and consider it as clear gain.

III. If under the necessity of taking a journey, compare the expense of going on foot, on horse, back, or in a carriage; and whatever you save by altering your usual mode of travelling, is unquestionably so much put into your pocket.

IV. When invited to make one on a party of pleasure, in the vicinity, or to take a distant excursion, not only estimate the money it will cause you to expend, but how much you may save or earn by declining the allurements. Enter this on the credit side of your accounts.

V. When you see any fruit, tarts, trinkets, or toys, which tempt you to draw your purse, but which you can do very well without, pull out as much money as the present object of temptation would cost, and set it apart as so much gained.

VI. If you have more servants, horses, dogs, or carriages, than are necessary or suitable to your fortune and rank in life, retrench till you barely consult convenience, and in many cases the balance in your favour will be very considerable.

VII. When you ask a party of friends to dinner (for without some society life is insupportable), make out a bill of fare, equally remote from extravagance and meanness; and instead of pressing bumpers, have the good manners and good sense to let each drink as he likes; by which means your stock of wine will last the longer, and you will save yourself and company a headache, or a debauch, besides no inconsiderable charges it would have cost you to obtain this poor gratification.

N. B. This rule is to be applied to all superfluous domestic expenses.

VIII.

VIII. If you have a taste for showy or useless improvements, to indulge yourself, you may make or get an estimate made of what they would cost; but put the money by for some more urgent occasion.

IX. When you see your neighbour or equal changing his furniture, or new hanging his rooms, because the fashion has changed, do not be fool enough to copy him; but think how much he spends idly, and estimate what you save wisely.

X. Never lay out your money in dress before it is wanted, on the score of comfort and decency; nor fancy that you gain consequence in proportion to the expensiveness of your apparel. Only women and beaux value finery; and all the world knows they are laughed at for their extravagance.

XI. Should indolence endeavour to arrest you, rouse yourself manfully; and if you know any honest means of employing a few leisure hours to advantage, reckon how much you gain by opposing a favourite inclination.

XII. And to conclude: if you have any private expenses which may be retrenched, convert them to the use of the poor, or the benefit of your family, if you have one. Thus you will frequently save your pocket, your credit, and your constitution, three things on which a wise and good man still fixes some value, notwithstanding the vicious refinements of the age.

These rules duly observed, *mutatis mutandis*, according to age, circumstances, and situation, will tend to make men rich and respectable, enable them to do good, and promote long life and happiness.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES IX. OF FRANCE.

AN HISTORIC ANECDOTE.

OF all the instructive lessons human nature can present to the mind, that of a bad man at the point of death is certainly the most impressive.

The eloquent but unfortunate Doctor Dodd has drawn the picture of an unhappy wretch just at that awful moment, in a most masterly and pathetic style; and history affords us a variety of instances of a similar nature; but none which I have hitherto met with strikes the mind with so just a sense of the apprehensive terrors which attend a guilty conscience, as the description Doctor Cayet gives of the death-bed pangs which tormented that monster of bigotry and cruelty Charles IX. which I shall extract from that judicious author.

The singular death of that misguided prince, says his historian, was regarded by his contemporaries as a remarkable instance of divine justice; and the man who had been the means of spilling the blood of seventy thousand of his fellow-creatures*, found his own bursting from all the veins, in an unheard-of and surprising manner.

Charles, two days before his death, having called for Mazzille, his chief physician, and complaining of the pains he suffered, inquired if it were not possible that he, and so many other physicians in his realms, could contrive to alleviate his disorder; "for I am," said the wretched sufferer, "cruelly and horribly tormented!" To which Mazzille replied, "that whatever had depended on them had

* Alluding to the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day.

been

been tried, but that, in truth, *God alone* could be the sovereign physician in such complaints."—"I believe that what you say is true," said the king; "so draw from me my large cap, that I may try to rest." Mazzille obeyed the order, and then withdrew, desiring all except the nurse and two of his attendants to do the same. The nurse, fatigued with watching, attempted likewise to repose, but the sighs and groans of the tortured monarch prevented her from doing it, and going to the bedside, she attempted to sooth his affliction; when the king exclaimed in half-broken sentences, which were interrupted by the violence of his grief, "Ah, my dear nurse, my beloved woman, what blood! what murders! Oh, I have followed wicked advice!"—(This he said, alluding to the influence the queen had over him, and the shocking cruelties that had been committed at her instigation.) "Oh, my God! pardon me, and be merciful. I know not where I am, they have so perplexed and agitated me. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost, lost for ever!"

This pathetic exclamation received the following reply from the sympathizing attendant: "Sire, be the murders on those who *forced* you to order them, your majesty could not help it; and since you never willingly consented, and now regret them, believe that God will never impute them to you. Ah! for the honour of God cease this weeping!" Having said this, she rose for a handkerchief, for the king was drenched in tears; and Charles taking it gently from her, subdued his grief, and promised to endeavour to repose.

What an impressive lesson may be derived from
the

the agonizing sufferings of this afflicted monarch! and what an instructive page must it be considered for the perusal of the young, the gay, and the licentious! How must vice shrink appalled before the alarming scene! and how must virtue feel the reward of her own exalted actions!

THE BELLE AND THE SHELL.

QUERE.

PRAY, young ladies, can you tell
What is like a flaunting *belle*,
That nothing knows, but dresses well,
That nothing feels, but makes a swell?

ANSWER.

A hollow, empty, gaudy shell.

OBJECTION.

Now, such a simile as this,
Is very much, methinks, amiss:
For, by your leave, the shell's ill-treated,
And we of a conundrum cheated.
First, if the matter we discuss,
What means a swell?

ANSWER.

I meant a fuff;
And mark, the word, as all may see,
With a shell's shape doth well agree.

OBJECTION.

Well, Sir! I next proceed to show
You estimate the shell too low;
Its beauteous colours you decry
As *gandy*, though I know not why:
Then, I assert it in your face,
(What shows how you mistake the case;

And leaves you quite without excuse,
 The *shell*, we know, was once of *use*!
 And then did certainly contain,
 Physics apart, a heart and brain:
 Nay, hear me out, say what you will,
 Is able, Sir, to do so still.

ANSWER.

E'en to yourself, I think, you must
 Have prov'd my simile is just.

I. Fine colours, 'twill not be denied,
 We *gaudy* call, when misapplied;
 And what is beauty in one place,
 In t'other is a mere disgrace.

II. Then you too harshly judge the belle;
 Sure there are none, but, like the *shell*,
 Were *once* of use, and *did* contain
 A feeling heart and fertile brain;
 And, what is better, if they will,
 (To use your words,) may do so still.

E. A. K.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE OF GLASS.

GLASS is made of siliceous earth, dissolved in an alkali. The component particles are of an irregular figure, and contain many porous and spongy salts; which salts, being exposed to the utmost activity of the fire, have their corners broken, and their small superficies so polished, that they may touch one another almost on all sides. Yet, as the *ethereal matter* is circumfused every where, and in continual agitation, and as the fluid particles of the melted ashes cannot resist the motion of this matter, so it obtains a free passage between them; but, be-

side this matter itself, nothing, not even the smallest corpuscles of the air, can pass. Hence it is that glass is transparent.

Hence, likewise, proceeds the fragility of glass: for, as it is not composed of branched particles that are intertwined together, but only joined by their superficies, and that not so immediately as to stop the passage of the *ethereal matter*; it plainly follows, that they must be liable to easy division. This, however, does not prove that any other body beside the *ethereal matter*, can pass through the pores of the glass; since we know, by daily experience, that the most refined spirits are safely preserved in glass vessels, provided they be full, and carefully stopped. The most piercing odours, as oil of amber, elixir or spirit of sulphur, included in a bottle hermetically sealed, do not sensibly transpire, however hard the bottle may be shaken, and the liquor even heated by that motion. When you cut the bark of a living cedar-tree, there issues from the wound a strong and piercing spirit, in the form of smoke; but, powerful as it is, it cannot penetrate the pores of a crystal phial, extremely thin, and sealed with melted glass, so far as to impart any thing of its smell to the water in the phial. Another experiment will afford a still more extraordinary proof. Of odours, those that are continually emitted from the bodies of living creatures, are none of the weakest, as is manifest from the quick scent of dogs; and yet a gentleman having put a partridge into a thin glass vessel, closely stopped, and placed in a dark corner of the room, and having let out a spaniel, which ran about a long while, neither the dog nor the partridge ever discovered each other.

B. A. K.

SKETCH OF A REGULAR COURSE OF LECTURES
ON BOTANY.

[Continued from vol. i. page 413.]

LECTURE VII.

ROOTS.

THE office of the root is to furnish nourishment to the plant, by its contact with a suitable soil. In form, this part of vegetables varies extremely, and in some cases it serves to distinguish the genus; hence, though less obvious to the view, it frequently deserves examination.

In many vegetables also, the root is the only valuable part, and therefore an attention to it is essentially requisite. We subjoin a few miscellaneous observations.

The roots of turnips are orbicularly shaped; those of carrots, fusiform. Parasite plants, as the mistle-toe and the broom-rake, have no roots of their own, but derive their nourishment from the vegetables that support them.

Annual plants, or such as only endure for a year, have generally a fibrous root. Biennials and perennials, being calculated for a longer duration, have roots of a stronger make and form, to enable them to resist the effects of the winter, and to throw out fresh shoots on the return of spring.

Sometimes the fusiform root appears as if cut off, as in devil's-bit *, *scabiosa succisa*. It is then called a *radix præmorsus*.

* So called from an idea that the devil bit it off, on account of its utility. This superstition arose from the absurd doctrine of signatures, which was once in vogue.

Some plants have scaly roots in an imbricated direction, as in great tooth-wort, *lathræa squamaria*; others have knobs or bulbs, as in some of the saxifrages; and a few have oblong tubercles, as in potatoes, &c. Of bulbous roots, some are roundish, as in the orchis morio, of which saffron is made: others, hand-shaped, as in the orchis maculata, which may likewise be applied to the same purpose as the preceding species.

The mandrake has been celebrated from remote antiquity, and has proved the fertile source of fable, on account of a supposed resemblance between its roots and the figures of men and animals. A dog used to be tied to this *magical* root, in order to pull it up, as it was imagined some signal calamity would fall on the person who performed such an action. The roots of briony, which has been denominated the English mandrake, have a variety of fantastic shapes, which may amuse the curious to examine.

The roots of some kinds of fern resemble different parts of animals, as may be witnessed in the hare-footed fern, *trichomanes Canariensis*, and the Scythian lamb, *polypodium aureum*, concerning which so many legends have been told by credulous and ignorant authors.

Some plants strike deep into the earth; and others spread laterally, and prove very injurious to the cultivated vegetables. Of this last kind are the carduus arvensis, or cursed thistle, the equisetum, and the convolvulus.

A few plants, such as the ivy, by means of their fibres, insinuate themselves into walls, and frequently prop up such as are old and decayed.

THE TRUNK, &c.

THE trunk of a plant consists of the *cortex*, or outer bark; the *liber*, or inner bark; the *alburnum*, or whitish substance that lies between the inner bark and the wood; then the ligneous part; and in the middle the *medulla*, or pith.

The bark bears a strong affinity to the human skin, the wood to the bones, and the pith to the marrow. Indeed that ingenious naturalist Hedevic, discovered by the strongest magnifying powers of the microscope, veins and arteries in plants, which he calls *vasa devchentia* and *vasa advehentia*. These run in different directions; and are most easy to be discerned in the tender plants, though in all they are extremely minute.

The changes and renovations of plants take place annually. During winter, they make but little progress upwards; in spring they begin to ascend; and nothing more contributes to a vigorous vegetation than a plentiful covering of earth during the inclement season.

The trunk or stalk supporting the leaves has received various names. In ferns, palms, and fungi, it is a *STIPES*. When it supports both the leaves and flower, it is a *CAULIS*; but when it supports the flower only, as in lilies, it is a *SCAPUS*. In grasses, it is a *CULMUS*.

A vast difference is perceptible in the texture and hardness of the trunks or stems of plants; and thus they become better adapted to the various purposes of life. A firm trunk, as in the oak, indicates a slow growth; a loose one, as in the poplar and willow, on the contrary, shows a quick vegetation.

Some

Some stems, particularly in grasses, are jointed; and an instance of this kind may likewise be seen in the gouty geranium.

Some plants throw out fibres from their stems; others suckers, from which they may be propagated. Some appear proliferous; and climbing plants not unfrequently throw out roots from their stems. In regard to climbing plants, a remarkable peculiarity may be noticed in the different partialities they invariably show to twine to the right or left. The nasturtium, originally a Peruvian plant, bends to the left; while kidney-beans and hops incline to the right.

Trunks or stems may be also designated as erect, bending, smooth, rough, striated, ribbed, &c. The number of angles in the trunk sometimes serves to distinguish species. This is particularly instanced in the cactus genus, so valuable for producing the cochineal, the gum lac, and the kermes. One species of this curious genus, the cactus grandiflorus, always blows about midnight, and in six hours time closes its delicately beautiful flower.

[To be continued.]

PREVAILING AMUSEMENTS INDICATIVE OF NATIONAL CHARACTER: WITH JAVANESE ANECDOTES.

THE amusements of nations and individuals are generally the best index to their characters, and show their progress in refinement, or their merision in barbarity. Among all uncivilized people there

has ever been a strange and unaccountable partiality for ferocious exhibitions and cruel combats between men and men, between men and beasts, or between one savage animal and another. The ancient Romans, even in the height of their glory and civilization, were attached to shows of gladiators, and to conflicts of wild beasts; a sufficient indication of their martial spirit, and their want of a generous sensibility. To this very day, the Spaniards delight in bull-feasts, in which the assailants are exposed to such imminence of danger, that it might be supposed none but the most brutal minds could bear to witness the scene. In regard to that nation, however, there is something anomalous in the predilection they entertain for such pastimes. They certainly are not eminent for courage, nor are the modern Spaniards of a disposition remarkably cruel; we must therefore suppose that the circumstance we have noticed, originates from their political institutions, their former intercourse with the Moors, and the little advances they have made in learning and science. In our own country, not long ago, cock-fighting, and bear and bull-baiting, were favourite though disgraceful diversions; and pugilism for a short time was so much in vogue, lately, as almost to bring a stigma on our national taste and manners. The good sense, however, the delicacy and refinement of by far the greater part of our countrymen, aided by the authority of the laws, soon put an end to combats only fit for savages to behold; and our public manners are certainly as free from any considerable imputation of a tendency to cruelty, as those of most nations on the face of the globe.

Indeed throughout the greater part of Europe, a pure religion and the influence of knowledge have given a soft colouring to amusements in general; and it is only among barbarous and remote nations, that a partiality for spectacles of cruelty remains.

In some of the oriental regions, the princes and grandees still amuse the languor of tasteless or sensual enjoyment by the most barbarous exhibitions, which are conducted with a magnificence worthy of sublimer pleasures. According to Stavorinus, in his Voyages to the East Indies, combats between wild beasts is the favourite amusement of the Javanese emperors. We extract the following passage from that entertaining publication. It is, no doubt, indefensible on any good principle, to receive pleasure from setting one animal upon another; but when even the human criminal is wantonly exposed to the jaws of the tiger, by way of gratification to brutal spectators, it argues such a degree of moral depravity, such a destitution of fellow-feeling, as must make us ashamed, that any person bearing "the human form divine," should be guilty of it, or receive pleasure from a display so repugnant to humanity.

"When a tiger," says this voyager, "and a buffalo are to fight together for the amusement of the court, they are both brought upon the field of combat in large cages. The field is surrounded by a body of Javanese, four deep, with levelled pikes, in order that if the creatures endeavour to break through, they may be killed immediately; this, however, is not so easily effected; but many of these poor wretches are torn in pieces, or dreadfully wounded, by the enraged animals.

"When

"When every thing is in readiness, the cage of the buffalo is first opened at the top, and his back is rubbed with certain leaves, which have the singular quality of occasioning an intolerable degree of pain, and which, from the use they are applied to, have been called buffalo-leaves by our people. The door of the cage is then opened, and the animal leaps out, raging with pain, and roaring most dreadfully.

"The cage of the tiger is then likewise opened, and fire is thrown into it, to make the beast quit which he does generally running backwards out of it.

"As soon as the tiger perceives the buffalo, he springs upon him; his huge opponent stands expecting him, with his horns upon the ground, to catch him upon them, and throw him in the air. If the buffalo succeed in this, and the tiger recover from his fall, he generally loses every wish of renewing the combat; and if the tiger avoid this attempt of the buffalo, he springs upon him, seizing him in the neck, or other parts, tears his flesh from his bones: in most cases, however, the buffalo has the better.

"The Javanese who must perform the dangerous office of making these animals quit their cages, must not, when they have done, notwithstanding they are in great danger of being torn in pieces by the enraged beasts, leave the open space, before they have saluted the emperor several times, and his majesty has given them a signal to depart; they then retire slowly, for they are not permitted to walk fast, to the circle, and mix with the other Javanese.

"T

"The emperors sometimes make criminals condemned to death fight with tigers. In such cases, the man is rubbed with *borri*, or turmeric, and has a yellow piece of cloth put round him; a *bris* is then given to him, and he is conducted to the field of combat.

"The tiger, which has, for a long time, been kept fasting, falls upon the man with the greatest fury, and generally strikes him down at once with his paw; but if he be fortunate enough to avoid this, and to wound the animal, so that it quits him, the emperor then commands him to attack the tiger, and the man is then generally the victim; and even if he ultimately succeed in killing his ferocious antagonist, he must suffer death, by the command of the emperor.

"An officer in our company's service, who had long been stationed at the courts of the Javanese emperors, related to me, that he was once witness to a most extraordinary occurrence of this kind, namely, that a Javanese who had been condemned to be torn in pieces by tigers, and, for that purpose, had been thrown down, from the top, into a large cage, in which several tigers were confined, fortunately fell exactly upon the largest and fiercest of them, across whose back he sat astride, without the animal doing him any harm, and even, on the contrary, appearing intimidated; while the others also, awed by the unusual posture and appearance which he made, dared not attempt to destroy him; he could not, however, avoid the punishment of death, to which he had been condemned, for the emperor commanded him to be shot dead in the cage."

REVIEW

OF

SCHOOL AND JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

CARITE AND POLYDORUS. To which is prefixed a Treatise on Morals. By J. J. Barthélemy, Author of the Travels of Anacharsis. With the Life of the Author. 214 pages. 12mo. Price 3s. sewed. 1799.

THE Abbé Barthélemy was not more illustrious for deep and extensive learning, than for a life of integrity and honour. In him the best virtues of the heart were so well blended with science and erudition, that they mutually reflected a lustre on each other. The amenity of his manners endeared him to his friends when alive, and the noble purposes to which he devoted his genius and his talents, gave him the fairest chance for immortal fame. Yet to the last his modesty was as conspicuous as his other great and good qualities. When the generous friendships he had contracted, and the honourable patronage his merits had gained, set him above dependance, and some person in company was expressing his wonder that Barthélemy had no carriage, "I would have set up one," said he, "had I not been afraid of meeting some men of letters, whose accomplishments I prize more than my own, walking on foot."

The Travels of Anacharsis is undoubtedly the great work of Barthélemy; but nothing dropt from his pen that has not its peculiar value, and deserves to be naturalized in every country. The short "Treatise on Morals," with which the volume be-

for

fore us commences, was written in 1755, for the use of the son of Madame Marie Louise de Lamoignon, sister to that illustrious and upright magistrate Malherbes. Brief as it is, in our opinion it is worth all that Epictetus, Seneca, and other ancient moralists ever wrote; and we cannot better evince a desire to discharge our duty of faithful monitors to the young, than by recommending it in the strongest terms to their attention. We select the introduction as a developement of the idea that gave rise to the plan, and as an incitement to read the whole.

LAW OF THE ANCIENT PERSIANS.

"Xenophon, when he is speaking of the institutions of the Persians relative to their youth, says, 'to give them an early knowledge of the laws and the formalities of justice, tribunals were established in the public schools, at which youths were accustomed to accuse such among themselves as offended against the laws of their little society; and ingratitude was the fault punished with the greatest severity.' He adds, 'the Persians included in the crime of ingratitude all offences committed directly against the gods, a man's parents, his country, or his friends.'

"This admirable custom not only provided for the practice of a man's duties, but reached the source of all virtue, by rendering his duties habitual to him. As no one could be wanting in his duties, without incurring the disgrace of ingratitude, to cultivate a sense of gratitude, was to cultivate every virtue; and thus the Persians arrived at that sublime and luminous principle, *that virtue should be made the habit of man.*

"It is much to be wished that some person of superior talents should dedicate a great portion of time, and employ all his powers, to developé this important truth. It is the basis of morality, and the only security of happiness; for when we act from habitual passion, we act with promptness and effect; and when passion is duly regulated, we are happy.

"When I have been tempted to hazard some reflections on this subject, I have been terrified with its magnitude and grandeur, compared with the mediocrity of my talents; but the purity of my designs, and the value of my object, at length relieve my mind from all reasonable fears. I am willing to give a proof of my zeal for the interests of persons with whose kindness I am affected, as greatly as I am honoured by their esteem. I make a sacrifice of my self-love to their service, being willing, indeed, to make any sacrifice to the same object; and if this little work is not animated with the grateful sentiments that fill my soul, I am persuaded that my understanding, and not my heart, is to blame.

"I propose, in this treatise, to discuss the topics mentioned in the passage I have quoted from Xenophon, which are—religion, our parents, our country, and our friends *."

We regret that this treatise is not printed singly; for pleasing as the romance of Carite and Polydorus is, and though it was written on purpose for the amusement of the same young gentleman, there is no necessary connexion between them. In it, however, will be found the purest principles, the most intimate acquaintance with Grecian manners, a natural involution of events, such conflicts of passion, such reverses of fortune, and such undeviating fidelity in the principal personages exhibited to view, as cannot fail alternately to melt the heart in pity, and to rouse its energies to suffer or to dare. We will not attempt to analyse the story: it is sufficient to say, that it is conducted with skill, and terminates in a manner that will give pleasure to every reader susceptible of generous emotions.

* Sensible that nothing we can produce can excel, or even equal the writings of Barthélemy, we intend to grace our next miscellany with the chapter "on parents."

THE HARE; or, Hunting incompatible with Humanity: written as a Stimulus to Youth towards a proper Treatment of Animals. 188 pages. 12mo. half-bound. Price 2s. 1799.

THOUGH inimical to that affected sensibility and fastidious humanity, which are displayed rather towards animals than men, and which, overlooking kindred, friends, and country, become vague feelings of the heart, when they ought to be principles of action; yet we are duly sensible that the morality of kindness to the inferior orders of creation has been too much neglected among us, and we hail with gratulation every attempt to set it in a proper light. In our pages, *Memoirs of the little Poney* were written solely for this end; and the favour with which they have been received, inclines us to hope that our labours have not been misapplied.

The author of this little work, though his name does not appear to it, has, on various preceding occasions, shown a benevolent concern for the inculcation of humane principles on the minds of youth in regard to animals; and, on the present, has attacked with considerable strength of argument, though we apprehend with little effect on those who have already become *sportsmen*, the practice of hunting.

We will not venture to say that hunting is actually criminal, or a breach of moral duty; but we cannot help regarding it as a species of unnecessary cruelty; and it certainly shows no very amiable disposition to receive pleasure from the misery of any thing that has life. Animals were unquestionably intended by Providence for our comfort, convenience, or food; but their services should be ex-

acted with moderation, and if wanted for our subsistence or security, their lives should be taken in the most merciful manner. Hunting is a kind of torture, from whatever motive it may be pursued. If health is the object, this blessing may be equally promoted by exercise, in which the benevolent affections would have scope; if pastime alone is regarded, there must be a strange want of taste to miss it in a thousand ways, in which pain is not inflicted, nor danger incurred.

The HARE tells an artless and a natural tale; and the circumstances which are here thrown together are such as may reasonably be supposed to arise from the situation of one of the most timid and defenceless of quadrupeds. The reflections interspersed, breathe a pure and ardent humanity, and will not be read by those unpractised in the witcheries of the chase, without exciting some tender emotions.

The hare at last falls into merciful hands, and thus expresses her feelings and her gratitude:

“ In the park of my benefactor, protected from all assaults, I enjoy all the advantages of liberty without attendant dangers.

“ Undisturbed, I take up my residence as inclination or the season invites. Mine is the sunny bank of firmine the dark shrubbery, impervious to the noon-tide ray. Here neither the hourly fear of death nor of bondage is before my eyes: here autumn has no terrors, and winter itself is disarmed of its rigours. No dog nor man presumes to molest my quiet, and I dwell in the midst of many others of my own species, who abide beneath the shade of the same friendly retirement.

“ From my asylum I send forth these lessons into the world, that inexperienced youth may not confide too obstinately in their own strength, nor hastily adopt opinions, which they may be soon compelled to retract to their cost.

It has also been my desire to warn them of the folly and madness of a cruel practice, of which they perhaps never entertained a serious idea; and to inform them that there is not wanting one among our race, who, like the frog in the fable, addressing its wanton destroyers, can exclaim, 'Although it is sport to you, it is death to us.' But that the picture of suffering which I have drawn may not be imagined too gloomy, let it be remembered, that, in the midst of calamities which I thought too severe to be borne, and when I conceived myself the most oppressed of creatures, I found others still more wretched than myself: nor let it ever be forgotten, whatever I, or the most rigid censor may have said, that heaven-born pity still abides upon earth; that there still exists such a quality as mercy among mankind."

THE INFANT'S FRIEND. Part I. A Spelling Book.
By Mrs. Lovechild. 92 pages. Price 8d. 24to. half-bound. 1797.

THE INFANT'S FRIEND. Part II. Reading Lessons. By the same. 162 pages. Price 1s. 24to. half-bound. 1797.

PARING LESSONS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN: resolved into their Elements, for the Assistance of Parents and Teachers. By the same. In two Parts. 183 pages. 24to. Price 2s. sewed. 1798.

THE FRIEND OF MOTHERS: designed to assist them in their Attempts to instil the Rudiments of Language and Arithmetic, at an early Age, and in a Manner agreeable to their Children. By the same. 83 pages. 24to. Price 1s. sewed. 1799.

WE have thrown these little volumes together, because they are all parts of the same benevolent design, all written by the same amiable author, who, though possessing rank and title, does not, if we are not misinformed, think it below her to employ

ploy a leisure hour in composing books for children, and in teaching mothers how they may best succeed in the most delightful and praiseworthy of all employments, the early education of their offspring. Long may she find pleasure in such laudable endeavours, and enjoy the conscious satisfaction of seeing their beneficial effects!

The titles sufficiently explain the subjects which are treated on in these initiatory works. From the "Friend of Mothers," we select the following just and beautiful sentiments, which, if not new, are at least aptly introduced.

"The greatest glory of the woman lies in private and domestic life, as a friend, a wife, a mother. It belongs to women to regulate the economy of the family; but a much more important charge is committed to them: the education of youth of both sexes principally devolves upon the woman, not only in their infancy, but during that period in which the constitution of both body and mind, the temper and disposition of the heart, are in a great measure formed.

"Women were intended to be the mothers of a rational and immortal offspring. So important is the maternal charge, that we cannot think too highly of it."

"A MOTHER!"

"I bow at the name, and feel a mingled sensation of reverence and affection. Did mothers reflect on their own importance, and lay it to heart, they would embrace every opportunity of informing themselves of the duties which they owe to their infant offspring: it is their province, not only to form the body, but also to give the mind its early bias: they have it much in their power to make men healthy, or valetudinary; useful in life, or the pests of society."

"Health, learning, morals, salvation, depend upon maternal instruction; our happiness in this life, and the

next, is the result of our mother's care: how highly, then, ought we to revere the name of a mother! I would here be understood to mean a *real mother*, not a giddy creature, who, as soon as she has deposited her burden, flies to a distant part of the kingdom, in quest of dissipation, under the idea of amusement, leaving her babe, 'whose heavenly smiles would repay every maternal care, to the cold charity of a mercenary woman, who has often, at the same time, a child of her own to engross her maternal endearments.' But let me quit so melancholy a reflection, and advert to the most engaging object upon earth, a judiciously fond mother, who, 'casting her maternal regards round and round, through the pretty smiling circle, watches the gradual openings of their minds, and studies the turn of their various tempers, in order to teach the young idea how to shoot, and lead their passions by taking hold of their hearts.' Of such I boast myself THE FRIEND; to such I offer my assistance, in that delightful task, which may commence almost with life. Nor will it be esteemed presumptuous in a person advanced in life, much attached to children, and not unaccustomed to their society, to suppose that she may be able to assist a young and inexperienced woman in her first essays.

"Few know how to teach agreeably; most are at a loss how to communicate that knowledge which they possess, and few will condescend to begin at the beginning, but set off as if the pupil were already informed: this is the case with much the greater part of our grammars, which are intelligible only to grammarians. If few can communicate serious instruction, fewer still succeed in attempts to tincture the mind with proper ideas, which is the education of each moment. Such is the volatility of childhood, that we must watch opportunities of making impressions; 'catch as you can the attention of the minute;' mutable as are the thoughts of a child, they are important, since the colour of his future life may arise from a surtive idea presented to him by seeming chance: the
rainbow

rainbow is as transient as beautiful; yet the remembrance of its splendour may remain.

"It is never indifferent what a child shall hear or see; what opinion he shall imbibe; what notions he shall form. Curiosity is innate: it is the gift of Providence; to direct and regulate it is our province."

ANECDOTE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC CONSPIRATOR AT MONTFERRAT.

A SHORT time after the revolution the Roman Catholics in the island of Montserrat formed a scheme for destroying all the Protestants there, whose numbers did not amount to half that of the Papists. The conspirators went so far as to fix a day for putting their wicked design into execution, when it was prevented by one man, who had more sense, if not more humanity, than the rest. The name of this prudent person was Garret Misset. At one of the consultations that were held, he very cautiously inquired who was king at *Whitehall*, and being answered, "King William,"—"Then," said he, "he will be king at Montserrat likewise, so I will go home and plant my potatoes."

THE PEASANT.

AN ATTEMPT IN THE MANNER OF MR. POPE'S ODE ON
SOLITUDE.

THE peasant's blest, who in his cot,
Secure from flattery and deceit,
The bread his honest labour got
In peace can eat:

What

Whose family to clothe and feed,
Does each new day his hands employ;
But toils, well pleas'd, th' approaching need
To satisfy.

O happy state which so contents!
Who's cheerful though he's poor;
Who asks of Heaven what nature wants,
But asks no more!

The miser's fears ne'er rack his breast,
Each night he lays him down in peace;
No dreams of rapine break his rest;
He sleeps at ease:

Rises each morn with early dews,
Salutes with joy the welcome day;
And in the fields his toils pursues,
With spirits gay.

When nature calls for nourishment,
On some soft mossy bank he sits;
And food that's sweeten'd by content,
He thankful eats.

Nor guilt nor fear his joys dismay,
Each thought fresh comfort brings;
Thus happy all the livelong day,
He works and sings:

But when the sun retracts his rays,
And evening smokes from chimneys come,
Then thoughtless, with an easy pace,
Goes whistling home.

There he his leisure hours enjoys,
Laughing at merry tale or jest,
Till sleep o'erpowers his weary eyes,
Then goes to rest.

Thus steal away his earthly days,
In health, content, and ease,
Till he the debt of nature pays,
And dies in peace:

Each

Each neighbouring peasant mourns his end,
 Dropping a kind unfeigned tear;
 And prays for his departed friend
 With heart sincere.

O Heaven! let me such bliss enjoy,
 Crown'd with content and free from blame;
 And may good deeds, whene'er I die,
 Record my name!

J. W.

HISTORY OF OCTAVIUS.

TOWARD the latter end of the last century, when convicts were sent to the American colonies as they now are to New Holland, a little boy, having lost his way, was crying as he walked along Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It seems he had received a present of a Guinea, and being anxious to spend it, was very impatient to go abroad. It was not convenient to the family to accompany him immediately, wherefore he was desired to wait a few hours, till an opportunity should arrive. His impatience was so excessive, that he earnestly desired to be permitted to go out alone; but this, out of tenderness and care for him, was refused. He cried much, was very angry at being in thought unfit to be left to himself, and taking advantage of an unfortunate moment, in which the street door was open, and the attention of the family was engaged, he ran out to spend his shilling at a toy-shop.

He found the shop, bought a toy, and was pursuing the right road homeward, when, doubting which turning he should take, he inquired his way.

of two dirty boys who were much older than himself. These directed him to take one of the turnings, and told him that they would go a little distance to put him in the right way. Instead of so doing, they brought him into a neighbourhood of which he had no knowledge; and, at last arriving at a place in which they were alone, they took from him his toy, and left him in the utmost affliction and terror.

The loss of his toy was but a trifling disaster, for this was only the beginning of his trouble. From the place in which the boys left him he wandered into Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here a person in the dress of a gentleman accosted him, who, having heard the cause of his tears, desired him to wipe them away, for that he would carry him immediately to his father. The gentleman made him believe that he had strayed so far from home, that it would be some time before they arrived there; and on his crying afresh from this consideration, his new friend declared that he would take a coach for the sake of expedition. In reality, the poor boy was put into a stage, which carried him to a considerable distance from London. After stopping at an inn, where for some little time he lost sight of his pretended guardian, the wretch told him that he was informed his father had gone into the country, and had particularly requested that he might be brought to him. The child believed all, and set forward on his journey in full expectation of finding his parents. This deceitful stranger was, in truth, the captain of a vessel that traded to America. He carried the boy to Bristol, and, taking him on board a ship, told him that they were going a small part of their

their way by water. The child made perpetual inquiries concerning the length of time that was to pass before he should reach the place to which his father was gone; and at length became exceedingly unhappy on account of his perpetual disappointments. In this miserable manner passed the time during the voyage. The captain scarcely answered his anxious questions; and treated him in every respect very differently from what his behaviour promised at the first meeting. However, as the price for which he was to be sold greatly depended upon his appearance, and as his affliction had taken from him the bloom of health, and, indeed, deprived him of all spirit and activity, his master was somewhat desirous, on their approaching the place of destination, which was a town in Maryland, to recover his strength and vigour. He treated him with more former attention, assured him that he would see his parents in a few days; and, when they came near the shore, endeavoured to divert him by pointing out the objects that were visible from the ship. From a man who was engaged in a design so base and so cruel as this, a just relish for the charms of natural beauty, which are felt only by simple hearts, cannot be expected; nor was the child capable, in a situation to enjoy them; but a few words of the delightful scene that lay before them will present some relief to the reader in his progress through this melancholy but useful story.

Suppose them now near ten miles from either shore, about the meridian of one of the most delightful days that summer affords: a day when

—————“ Every storm

Is hush'd within its cavern, and a breeze,

Soft breathing, lightly with its wings along
The cordage glides; the sailor's ear
Perceives no sound throughout the vast expanse,
None but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which gently parts the smooth and azure main."

GLOVER. I

The golden rays of the sun darting through the gloom of the surrounding woods, and reflected upon the translucent face of the watery plain, giving so lively a picture of the surrounding country, that the spectator might be at a loss whether to fix his admiration upon the reality or the representation; the woods, every where diversified with interspersed plantations, seeming, from their solemn gloom, the retreat of ancient druids; where not a sigh of the softest zephyr, save in a mournful melancholy whisper, is heard through the whole forest; while, now and then, the long-pausing scream of the turkey, or the quick smart cry of the parroquet, interrupts the responsive voices of the turtle, and the rest of the musical choir, and passes in thrilling chorus from grove to grove, from brake to brake; while echo fondly retains the sound:—who, beholding, hearing this, can refrain calling to mind the fairies and satyrs of the ancients, their fables of Diana and her train, and their whole beautiful decoration of sylvan nature? To fill up this magnificent picture, let us take in an infinity of sloops and barks that appear every where around; the fine vistas up navigable streams, the prodigious flights of wild fowl darkening the air, the *albicores*, the dolphins and porpoises wantoning on every side, and a long long view of the wide ocean, in whose distant bosom ships appear like specks; then, the lowing of the

VOL. II. G kine,

kine, the bleating of sheep, and the shouts of the laborious husbandman.—Who can forbear to exclaim, “How manifold are thy works, O Lord in wisdom hast thou made them all! The earth is full of thy riches, so is this great and wide sea! Let us now throw a different colouring on the scene: let us suppose a delicious moonlight night to succeed this brilliant day. New and still more exalted scenes of wonder, and millions of unknown regions, are exhibited, the work of an eternal, unbounded creation. Lost in the contemplation of these blessings, struck with such a field of magnificence, which, after all, may be but the very porch and threshold of the universe, the voice of rapture is succeeded by the lowest adoration, and by silent unutterable praise!

“Where’er we stir, where’er we look, or move,
All, all is him, and every where is JOVE!” LUCAN.

If from this sketch the reader returns with more reluctance than before to the tale of depravity, let his feelings suggest to him, in how great degree the charms of nature befriended the cause of virtue. In what remains of our narrative some features of human conduct will appear more consolatory than those already presented.

[To be concluded in our next.]

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE SPANIARDS.

"Spain gives us *pride*, which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth." CHURCHILL.

FEW things can afford greater entertainment to a reflecting mind than to be able to make accurate observations upon the various traits of national character which marks the individual of different countries.

"As proud as a Spaniard," has long been a proverbial expression; and we have too many instances of the haughtiness of that nation to think the term misapplied. If the arrogance of a Spaniard renders him contemptible, his strict observance of form and etiquette must certainly be allowed to make him ridiculous; for, in support of his unimportant dignity, he will absolutely submit to excessive inconvenience. Baron Bielfield, the Spanish historian, proves the justice of this observation by several curious and ludicrous anecdotes.

Philip the Third being *gravely seated*, as Spaniards generally are, by the side of a fire, found himself greatly inconvenienced by the excess of heat; but conceiving it derogatory to his dignity to remedy the evil by removing farther from it, waited until the marquis de Potat appeared, whom he then ordered to quench the fire. The marquis, in submission, begged to be excused, alleging that as the office of fire-maker to his majesty belonged to the duke d'Uffeda, it was not etiquette for him to touch it. The duke unfortunately had left the

court, and the fire burnt with increased ardour. None of the domestics presumed to enter the royal presence; and the weak monarch, in waiting for the arrival of the proper person, had his blood completely heated, that on the following day erysipelas broke out in his head, which, being attended with a violent fever, absolutely was the occasion of his death.

A soldier perceiving the palace in flames, and knowing the king's sister was in an apartment from which it was impossible for her to escape, generously resolved to attempt saving her life at the hazard of his own; and, rushing through the flames for that purpose, bore her triumphantly away in his arms. By this brave and humane action the Spanish etiquette was totally destroyed, and the next day he was summoned before a bench of judges. The crime of breaking into the presence of a prince was now fully and completely proved against him, and the reward of his valour was to be an ignominious death. The lady, however, in consideration of his service, condescendingly requested the sentence might be revoked, and the judges, in compliance with her desire, generously forgave the atrocious crime.

When Charles the Second received the compliments of the grandees upon his accession to the Spanish throne, one amongst the number, in an excess of zeal, thoughtlessly presumed to use the shocking and degrading epithet *FRIEND*. The haughty monarch, astonished at the freedom, indignantly exclaimed, "*Kings have their vassals, not their friends!*" And in this perhaps he spoke justly without thinking it;

there must be equality of condition to constitute friendship; and who is equal to his king?

If the Spaniards are considered as contemptible for their pride, they must be thought detestable for their cruelty; and Bartholomew de las Casas affirms, that upon their discovery of America they destroyed in forty-five years no less than ten millions of human souls! and that this hateful sacrifice was made under the base pretence of converting them to Christianity! There is a story recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to the stake, was strongly persuaded by a Franciscan friar to turn Christian, under an absolute promise of then going to heaven. The unhappy wretch demanded of the father whether he should be likely to meet with Spaniards *there*? and being answered, that it was full of them, instantly refused the friar's counsel, declaring he had seen too much of them in *this world* to wish to associate with them in the *next*.

AFFECTION CONJUGAL DE LA REINE ARTEMISE.

MAUSOLE, roi de Carie, étant mort, laissa l'autorité souveraine à la reine Artémise, son épouse. Cette princesse employa toute sa puissance à signaler la tendresse qu'elle avoit eu pour son mari. Voulant immortaliser ses regrets, elle fit elever, en l'honneur de son cher Mausole, un monument si magnifique, qu'il a passé pour une des sept merveilles du monde, et qu'on a depuis appelé mausolées tous les ouvrages superbes érigés à la mémoire des morts. Pour qu'il ne manquât rien à la gloire de son époux, cette princesse, le vrai modèle des femmes et des veuves,

établit un prix destiné à celui qui réussiroit le mieux à faire l'éloge du monarque défunt. Artémise ne se contenta point encore de ces monuments de son amour. Ayant recueilli les cendres de Mausole, elle fit broyer ses os, elle mettoit, tous les jours, de cette poudre dans sa boisson, voulant par-là faire de son propre corps le tombeau de son époux. Elle lui survécut que deux ans ; et sa douleur ne finit qu'avec sa vie.

Norwich.

TOBLAS.

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING BIRDS.

FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

WHEN I receive a bird fresh taken (says the author), I open the venter, from the lower part of the breast-bone down to the anus, with a pair of scissars, and extract all the contents. This cavity I immediately fill up with the following mixture, and then bring the wound together by a suture, so as to prevent the stuffing from coming out. The gullet or passage I fill from the beak down to where the stomach lies, with the mixture in the ground, which must be forced down a little at a time, by the help of a quill or wire : the head I open near the root of the tongue, with the scissars, and after having turned out the brains, I fill the cavity with the same mixture.

The bird being thus filled, must now be hung up by the legs to dry for two days, to let the spirits settle ; after which it may be placed in a frame to dry, in the same attitude as we usually see when alive. In this frame it must be held up

two threads, the one passing from the anus to the lower part of the back, and the other through the eyes: the ends of these threads are to brace the bird up to its proper attitude, fasten them to the side of the frame, and place it on a chip pill-box. It will now require no other support than a pin through each foot, fastened into the box: it must remain a month or two to dry. The eyes must be supplied by proportional glass beads, fixed in with strong gum water.

The mixture is: common salt, one pound; alum, powdered, four ounces; ground pepper, two ounces; all mixed together.

TO THE EDITORS.

THE following extract from Mr. Gilpin, whose abilities as a polite writer and artist are so well known, appears to me deserving a place in your judicious and improving miscellany, and therefore I have sent it for your insertion.

Norwich.

TOBIAS.

TO TINT A LANDSCAPE.

BY the addition of a little colour (says the author), I mean only to give some distinction to objects; and introduce rather a gayer style into landscape.

When you have finished your sketch with Indian ink, as far as you propose, tinge the whole over with some light horizon hue: it may be the rosy tint of morning, or the more ruddy one of evening;

or

or it may incline more to a yellowish or a greyish tint. The first tint you spread over your drawing is composed of a light red and ochre, which make an orange: it may incline to one or the other, as you choose. By washing this tint over your *whole drawing*, you lay a foundation for harmony. When this wash is nearly dry, repeat it in the horizon, softening it off in the sky as you ascend. Take next a purple tint, composed of lake and blue, inclining rather to the former, and with this, when your first wash is dry, form your clouds; and then spread it, as you did the first tint, over your *whole drawing*, except where you leave the horizon tint. This still strengthens the idea of harmony. Your sky and distance is now finished.

You proceed next to your middle and foregrounds, in both which you distinguish between the soil and the vegetation. Wash the middle grounds with a little umber; this will be sufficient for the soil. The soil of the fore-ground you may go over with a little light red. The vegetation of earth may be washed with a green, composed of blue and ochre; adding a little more ochre as you proceed nearer the eye: and on the nearest grounds a little burnt terra sienna—this is sufficient for the middle grounds. The fore-ground may farther want a little heightening both in the soil and vegetation; in the soil it may be given in the lights with burnt terra sienna, mixing in the shadows a little lake; and in the vegetation with gall-stone, touched in places and occasionally varied with a little burnt terra sienna.

Trees on the fore-ground are considered as a part of it; and their foliage may be coloured like the

vegetation in their neighbourhood; their stems may be touched with burnt terra sienna. Trees in the middle distance are darker than the lawns on which they stand; they must therefore be touched twice over with the tint, which is given only once to the lawn.

If you represent clouds with bright edges, the edges must be left in the first orange; while the tint over the other part of the horizon is repeated, as was mentioned before.

A lowering cloudy sky is represented by what is called a grey tint, composed of lake, blue, and ochre. As the shadow deepens, the tint should incline more to olive.

The several tints mentioned in the above process may perhaps the most easily be mixed before you begin; especially if your drawing be large. Rub the raw colours in little saucers, keep them clean and distinct, and from them mix your tints in other vessels.

I shall only add, that the strength of the colouring you give your sketch must depend on the height to which you have carried the Indian ink finishing; if it be only a slight sketch, it will bear only a slight wash of colour.

LYCURGUS AND THE YOUNG MAN OF SPARTA.

A RASH and presumptuous young man, displeased at the laws which Lycurgus gave to Sparta, struck the legislator with a stick, and, by the blow, deprived him of the use of one of his eyes. The enraged

enraged Spartans cried out, "Take this wicked youth, and punish him in what manner you will."

"I thank you," said Lycurgus; "and the punishment which he shall receive from me shall astonish all the world!"

Lycurgus then took the young man, led him to his house, treated him with kindness, and in every thing used him as if he had been his son. He frequently declared to the youth that he had much pleasure in forgiving; and exhorted him to be for the future gentle and virtuous.

The young man was so moved by the generous behaviour of Lycurgus, that he resolved to become, if it were possible, as virtuous as he; and, truly, all the people *were* astonished at the vengeance which Lycurgus took. The young man, however, said to them: "Lycurgus has punished me with more severity than you imagine: if he had put me to death, my suffering had been momentary; instead of this, I am condemned to suffer my whole life long the affliction of having insulted the person, and destroyed the eye, of this illustrious man!"

It is to be wished that the experiment of Lycurgus were more frequently tried by those who are injured; and that he who inconsiderately offends would copy the behaviour of that young Spartan. It too commonly happens, that the injured become in their turn offenders, by taking improper vengeance. Kindness will oftener overcome than blows—gentleness will move more than force. In the conduct of Lycurgus, a heathen, we see exemplified what some have esteemed a scarcely practicable precept of Christianity: "*if he smite thee on one cheek,*"

&c.

&c.—From that of the young man, we may gather more than one useful observation: we see in it ingenuous repentance, and a free confession of error; which is the best proof any one can give, that, though he has erred, his heart is good; we find in it, besides, a resolution of amendment, without which repentance has no merit; without which, indeed, our sorrow may be suspected to be rather on account of the punishment than of the crime. Lastly, in the words of the young man to the Spartan people, we may discover what effect this extraordinary kind of vengeance may have upon the mind of the offender; and to what endless disquietude a susceptible heart is subjected by the rash commission of irreparable injury.

E. A. K.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S
AND LADY'S MAGAZINE.

THE following stanzas, recently written by that celebrated genius and traveller, Governor Henry Ellis, on seeing an infirm old man treated by a young rabble with indecent mockery in the streets at Pisa in Italy, a country where every *inanimate* vestige of antiquity is viewed with so much veneration, have been translated abroad into French and Italian, and are well worthy of being preserved in your miscellany.

THE mould'ring tower, the antique bust,
The ruin'd temple's sacred dust,

Are

Are view'd with rev'rence and delight—
 But man decay'd, and sunk with years,
 And sad infirmities, appears
 An object of neglect and slight!

Ah, thoughtless race! in youthful prime
 You mock the ravages of time,

As if you could elude its rage!

That piteous form which you despise,
 With wrinkled front and beamless eyes,

That form, alas! you'll take with age.

Some vital sparks, that ev'ry day

Time's rapid pinion sweeps away,

Prepare you for that hapless state,

When left and slighted in your turn,

Your former levities you'll mourn,

And own the justice of your fate.

A BLUNDER.

A COUNTRYMAN, unable to procure a godfather to his son, went to church himself, and offered to stand in his own person. The curate answered him positively, "It could not be permitted, because it was against the *canons* of the church." Hodge, who had no idea of more than one sort of canon, replied, staring about with great simplicity, "Truly, master, I see no *canon* here."

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THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S and LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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Embellished with an exact Representation of the SCARLET ANE-
MONE, beautifully coloured from NATURE, a plain Duplicate,
as an Exercise for the juvenile Pencil, and a MAP of CORNWALL,
to illustrate a geographical Description of the Counties of Eng-
land and Wales, intended to be continued in this Work.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. SYDNEY's valuable communications came too late for insertion this month.

The Journal of a Schoolboy is under consideration.

It is no part of our plan to exalt one seminary at the expense of another: we are friends to all in which sound learning is taught, but connected with none. This may serve as an answer to our correspondent AMICUS.

So many translations of the French piece in our last were received, that we can only thank our kind young friends for their attention.

GEOGRAPHICUS is right; and we have it in contemplation to shorten that part of our plan to which he alludes. We are sensible of the impatience of youth when one subject is too long continued, and that endless variety is most agreeable, and most likely to profit.

The sensible letter of SUSSEXENSIS will be attended to as far as existing circumstances permit.

FAMILIAR EXPLANATION OF THE PLANETARY
SYSTEM.

"Th' expanded spheres, amazing to the sight,
Magnificent with stars and globes of light;
The glorious orbs which heaven's bright host compose;
Th' imprison'd sea that restless ebbs and flows;
The fluctuating fields of liquid air,
With all the curious meteors hovering there;
And the wide regions of the land—proclaim
The Power divine that rais'd the mighty frame."

BLACKMORE'S CREATION.

THOUGH the world, according to the Mosaic account, is now verging on its six thousandth year, it is only within the present century that mankind seem to have entertained any adequate idea of its stupendous structure, and of the laws by which its motions are regulated. For much of this sublime knowledge we are indebted to the divine genius, and the indefatigable researches, of a Boyle, a Halley, and a Newton. The way to philosophic science was first pointed out by Bacon, and it was pursued by Boyle with the certainty of experiment. Newton improved the mechanical and mathematical parts of science, and established a system of astronomy on foundations that can never be shaken. Boerhaave and others effected wonderful discoveries in the world of chemistry, and the nature of plants and minerals; though their successors have infinitely surpassed them. The minute works of creation, before invisible, were brought to light by the microscopic labours of Lewenhoeck; and the mysterious theory of the winds and tides has nearly reached

reached the summit of perfection under the auspices of Halley.

That the wonderful appearances and productions of nature should ever be regarded with indifference, must be owing principally to the want of instruction: for it is not possible to contemplate them, without feeling the strongest curiosity respecting their history. To remedy this defect, we propose to give, in a concise style, a compendious view of natural philosophy, without the fatigue of mathematic computation, and to select the most remarkable phenomena; an undertaking which, as it is intended to gratify juvenile inquisitiveness, unassisted by elemental learning, will no doubt prove admirably interesting, and pregnant with utility and delight.

We shall begin with a view of those immense celestial bodies, which, like our own planet, continually actuated by the stupendous power of the Deity, perform their unmeasurable revolutions throughout space, equally *boundless* and *incomprehensible*.

The universe throughout all space is replenished with systems or worlds of different bodies. By a *system* is meant a number of bodies which move around one centre. Such a system is what we call the *world*; and the moving bodies of these systems, we call *planets* or *comets*. Of the several worlds besides our own, we can only make probable conjectures, reasoning from the analogy to be observed between some things in our system, and others in theirs, which we think alike. Our system is composed of the following bodies: MERCURY, VENUS, the EARTH, MARS, JUPITER, and SATURN; be-

sider

sides the SUN, which is 994,000 times greater than the whole of them united. The bodies which we term *comets* are more numerous, but their number is not yet ascertained. Besides these, there are an inferior sort of bodies in our system, which move round the larger, and they are called either *satellites* or *moons*, of which our own only is visible to us without a telescope.

Which of all these bodies remained at rest in the centre of the system, was a point that the most learned philosophers controverted for more than two thousand years: schools disputed with schools, and various systems were formed to account for the appearances and motions of the celestial bodies. Ptolemy, the famous Egyptian astronomer, and Tycho, a Dane, supposed the earth to be stationary and central. Their hypotheses have yielded to the Copernican, or true solar system; which, in compliment to our great English astronomer, is likewise called the Newtonian system. Agreeably to this system, which alone solves the appearances of the celestial bodies, the above-mentioned planets move about the sun in different periods of time, and in figures very nearly circular. But the figure described by a comet is elliptical or oval.

Around Jupiter and Saturn move satellites which light those distant planets through their dreary way; whilst others, which are nearer to the sun, and have therefore a greater degree of light, possess none of those luminous appendages, our earth only excepted.

THE SUN.

The diameter of the sun is above 800,000 miles; its bulk a million of times greater than that of our earth.

earth. The spots on it perceivable through a telescope, are supposed, by some, to be occasioned by the eruption of smoke and other opaque matter in various parts of its surface; this, as it consumes gradually, makes the spots degenerate into others of a misty aspect; and the dark matter being finally dissipated, is followed by an eruption of burning flames, similar to those of a volcano, which are the bright and flaming parts that have been observed to succeed the spots. The sun, although the fixed centre of the system, has a motion round its own axis, which is performed in about twenty-five days and fifteen hours.

THE PLANET MERCURY.

This planet is of all others nearest to the sun from which, however, its distance is 32,000,000 of miles; its diameter is 2460 miles, and its bulk thirty times inferior to that of our earth. It performs its revolution round the sun in about eighty-eight days, and the year to its inhabitants is not quite three of our months. That all the planets are inhabited is from analogy extremely probable, and though the heat of this must be seven times greater than that of our *torrid zone*, the animals and vegetables are no doubt proportionably tempered by omnipotent wisdom to endure it.

THE PLANET VENUS.

This planet is the next in the system to Mercury. Its diameter is computed at 7906 miles, which is thirty-six times larger than that of Mercury. Its orbit is distant from the sun about 59,000,000 miles, that is, nearly twice as remote as Mercury. Therefore the light and heat in Venus, though

twice as much as in our earth, are about a fourth part less than in Mercury. The planet Venus performs its annual course round the sun in 225 days; it has also a diurnal motion about its own axis in rather less than twenty-four hours. Venus is distinguished from the other planets by the appellation of the morning and evening star; because, when she is west of the sun, she rises and sets before him; and when east, she sets and rises after him. This planet possesses so remarkable and superior a brightness, that it was formerly taken for a comet, and sometimes appears even at noon-day.

THE EARTH.

Next to Venus is the earth. The bulk of this planet is about 25,020 miles; its distance from the sun 90,000,000 of miles. It revolves round the sun in 365 days, which consequently form our year. This is its annual motion: the other, which is called its diurnal motion, is performed round its own axis once in twenty-four hours, and constitutes day and night. The path traversed by the earth, which, in astronomical language, is called its orbit, appears to be that of the sun; and therefore, at any time to denote the sun's place in the heavens, astronomers have divided the whole circle of the earth's motion into 360 equal parts, which they term *degrees*, and every thirty of these a *sign*, of which last there are twelve. The well-known names, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, &c. originated in the fanciful imagination of the first parents of the science, which discerned in the constellations a faint similarity to those objects; and they have at this day their use, in denoting, by general consent, from
the

the first dawnings of astronomy, the exact meaning of the learned in every age and country. The orbit of the earth is called the *ecliptic*; because, being the visible path of the sun, all the eclipses must happen in it. As there are 360 degrees in the ecliptic, and but 365 in the year, the earth passes through one of those degrees, very nearly, every day. The first sign, and consequently the beginning of the ecliptic, commences with the first degrees of Aries, corresponding to the twenty-first day of March, when the sun is said to enter the vernal equinox.

The orbit of the earth being oval, it must at some times approach nearer to the sun than at others, and must likewise, for the same reason, take more time in moving through one part of its path than another: consequently, the earth is longer in traversing one half than the other of its orbit. The rotation of the earth is more rapid in the winter than in the summer by eight days; but although in winter we are nearer to the sun, yet in that season it seems farthest from us, and the weather is more cold and inclement. Of which phenomena the simple account is, that, as the sun's rays falling more directly on us in summer, augment the heat of that season; so, being transmitted more obliquely on our parallel during the winter, they increase the cold, and render it more intense. It might be expected, that, as the sun is less distant in winter than in summer, it should appear to us larger; but the difference of situation is so small, as to make no sensible alteration in its apparent magnitude.

The spherical figure of the earth has been demonstrated by the following experiments: by going
directly

directly north or south, you raise or depress the north star very sensibly, and always to heights equal to the distance traversed. Now if you walk ever so far on a plain, the same star would constantly appear of the *same height* above the horizon. If you stand on the sea-coast, you will evidently perceive the convexity of the surface of the ocean: particularly in observing a ship sailing directly from you; where you will gradually lose sight, first of the hull or body of the ship, then of the several sails, and lastly of the tops of the masts. Now were the surface of the ocean a plain, the smallest parts of the vessel would first disappear. To this may be added, that the shadow of the earth, in an eclipse of the moon, is observed to be circular, which it could not be unless it proceeded from a spherical body.

These appearances being so obvious, and so easily solved, the ignorance of the most learned philosophers in antiquity, on these points, is truly astonishing. They imagined that the earth was a plain surface, like a round table, and that all below it was *hades* or *hell*. Whither the sun, moon, and stars, went, and whence they came, each night and morning, was utterly unknown. So gross were their conceptions, that the sun, moon, and stars, were supposed actually to descend into the western ocean. And Epicurus gravely recounts the several modes of solving the daily miracle of a new sun kindling up the lamp of day, which was imagined to be extinguished every night in the waters of the Hesperian seas.

THE PLANET MARS.

This planet, although it revolves in an orbit exterior, and next to our own system, observes not that

that rule of increase in magnitude which is perceived in the preceding celestial bodies; for it is as much less than either, being only 4444 miles in diameter. It therefore is near six times less than the earth, and its distance from the sun about 123,000,000 miles. The course of this planet is performed in 687 days, which period is less by forty-three days than two years of our computation. Being half so far again from the sun as our earth, its light and heat are not half so much as our own, being in the proportion of 43 to 100. This planet is supposed from the motion of the spots, to revolve about its axis in twenty-four hours and forty minutes; and if so, its days and nights are nearly of the same length as ours.

Mars is distinguished by a red and fierce complexion; which proceeds either from the matter of the planet, or from a very thick atmosphere. He walks his round in eternal solitude, and is the only planet above Venus that traverses the heavens destitute of attendants.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

Next to Mars rolls the great and astonishing planet of Jupiter; which is 424,000,000 of miles from the sun, and consequently its light and heat about thirty-two times less than ours. This planet is superior in bulk to all the others united; being less than 81,155 miles in diameter, which exceeds the earth by a thousand times. It is about twelve years in revolving round the sun; therefore its summer, winter, and other seasons, are almost twelve times as long as ours. Yet the days and nights are computed to be only of five hours length, from observation of spots that pass over its disk or face.

half that time. Across its body lines are discernible, which are therefore called *belts*: the nature of which is hitherto undetermined. Sir Isaac Newton considers them as clouds formed in the atmosphere of the planet.

Jupiter is enlightened by four moons, two on each side; every one of them considerably larger than that with which we are supplied.

If we reason respecting the inhabitants of this planet, from the analogous magnitude of Jupiter and the earth, they must surpass us in stature as much as this planet exceeds ours in diameter; and are therefore at least sixty feet high. Neither is this proportion to be ridiculed or discredited, since all things are great or small by comparison.

THE PLANET SATURN.

The long-reputed boundary of the solar system, if we except the cometary orbits, is the path of the planet Saturn. Its distance from the sun is computed at 777,000,000 of miles; consequently its light and heat are ninety times less than our own. The composition of the animals inhabiting this planet must of course be utterly distinct from those of the earth, which would undoubtedly be annihilated in such an extremity of cold. Its diameter is computed at 67,870 miles; the bulk is therefore six hundred times greater than that of the earth.

This planet is remarkable for the prodigious circle that surrounds it, commonly termed its *ring*; the distance of which, from the body of Saturn, is computed to be 21,000 miles, and its breadth 20,000. The component materials of this ring are unknown; but it is supposed by some means to supply

ply light and heat to the planet. Saturn is attended by five moons, of which the nearest is 82,000 miles distant, and the most remote 1,964,000 miles.

The year, in Saturn, is about twenty-nine and a half of our computation. But the length of its days and nights is not ascertained, because the immense distance of the planet has eluded every endeavour to discover whether it revolves round its axis.

THE GEORGIUM SIDUS.

This seventh primary planet, which was first discovered by Dr. Herschell on the 13th of March 1781, and receives its name in compliment to his present majesty, is still higher in the system than Saturn; being about 1,565,000,000 of miles from the sun. It performs its annual revolution in 10 years, 146 days, and 8 hours of our time. To the good eye, unassisted by a telescope, this new planet appears like a star of the fifth magnitude. Its diameter is about 34,000 miles; and consequently it is about eighty times as big as the earth.

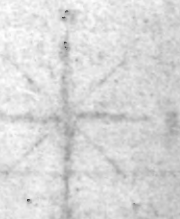
On account of the immense distance of the Georgium Sidus from the source of light and heat to the bodies in our system, it was highly probable that it was attended by satellites or moons, and accordingly the high powers of the discovered telescopes have enabled him to distinguish several.

OUTLINES OF BRITISH GEOGRAPHY.

CORNWALL.

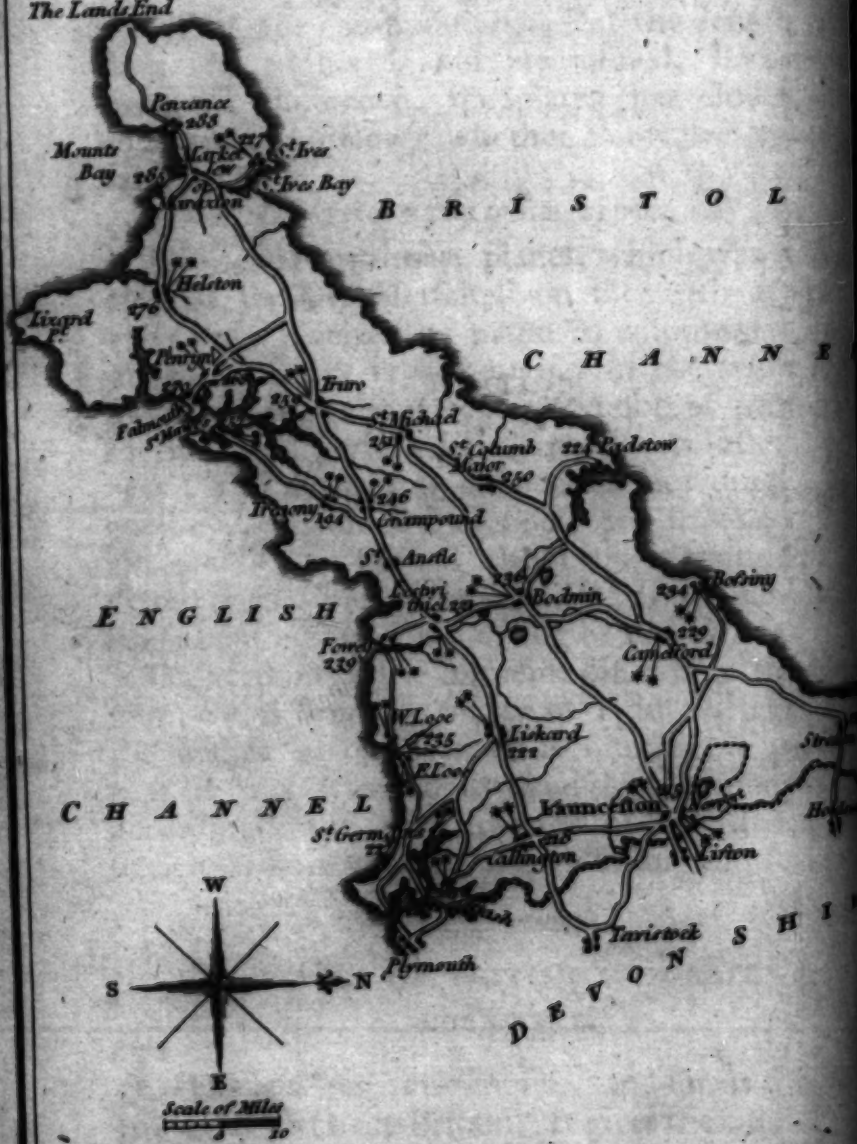
THIS is a maritime county, and forms the western angle of Great Britain. It gives the title of duke

CORNWALL



CORNWALL

The Lands End



to the prince of Wales, who appoints the sheriff, and possesses other extensive powers and privileges in this district.

Cornwall is bounded on three sides by the sea, and on the other by Devonshire; its greatest length, from east to west, is 75 miles, and its extreme breadth 45; but at the most western angle it is no more than five miles. Its area is about 1450 square miles; containing 9 hundreds, 161 parishes, and the following market-towns—Launceston, the county town, Falmouth, Camelford, Helston, Truro, Saltash, Bodmin, St. Ives, Tregony, Fowey, St. Germain, Penryn, Callington, Boffiney, East and West Loo, Gram-pound, Leskard, Lostwithiel, St. Mawes, St. Michael, Newport, Padstow, St. Columb, Penzance, and Market Jew. The number of members returned to parliament by the boroughs amount to 42, besides two for the county; within one as many as the whole kingdom of Scotland: hence it must be allowed to have the greatest weight in the representation of any county in England, though in itself it is far from being one of the most important.

At the distance of ten leagues from the Land's End lie the Scilly islands, a group of rocks and islets, once connected with the main land. Only five or six of them are now inhabited, and the natives subsist chiefly by fishing, burning kelp or seaweed, and acting as pilots in this dangerous navigation, where the most fatal accidents frequently happen. The principal island is St. Mary's, which is furnished with a commodious port. The uninhabited rocks are the resort of numerous sea-fowl.

Cornwall, in a manner detached from the rest of England, was formerly still farther separated by a language totally different, called the Armorican, related to the Welsh. It is now extinct; but the proper names, both of the aboriginal natives and places, still exhibit a striking difference from other parts of the kingdom.

The soil of this county is generally sterile, and its appearance uninviting. A ridge of bare rugged hills, intermixed with dreary moors, intersect it in the middle through the whole extent; and even the low lands, from the salt humidity of the air, are far from being fertile. All kinds of vegetation seem to be stunted; and notwithstanding the superior warmth of the climate, which prevents snow from lying on the ground any considerable time, hedges and trees will scarcely grow near the sea shore.

From the earliest ages, however, Cornwall has been distinguished for its mineral treasures. It is the finest in the world: it has also valuable copper mines; and furnishes crystals of great purity and size. Its wealth and consequence, indeed, is chiefly derived from its bosom; but the fisheries on its coasts, particularly of pilchards, as they add to the cheapness of living, so they facilitate the raising and manufacture of its native ores. The poor miners, in a great measure, subsist on the produce of the sea. Agriculture is less attended to; and in a wise economy of nature, where the bowels of the earth are uncommonly prolific, the surface is generally found to be proportionably sterile. The advantages and disadvantages are wisely distributed over the globe; and the inhabitants of every region

have something to compensate for privations which others do not feel.

The Cornish rivers are small, and are unworthy of notice, farther than as they form estuaries and harbours. In this light only shall we consider them, and this will lead us to mention the principal ports round the coasts.

Beginning on the eastern or Devonshire border, after passing BOSSINEY, said to be the birth-place of the far-famed king Arthur, we come to an inlet of the sea called Padstow haven, into which the Camel, flowing from Camelford, falls. The town of PADSTOW contains nothing remarkable.

Between this and St. Ives bay succeeds a long range of broken coast. ST. IVES was formerly a considerable place, but now subsists chiefly by the pilchard fishery and some coasting trade.

The land soon begins to bend; and after passing cape Cornwall appears the Land's End, the most westerly point of Britain, a vast assemblage of moor-stone. Proceeding eastward along a range of high broken cliffs, Mount's bay occurs, within which is the lofty peninsulated rock of Mount St. Michael, and the town of PENZANCE, a populous place, and one of the tin-coinage towns.

HELSTON stands on a rivulet a little farther east, and is also one of the stannary towns.

Farther on is the Lizard point and Helford harbour, a convenient inlet for trading vessels.

We come next to FALMOUTH haven, a noble and extensive harbour, communicating with various navigable creeks. The town of the same name is in a very flourishing state from its traffic, as well as

from its being the station for the packets to Spain, Portugal, and America.

PENRYN stands on a creek in this harbour, and carries on extensive fisheries. At the head of Falmouth haven is TRURO, one of the best towns in the county, and the residence of several genteel families. In the vicinity, abundance of tin and copper ore is found, particularly about Redruth.

Proceeding eastward along the shore, beyond Deadman's point, lies FOWEY, on a river of the same name, which has a considerable share in the pilchard fishery.

LOSTWITHIEL, on the same stream, has a woollen manufactory, and is one of the stannary towns; but its navigation is now impeded by sand-banks.

The Ram's head, at the mouth of the Tamar, forms the extremity of the Cornish coast in this direction. A little way up this river lies SALTASH, which derives many advantages from its vicinity to Plymouth.

Not far from the bank of the Tamar, but pretty far inland, stands LAUNCESTON, the county town, once possessing a very strong castle, but now containing nothing remarkable, though it is still pretty large and populous.

BODMIN, near the centre of the county, on account of its favourable position, has been chosen for the place of holding the summer assizes; and from this circumstance derives some consequence.

ST. AUSTLE, though not a borough town, is the centre of much business, having some of the principal tin-mines lying round it.

The other towns and villages in this county present little that deserves notice in a general survey.

The



Single Anemone.



The druidical antiquities in Cornwall are pretty considerable, and some of the old castles are interesting to the admirers of the relics of former times.

THE SCARLET ANEMONE, OR WIND FLOWER.

CLASS POLYANDRIA—ORDER POLYGYNIA.

THIS ornament of the field and the garden derives its name from a Greek word signifying *wind*, because it is supposed to keep its petals closed, except when the wind blows. The characters of the genus are : there is no calyx ; the corolla consists of petals of two or three orders, three in each series, and the stamina of numerous capillary filaments : the antheræ are didymous and erect. The pistillum has numerous germens collected into a head ; the styles are pointed ; the stigmas obtuse ; the receptacle globular, and the seeds numerous.

Linnæus enumerates twenty-one species, several of which are natives of Britain ; but the most beautiful have been introduced from the Levant. In the islands of the Archipelago the borders of the fields are covered with them. In a wild state, the flowers are commonly single ; but by culture are greatly improved both in size and beauty of tints. The principal colours are red, white, and purple, with many intermediate shades.

Anemones may be raised either by parting the roots or by seed. Some of them will flower the greater part of the winter and spring ; and, if properly protected, preserve their beauty for a long

time. Hence they are highly valued by florists, certainly not without reason.

Th' anemone's resplendent breast,
A virgin in a bridal vest.

TO TAKE THE IMPRESSION OF THE WINGS OF
BUTTERFLY IN ALL THEIR COLOURS.

KILL it without spoiling; cut off the body close to the wings, which contrive to spread in a flying position; then take a piece of white paper, wash part of it with thick gum-water; when dry, lay it on a smooth board, with the wings on the gum-water; lay another paper over this, press both very hard, let them remain under pressure for an hour; afterwards take off the wings of the butterfly, and you will find a perfect impression of them, with their various colours, remaining on the paper. Draw between the wings of the impression the body of the butterfly, and colour it after life.

TO TAKE THE IMPRESSION OF A LEAF OF A
TREE, PLANT, OR SHRUB, WITH ALL ITS VEINS.

HAVING put the intended leaf into a book for a few minutes, which will cause it to lie very flat, you must have a pair of balls, somewhat of the shape of those used by printers; have them covered with kid-skin; that being the best leather for the purpose. These balls may be made to any size. You must then procure some lamp-black, ground

or mixed with drying oil, and having put a small quantity on one of the balls, spread it all over with the other till they are both black; then laying the leaf on one of them, place the other over it, and press both very hard together. When the leaf is sufficiently black, take it off the ball, and place it between a sheet of white paper. Press it gently with your hand, the heat and pressure of which will have caused it to have received an accurate delineation of all its veins.

Instead of black, any other colour may be used. Verdigris makes a pleasant green; and by adding yellow ochre, or Prussian blue, you may approach the original tint of the leaf, and your impression will almost equal that of nature.

THE GOVERNESS.

ON FILIAL DUTIES.

AS first impressions are generally allowed to be indelible, I cannot help feeling apprehensive that the title I have assumed should be the means of creating some degree of prejudice against my writings; and to counteract a sentiment so unfavourable to my design, it is my intention to render myself *entertaining* as well as *instructive*: and after dividing the various duties of life into different sections, I shall close each with the history of some amiable young woman, whose character has obtained immortal honour by the practice of that virtue which has been the subject of the preceding discourse.

“Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,” is a precept uttered
by

by the voice of Heaven ; yet loudly as it speaks to every human ear, alas ! it often reaches not the heart !

In the term, honour thy father and thy mother, are included that degree of respect which we feel for an exalted character, and that portion of gratitude which inclines us towards a benevolent one ; the tenderness which softens our bosom in favour of an unfortunate, and that warmth that animates us when our hearts expand with love ! And are these the sentiments which children always feel ? alas ! I fear it seldom is the case ; for that restraint upon the passions, and that check to the appetites, which a judicious parent wisely gives, too frequently creates repining murmurings or loud complaints ; and that which proves anxiety and love, is termed ill-humour, passion, or caprice.

“ Among the real improvements of modern times,” says an elegant writer upon the subject of education *, “ it is to be feared that the growth of filial obedience cannot be included. Who can forbear regretting that not only sons, but daughters have adopted something of that spirit of independence, and *disdain of control*, which characterize the present times ?” Who indeed can cease to regret that as the mind becomes expanded the heart should grow depraved ? or who can help lamenting, that by improving the understanding there should be a danger of undermining the principles ?

The force of nature and the ties of consanguinity loudly claim the attention of a child, and these certainly are moments when they must feel the

* Mrs. Hannah More.

power; moments when the most unamiable tempers might be taught to lament that uneasiness they had occasioned an affectionate parent, and when they would be likely to resolve upon a reformation of their conduct. Were the elder branches of a family made to observe the helpless state of infancy, and taught to reflect upon the anxiety and fatigue which their little brothers and sisters regularly occasioned their attached parents, would not a sentiment of gratitude spontaneously arise in their youthful bosom, if they were told, *you* likewise were equally dependant, called forth the same degree of solicitude, and were constantly attended with the same officious care? Or were they to be introduced to a venerable father, whose locks were whitened more by grief than years, whose face still bore the traces of those drops which hardened disobedience drew; would not the sad afflictive sight teach them abhorrence of so base a crime? In short, so various are the methods by which the youthful mind may be taught the different duties which it owes society, that general rules can scarcely be applied; yet as example must always be impressive, I shall conclude the present subject of discourse by describing the conduct of an amiable young female, whom chance lately introduced to my acquaintance.

ANNETTE, OR THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

AMIDST the various distresses which a spirit of republicanism has brought upon the individuals of neighbouring kingdom, none have fallen with more oppressive weight than those which have crushed the fortune of the marquis de C—. High

in

in honours, rich in possessions, loved by his kind and admired by the people, how agonizing must have been the feelings of that unfortunate nobleman, to find himself totally stripped of all the gratifying appendages, and suddenly hurled down from a pinnacle of greatness into an abyss of poverty and disgrace!

The human mind is prepared to encounter common calamities; but misfortunes severe, like those of the marquis de C——'s, who can sustain with fortitude and composure? A wife on whom he doated, the sons whom he adored, and two brothers whom he loved, all sacrificed to the vengeance of ensanguined tyrants, under the base pretence of restoring man's privileges! The treble blow fell with great a force, and reason sunk beneath the first. A faithful domestic, warmly attached to the interests of his master, preserved his existence at the hazard of his own, and after a variety of difficulties and dangers conducted him to his only remaining child. In the person of this dear pledge of felicity was united all that was lovely, graceful, attractive; and in her mind all that was good, and tender. Rich in this sole remaining treasure, the unfortunate marquis would gaze on her with a mixture of fear and fondness, till the apprehensions of her being torn from him increased the frenzy of his mind, and he would press her to his bosom in an agony of despair.

Dupont, who had been both their guide and server, procured a small lodging in the outskirts of the metropolis of England, where, by respectful attention and officious care, he endeavoured to enable them to forget their past misfortunes. Time, which

the general soother of distress, seemed but to increase that of the marquis, and the beautiful Annette had the misery of beholding in her father rapid symptoms of a bodily decay. In vain did she endeavour to conceal her own afflictions, and to wear the mask of a composure that was foreign to her heart; her filial tenderness seemed to increase his anguish, and her solicitude to augment his sorrow.

The little stock of money they had brought from Paris was soon diminished to a few pounds, and the faithful Dupont, on whom they depended for support, was unfortunately suspected of having designs against the state. The marquis's cup of misery was already at the brim, and this last stroke completely overcharged it: but the amiable Annette, instead of sinking under her misfortunes, was roused to action by this melancholy circumstance. The person with whom she lodged had a susceptible, feeling heart, and Annette had perceived her misfortunes had impressed it: to her she disclosed the state of her finances, and requested her assistance in an attempt to improve them; gave a specimen of those accomplishments from which she expected to derive support, and conjured her to point out the most likely way of obtaining it.

As her style of drawing was both elegant and beautiful, her landlady engaged to procure her full employment; and the amiable girl, delighted at the prospect of supporting her father, began the occupation with pleasure and avidity. The marquis at length became more resigned, and would listen with pleasure to the harmony of her voice, whilst her pencil traced either flowers or landscapes.

Acci-

Accident at length made her situation public; a lady of quality, charmed with the elegance of person and manners, requested her company as sister and a friend, promising to settle an annuity on the marquis, and take him a lodging near a magnificent abode.

The proposal was received with the warmest expressions of gratitude; but that filial fondness which had first suggested the idea of supporting an ailing parent, still urged her never to forsake him; and after expressing her sense of lady D——'s beneficence, she requested her forgiveness for declining her favours.

This proof of filial affection and tender care, instead of increasing the interest her ladyship had taken in the amiable Annette's welfare, totally destroyed it, and she considered her as a being unobtrusive as to her own advantage, and of course undesigning the anxiety or interference of another person.

Merit like that of the beautiful Annette seldom remains long unrewarded; and after having supported her unfortunate father by the exertions of her pen upwards of two years, accident introduced her to the acquaintance of a man of worth and fortune, who, delighted with the proof she had given of duty and affection, made immediate proposals to her venerable father, convinced that a young woman who had acted so nobly as a daughter, could not fail of becoming an excellent wife: in this opinion he was not mistaken, and it is his constant boast that he is the most fortunate of men. The marquis resides in the same house, and they have already been blessed with a pledge of their tenderness. The surrounding families both value and esteem them, and the poor consider them as benefactors and friends.

TO ANNA,

ON THE EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

ANNA! I boast the name of friend,
Then let not honest verse offend:
The humblest offering from the heart
Is more than all the stores of art.

Fain would I grace your natal morn
With vows and blessings yet unborn;
Bid every joy my ANNA crown,
That e'er the happiest soul has known:
But while I view the good possess'd,
I feel that few are half so bless'd.

I cannot wish you better health,
And competence is more than wealth:
A finer form, more vermeil cheek,
Not Vanity herself would seek.

The bloom of youth, its op'ning flowers,
In prospect lasting, still are yours;
Well-temper'd wit, and polish'd sense,
And Hope's gay smile, and innocence,
And all that love or friendship bind,
Shed their sweet influence o'er your mind.

What then remains? Some latent sigh
Still heaves the bosom, clouds the eye;
Some wish superior fills each breast,
Some smiling pleasure unpossess'd:
Whate'er that sigh, that wish demands,
May you receive from Fortune's hands!

M. R.

MEMOIRS OF DICK, THE LITTLE PONEY.

[Continued from page 29.]

XII. APOSTROPHE TO IDLENESS—THE FATAL SEQUENCES OF INDULGENCE—IS OBLIGED TO BROKE AGAIN.

IDLENESS, thou bane of every estimable quality, thou pander to every vice! in what colour infamy oughtest thou to be painted, and how generous is it to indulge thy caresses! Beneath enervating blandishments every corruption spreads up, and every virtue is obscured. It is thou that finkest the love of honourable performance in bed of inglorious ease. It is thou that holdest the oblivious draught of what duty calls to reform; and when once thy cup is tasted to intoxication, farewell every hope of fame, farewell every wish for distinction. Bound in thy fetters, talents whether natural or acquired, are useless; and the brightest virtues become tainted by folly, contaminated by perverse passions. I have seen proud lords of nature stoop to thy bewitching, they encumbered the very earth on which they rode, and only lived to disgrace themselves, and be a burden to the community. Need it then be wondered at, gentle reader! that Dick the Poney yielded to the impressions of luxurious indolence, and forfeited the character he had acquired; for the lessons of Tom the jockey, and became puffed and ungovernable, in proportion as he was misused. What pangs has this reflection cost me! What misery is entailed on all that have given way to the allurements of ease!

After the death of my mistress I was turned into fine pasture, where I soon forgot my loss, and became wanton with plenty. The parents of the deceased for some time could not bear to see me, as it reminded them of their heavy loss. I grew wild and untractable for want of exercise, and acquired such a load of flesh, that I was quite a burden to myself. I seemed wholly to forget that I had a part in existence to perform: I became languid by indulgence, and the very idea of exertion was painful, except when it was to show my capricious tricks, and to bid defiance to the groom when he meditated an approach.

But the season of grass and of sunshine passed away: the cold began to increase, the rains to fall; and I was glad to seek shelter in a hovel that was built in my little domain. Weakened by indulgence, every trifling inconvenience appeared in the light of serious calamity. I neither enjoyed the same vigour of active spirits, nor the health that I had formerly known. At last my master came to see me, and I beheld the tear start into his eyes as soon as he approached. "Poor animal," said he to himself, "I value you for the sake of my dear Maria, and you shall never be ill used by me; but you must not keep such a striking remembrance of your loss."

These words, which I understood (for human language had now become intelligible to my ears), recalled me a little to my senses; and I foresaw some new scenes awaited me. I suffered myself, though without opposition, to be caught; and I verily believe, had food continued in abundance, I should have been headstrong enough to resist to the last.

What a powerful persuader is hunger! Even the I have heard, will condescend to sell his liberty for dinner.

Being put into the stable, I was again treated with hay and corn; but my obesity was so great that I was thought incapable of being rode till I had been reduced. A black-faced fellow with an apron soon visited me, and put on shoes for me; in return for which, I gave him a violent kick, and left him sprawling. But he soon had his revenge. He produced something in the form of a black horse, and the groom assisting him, they forced it down my throat with a stick. This was repeated three times, and I really imagined they meant to make an end of me; for though my appetite was not the same as before, I felt it totally lost, and besides was sick at death. All my resistance was of no avail. When I bit my tormentors, they only practised fresh blows to show their superiority.

For a long time I could not conceive the meaning of this ceremony; but when I found that I was not killed, I began to imagine that the ugly fellow I have mentioned, was one of those magicians who had attended my mistress; and that because mankind swallow poison, it was thought necessary that horses likewise should be drenched with it for their good. No doubt my extreme indulgence in eating had given rise to this. Had I been more temperate I might have escaped this penance; but I learnt wisdom from past sufferings. Happy for those who adopt the same conduct!

This was one evil that attended idleness; but a greater one was to be overcome. The groom desired to ride me out. I felt this as an indignity, and scarcely was he seated, as he thought, before

tossed him into the air. In a word, from long disuse and unlimited indulgence, I was become fiery and restive, and before I could bring my proud spirit to submit, I was obliged to go through a variety of severe discipline; and what aggravated my sufferings, was the reflection that I deserved it. My reputation for docility and steadiness, in which I had prided myself so much, was nearly lost for ever. It was concluded that I was not naturally what education had made me, and that ease would always recall my original disposition; but, as I had acquitted myself so well in the service of my dear mistress, the strictest orders were given not to use me ill, and by degrees I recovered all the good qualities which had procured me esteem; except that, as my strength was now confirmed by the lapse of six summers, I evinced more resolution, and felt an ambition not to be outdone by larger and prouder animals. Idleness had brought me several distresses: ambition too, it will appear, did not pass without chastisement.

[To be continued.]

ON FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

[Continued from page 30.]

HYPERBOLE.

THIS figure consists in magnifying an object beyond its natural limits. It frequently occurs in all languages, and even enters into common conversation: "As swift as the wind; as white as snow;" and our usual forms of compliment are, in general, only

only extravagant hyperboles. These exaggerated expressions, however, being sanctioned and familiarized by habit, are seldom considered as hyperbolical.

Hyperboles are twofold: either such as are employed in description, or such as are supplied by the ardour of passion. Those are the grandest which are the effect of passion; since it not only gives rise to the most daring figures, but often at the same time renders them natural and just. Hence, the following passage in Milton, though extremely hyperbolical, contains nothing but what is natural and proper. It exhibits the mind of Satan agitated at once with rage and despair.

“ Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest depth, a lower deep
Still threat’ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav’n.”

In simple description, hyperboles should be employed with a greater degree of caution. When an earthquake, a storm, or a battle is described, we can bear hyperboles without displeasure; but when only a woman in grief is presented to our view, it is impossible not to be disgusted with such wild exaggeration as the following from one of our dramatic poets:

———“ I found her on the floor,
In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful;
Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That, were the world on fire, they might have drowned
The wrath of heav’n, and quench’d the mighty ruin.”

This is the *ne plus ultra* of bombast. The person who labours under the distracting agitations of grief, may be allowed hyperbolical expression; but the spectator, who only speaks the language of description, cannot be indulged in an equal liberty. No precise rules can be given for the use of this figure: good sense and just taste must ascertain its limits, and regulate its application.

HISTORY OF OCTAVIUS.

[Concluded from page 62.]

WHEN the vessel arrived in port, the captain sold the child to a planter for the term of fourteen years, for twelve guineas. Had the boy's health been good, the purchase-money might have been more considerable. Reduced to the condition of a slave, to the condition of one of those that avarice imports from Africa, the unhappy youth had nothing but misery to expect. The separation from his parents, and the reflection that he had brought so much misery upon them and himself by one act of rashness and disobedience, were circumstances sufficient to make him wretched, let his own future situation be ever so fortunate. He was, indeed, so far fortunate as to fall into the hands of a man of great humanity: and let not the reader hesitate to believe it possible that the purchaser of a slave could be a man of great humanity: for very humane people do very harsh things, if custom sanctions them; but then it is for want of reflection. This planter gave to the child the name of Octavius, and treated him with great tenderness. Octavius

vius soon related to his master in what manner he had been lured away from his home and native country. The planter felt the greatest indignation against the captain; but it was now too late, the vessel having left the port. He inquired of Octavius the name of his parents; and caused an advertisement to be printed in the English papers: for Octavius could give no account of the place of the abode, except that it was in London. Two years, however, elapsed before the advertisement was received and printed in England; and as no applications were ever made in consequence of this public notice, there always remained a doubt in the breast of Octavius, whether his parents did not die of sorrow for his loss.

Years passed on, and Octavius, had he not been afflicted with one great cause of trouble, the respect on the past, might have lived happily. He behaved with so much diligence and propriety, that the planter's attachment to him increased: he received from him his daughter in marriage; and, on his death, became possessor of his fortune.

The long period of twenty years elapsed; though he was successful in his plantation, and happy in his family, his mind was frequently haunted by the recollection of the unfortunate manner in which he parted from his parents. The sight of his children frequently forced this upon his imagination; and if at any time they persisted, in disobedience of his commands, in doing what was wrong or dangerous, he felt a pang at the remembrance of his own misconduct.

At length it happened, that, a ship loaded with convicts arriving, Octavius went down to the

to purchase servants. Among the first group he perceived the captain who had betrayed him, and whom some other crime had now rendered a convict and a slave. The miserable man had no knowledge of Octavius, whom years had naturally altered; but, being purchased by him, he was led immediately to his house. Octavius had bought this servant with eagerness, and now hastened homeward, anxious to ask some questions that lay nearest to his heart.

Having sent for the convict into a private room, Octavius informed him who he was. The astonished wretch, overcome with the sense of his guilt, fell on his knees, entreating forgiveness. "Ah, Sir," said he, "since I was sentenced for my last offence, the remembrance of my wickedness toward you has pressed heavy upon me. I have done every thing in my power to repair the injury I did to you and your parents."

"Cruel man," cried Octavius, "what reparation could you make?"

"Indeed, Sir," said the penitent and wretched convict, "it were as easy to me to give you back your days, as to recompense you for having consumed them in anxiety and tears: but I have done what I could. After receiving sentence, as I was about to say, I made every possible inquiry concerning your parents."

Octavius interrupted him again. What was his happiness to find, that his father and mother, having heard from the despairing prisoner in what part of the world he was likely to be found, had embarked for America, and arrived on the same day with the convicts! By the assistance of the former captain

captain a meeting was brought about, to the exceeding rapture of all parties: him they pardoned and dismissed with a small sum of money in pursuance of better fortune; and themselves, during many years, enjoyed that peace of mind and happiness, which, through so large a portion of their lives, they had been deprived.

E. A. R.

OF OUR PARENTS.

BY THE ABBE BARTHELEMY.

I WELL know your ardent affection and esteem for parents in all respects worthy of your love and veneration; and I am not about to remind you of a duty, but to felicitate you on your happiness, which, if it were possible, I would augment in tracing its image before you: you will dwell with pleasure upon a subject so tenderly regarded by me, and will pardon the defects of my picture from veneration for the motives with which it is drawn.

Nature has deeply impressed upon the heart of man a lively sentiment relative to the Author of his being, whose principal character is that exquisite tenderness which is the most pleasing bond of human affections. When the Supreme Being would excite our confidence in him, he presents himself to our view, sometimes under the image of a father ever ready to listen to the story of our woes, and, at others, that of a tender mother, who presses her child to her bosom. It was not always by the painting of violent and irregular passions that the Greek tragedies excited terror and pity: they delineated the conflicts of tenderness and affection.

among relations borne down by fortune; and these delightful pictures never failed to draw tears from the eyes of a people above all others prompt in seeing and comprehending the truest touches of nature. In a tragedy of Euripides the Greeks are represented as having resolved to sacrifice Polyxena, the daughter of Hecuba, on the tomb of Achilles. After an affecting scene between the mother and daughter, Polyxena passionately beseeches Ulysses to lead her forth to death, that she may be spared the sight of her mother's grief, more intolerable than her own fate. Hecuba cries out, "Unfortunate woman that I am! My powers fail me! My knees refuse their support! Ah, my child! draw near to me; give me thy hand! give it to me! Oh, companions! Oh, friends! why do you leave me childless? Alas! I die."

If our love for near relations is infinitely delightful, its value is increased by its capacity, which is without bounds. In a large family, it may be extended to many without being enfeebled. Every child is the object of a generous father's care; and when death deprives him of one, in vain does he seek consolation, in the transports of his grief, from the idea that others still remain. Nature speaks with a louder voice than reason or interest: she reclaims with invincible power her rights, in despite of length of time or circumstances. What then must be its force when concentrated, as in your case, on one object!

But it may be asked, how it happens, that, for the most part, we do not find in children the same degree of affection towards their parents? Has nature, whose system tends to unite beings by the ties of love, has she miscalculated, in giving to parents

parents the sensibility she withholds from children. Undoubtedly not. But the sensibility of children is diverted from their parents, by passions which have their birth at the same time with reason, and develop themselves, and grow up more quickly. In infants, while their affections are yet uncorrupted, their love for their parents is expressed in shouts of joy and vehement transports. Afterwards children become timid; they shun advice; they strive for independence.

Of these propensities, the first sometimes has its source in the excessive fear of offending, the second in pride, and the last, in that love of liberty in man, which is naturally extreme. They may degenerate into vice, and become productive of pernicious consequences; and, unhappily, they appear at an age when we have not experience to teach them their evil tendency.

Timidity degenerates easily into a fault. He often by habit who has ever an unreasonable fear of offending; and the child's heart ought to be open to the parent, who, by kindness, endeavours to bridge the distance between parent and child. And he should not be asked, what are the expressions fit to excite a child's confidence in his parent? When the heart is moved, it expresses itself in every action, look, and word; but all becomes equivocal when the power of nature is quitted.

The propriety of restraints is to be determined by the necessity and motives which engender them, and the advantages they propose. Even harsh restraints may become useful, since they cultivate patience and docility; qualities more essential to a child than is generally allowed in all the different conditions

life, and which it is impossible to acquire after the flexible years of childhood. In general, good dispositions are not impatient of restraint, because they wish their faults to be corrected; while vicious children hate restraint, because they are averse to amendment.

It proceeds from ignorance, when there is a desire for premature independence. Is it already time to become independent, when, with the reason little enlightened by experience, a child sees no farther than the present moment, and little suspects the consequences that lie hid in the future? What reproaches may not the child justly make to the parent, that, by rendering it too early master of itself, has subjected him to his own passions, or to errors more dangerous even than those passions? And what is the objection offered to the authority whose yoke some would render more easy? This authority requires an obedience that one is almost ashamed to rank among duties. It is delightful to depend upon those whom we love; to be conducted by their will; and to sacrifice even our dearest tastes to them. Unhappy is he who has never made such sacrifices! His soul has never known gratitude or friendship: it is either the sorrowful abode of indifference, or a prey to licentious passions.

Let not youth, then, be so unjust as to regard those to whom they owe their being as severe judges or imperious masters; they are tender, compassionate, though incorruptible friends; and, for their inflexibility, are to be preferred to those that are ordinarily called friends. Where, among the latter, shall we find one to be compared to Eucharis, that worthy mother, whom one of the Greek philo-

sophers proposed as a model to the women of Greece. In speaking of her, he says that he was desirous of giving a portrait of this admirable woman, but that his diligence attained no further than to give a slight outline of her excellence.

The birth of Eucharis, says the author, placed her in the rank of persons of distinction at Athens, and her accomplishments would have set her among the first of her sex in every country throughout the universe. At a period of life commonly given to frivolous amusements, she was neither dazzled by the opulence and splendour that surrounded her, nor touched with the pleasures of which her exquisite graces made her habitation the happy seat. Her heart, as virtuous as it was alive to sensibility, cherished one darling object. She had a son, who, with a fine and interesting form, had received from nature those dispositions which prepare the human character for excellence, and those dangerous passions which too often confine men to mediocrity.

Eucharis imposed upon herself the task of deciding, by the education of her son, in this fearful alternative; her husband, one of the most respectable senators of Athens, approved of her design, and appeared confident of her success. She assembled round her son masters in the finer arts and sciences: she directed their zeal with her judgment; she gave an interest to their lessons by her presence; she ordered, that he should be accustomed to view and comprehend the great outline of things; that he be left to himself as much as possible to fill up the picture; and to be less satisfied with any instances of success, than with exertion and perseverance.

She reserved to herself the task of forming his morals and cultivating his affections; and it was not by the multitude and severity of precepts that she proposed to succeed, but by select and fertile principles, the developing of which she committed to his own care. She corrected lighter faults by a word, a look, or an example happily introduced; and heavier offences by a rigour, whose worst effects fell upon herself, for then it was that she was most truly to be pitied. Sometimes she found it necessary to withhold from her son the too evident marks of her extreme affection, at the hazard of destroying herself with the concealment of sentiments that he was about to abuse, and which were ever ready to escape from her mouth. At length she was compelled to disguise her sorrow under the appearance of resentment and indignation, till her culpable son should doubt if he had not dried up the sources of her love for him. Her conflicts were severe, and she soon fled from the observation of all eyes, to indulge her fears and afflictions in secret. When she was alone, free to give way to her thought, she saw nothing in their object but motives of despair. It was in vain, then, she imagined, she had taken so lively an interest in her son's happiness; in vain had sacrificed her enjoyments, her repose, and her health. The past and the present offered nothing to her view but a frightful mixture of good and evil. And what was to become of her unhappy son, if the evil prevailed? Far from finding consolation in the future, it was the subject of new terrors. "Ah," said she, "rather than see him abandon the path of virtue, may he——" She was about to finish the expression of her wish, when she heard a secret voice, saying, "Make your choice,

choice, Eucharis. Consent that your son live disgraced, or the wish that was escaping from your mouth shall be instantly accomplished."—"Alto hold," she cried: "let him live, let him be virtuous; and if it is blood the gods must have, let his mother be the victim!"

The gods were moved to compassion with her noble disinterestedness. Eucharis wished to transfuse her soul into her son, and die; but in his birth he had imbibed her spirit, and time only was wanting to remove the imperfections of youth. The gods hastened the period of his reformation; his mind rapidly expanded itself, and appeared such as it was by nature, full of sensibility, bold, and active; it displayed grandeur of ideas, combined with taste and judgment; and an absolute love of virtue and of truth. Eucharis received the sweet price of her labours; her husband rejoiced in the confidence he had placed in her; and her son, penetrated more and more with love and esteem for her, wanted only words to express unbounded gratitude.

The author adds, that he became one of the principal ornaments of Athens; that he was incessantly occupied in causing his glory to be reflected upon his parents, and that he was more sensibly touched by their approbation than by the applause of all Greece.

Most youths would be surprised to hear this language; they see not far removed from them a time when those that gave them being, almost indifferent spectators of their pains and pleasures, require from them nothing more than cold and formal marks of their good breeding, rather than the love or respect: but such is not the beneficent design of Nature; she demands, that when we are

ourselves

ourselves become parents, we should never feel our happiness more complete than in adding to the happiness of a father and mother, who have often sacrificed to ours; that we draw nearer the ties that unite us to them; and that when death shall break these ties, we shall feel, in the midst of distinctions and honours, a want in being no longer able to share their glory and benefit with our parents.

May these inestimable truths, a thousand times preferable to the vain boasts of science, pervade every heart, to make one mind of every family, and one family of the universe!

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray
From the great Source of mental day,
Free, gen'rous, and refin'd,
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bless my lab'ring mind.

II.

But first with thy resistless light
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee,
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

III.

Oh! let thy powerful charm impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where reason points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
Let numbers, figures, motion's laws,
Reveal'd before me stand;
Then to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe and through the sky
Disclose her working hand.

V.

Next to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy restless human mind
Through ev'ry maze pursue;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
And all their changes view.

VI.

Her secret stores bid mem'ry tell,
Bid fancy quit her airy cell
In all her treasures drest;
While, prompt her fallies to control,
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
To truth's severest test.

VII.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
That range beyond control,
Which seek eternity to trace,
Drive through th' infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole?

VIII.

Then range through being's wide extent,
Let the fair scale with just ascent
And equal steps be trod,
Till, from the dead corporeal mass,
Through each progressive rank you pass
To instinct, reason, God!

IX.

There, Science, veil thy daring eye,
 Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
 In the divine abyfs;
 To faith content thy beams to lend,
 Her hopes t' assure, her steps befriending,
 And light the way to bliss.

X.

Then downward take thy flight again,
 Mix with the policies of men,
 And social Nature's ties;
 The plan, the genius, of each state,
 Its interests and its pow'r relate,
 Its fortunes and its rise.

XI.

Through private life pursue thy course,
 Trace ev'ry action to its source,
 And means and motives weigh;
 Put tempers, passions, in the scale,
 Mark what degrees in each prevail,
 And fix the doubtful sway.

XII.

The last, best effort of thy skill,
 To form the life, and rule the will,
 Propitious pow'r! impart;
 Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
 Make me the judge of my desires,
 The master of my heart.

XIII.

Raise me above the vulgar breath,
 Pursuit of fortune, dread of death,
 And all in life that's mean:
 Still true to reason be my plan,
 And let my actions speak the man,
 Through ev'ry varying scene.

XIV.

XIV.

Hail, queen of manners! test of truth!
 Hail, charm of age, and light of youth!
 Sweet refuge of distress!
 E'en business you can make polite,
 Can give retirement its delight,
 Prosperity its grace.

XV.

Of pow'r, wealth, freedom, thou the cause,
 Foundress of order, cities, laws,
 Of arts inventress thou!
 Without thee, what were human kind?
 How vast their wants, their thoughts how low!
 Their joys how mean, how few!

XVI.

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil!
 Let others spread the daring sail
 On Fortune's faithless sea:
 While undeluded, happier I
 From the vain tumult timely fly,
 And sit in peace with thee.

ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

SALLIES of wit, and brilliancy of imagination are seldom the concomitants of a profound standing; but in the character of sir Thomas solidity and effervescence are happily united.

To face death with calmness, and to meet it with composure, is a convincing testimony of a life; but to encounter the horrors of tyrannical execution with a playfulness of wit and a liveliness of fancy, requires that self-command over the

sons and the feelings, which none but a mind self-applauded and resigned could at that moment be able to obtain.

That innocent mirth and propensity to cheerfulness, which so strongly marked all the actions of Thomas More's life, forsook him not at the moment of resigning it; for, observes his historian, as he was ascending the scaffold, he found the steps so weak and crazy, that it was with difficulty he avoided falling down them, when, turning to the lieutenant of the Tower, "Pray, master lieutenant," said he, "see me safe up; for, when I come down, I shall be able to shift for myself." Upon finishing his last address to heaven, and observing the executioner look sad and dejected, "Pluck up thy spirits, man," said he, "and be not afraid to do thy office: my neck is very short, and therefore for your credit's sake take care you do not strike awry." Then laying his head upon the block, "he desired the executioner to wait until he had put his beard aside; for *that*," continued he, "has never committed *treason*."

UNANIMITY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

EDWARD prince of Wales," says Montagne, a personage whose condition and fortune had always some distinguished points of grandeur in it, was highly offended by the treacherous conduct of the inhabitants of Limoges; and, upon taking the town by storm, commanded that no quarter should be given to them. Yet what supplication could not

not accomplish, valour and heroism easily obtained for, perceiving three French gentlemen resolutely defending both their lives and property against the attack of a victorious body of troops, he was amazingly struck with this proof of their courage, that he instantly ordered the soldiers to desist, not only granted them their pardon, but for their sake spared the lives of all within the town."

THE FISHERMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.

A FISHERMAN, whose only property was a miserable hovel, lived on the bank of a small river. His gains were so trifling, that he was scarcely able to earn a scanty subsistence. Notwithstanding this, he was contented in his poverty, because he wished for nothing more than he possessed.

One day, this fisherman took it into his head to visit the city; and he resolved to go there on the morrow. While he thought of making this journey, he met a traveller, who inquired if he had a far to go to reach a village, in which he might find lodging for the night? "It is twelve miles," replied the fisherman, "and it is very late; but I will pass the night in my cottage you are very welcome."

The traveller accepted the offer; and the fisherman, who wished to entertain his guest as well as he was able, lit a fire, to dress some supper. While they were at supper, the fisherman laughed, and appeared full of merriment.

"How happy you are," said the traveller to his host, "in being able to divert yourself so much."

ould give all that I have in the world to be as gay
you."

"And what prevents you?" said the fisherman;
my mirth costs me nothing; and I have never
been subject to melancholy. Do you labour under
great affliction that does not permit you to be
careful?"

"Alas!" replied the traveller, "all the world
seems to me to be the happiest of men. I was a
merchant, and I gained great wealth; but I had
no moment of rest. I was in daily fear of be-
coming a bankrupt, of failure of sale in my goods,
of storms to wreck my vessels: upon this account,
I quitted commerce, in the hope of living a more
quiet life; and I bought a place at court: at first
I had the good fortune to please my prince; I be-
came his favourite, and I believed that I should
be happy; but I presently found that I was
rather a slave than a favourite. I was obliged to
give up perpetually all my own inclinations, to
submit those of my master. He loved the chase; I
loved quiet; nevertheless, I was obliged to follow
him through the woods the whole day long: I re-
turned to the palace, overcome with fatigue, and
unable to retire to rest. No; some lady gives a
dinner, a supper; and, because it will please the king,
he commands me to come: I go, detesting every thing I
do. But the favour of my sovereign afforded me
a little consolation. It is now about five days
since he spoke with an air of friendship to one of
the lords of his court, gave him two commissions,
and said that he believed him to be a very honest
man. From that moment I plainly saw that I
was the last, and my nights were sleepless."

"But,"

"But," said the fisherman, interrupting guest, "did the king receive you with cold and did he cease to love you?"

"Excuse me," replied the traveller; "he showed me more friendship than ordinary; recollect, he did not love me only; every body that the nobleman was become a second father to me this was so insupportable, that I was to die with chagrin. I retired yesterday, alone into my chamber, absorbed in melancholy, when I was alone, I gave myself up to grief. Suddenly, I beheld a man, of more than ordinary stature, but of an extremely agreeable countenance, who said to me, 'Azaël, I have compassion on thy misery: if thou wouldst become tranquil, love sacrifice riches, and to friendship honour.' 'Alas! Sir,' said I to the man, 'these are the wishes of my heart; but how can they be justified?'—'Quit the court,' replied he, 'and travel during two days by the road that first strikes itself; the folly of man will present you with the spectacle that will cure you for ever of ambition. When you have travelled two days, retracing your steps; and be confidently assured, that then forward you will live happily and at ease.'—I have already walked one whole day, in obedience to your monitor; and to-morrow I shall proceed; I cannot easily persuade myself to hope the rest of that he has promised."

The fisherman having heard this story, could but wonder at the folly of a man who placed his ambition upon the mere looks and words of a stranger. "I shall be happy to see you again, and to give you an account of your case," said he to the traveller.

"accomplish your journey, and in two days come back to my cottage. I am about to travel too; I have never seen the city; and I imagine that I shall be much diverted by the sights that I shall behold there."

"You must take care," returned the traveller, "that, when you have seen the palaces of the great, you do not become dissatisfied with your cottage; and that, when you have seen their superb ornaments, you remain contented with your own nothing."

"Sir," said the fisherman to his guest, "you talk like a book: do your reasonings serve for your own instruction?"

The traveller forbore to reply, because he did not wish to enter into a controversy with his host in his own house. The next day he continued his journey; while the fisherman set out for the city.

At the end of two days, the traveller, Azaël, who had met with nothing extraordinary, returned to the cottage. He found the fisherman sitting beneath his door, his head resting upon his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. "What are you thinking of?" said Azaël.—"I am thinking that I am very miserable," said the fisherman: "what have I done that I should be poor, while so great a number of men are rich and happy?"

At this moment, the man of lofty stature, who had commanded Azaël to travel, and who was, in reality, an angel, appeared.

"Why have you not followed the counsels of Azaël?" said he to the fisherman: "the sight of the magnificence of the city hath created in thee pride and vanity; and these have driven from thee happiness."

happiness and peace. Moderate thy desires, thou wilt recover those precious possessions."

"This is very easy for you to prescribe," said the fisherman, "but impossible for me to perform. I am sure that I shall always be unhappy; unless my condition be altered."

"That would be to thy loss," replied the angel, "believe me; and do not wish to be other than thou art."

"You speak well," returned the fisherman, "but you will not hinder me from wishing another situation?"

"Since thou *wilt* seek thy destruction," said the angel, "I consent: thou mayst wish three things, and they shall be as thou desirest."

Transported with joy, the fisherman wished that his cottage were changed into a magnificent palace, and immediately his wish was accomplished. The fisherman, after admiring his palace, wished that the little river that flowed before his door might swell to a great sea; and immediately his wish was accomplished. The power of making a request remained. He hesitated during some time; at length, he wished that his little boat might be changed into a superb vessel, freighted with gold and diamonds. As soon as he beheld his vessel, he hastened to feast his eyes with the riches of it; but he was become the master; but he had scarcely gained the deck when a violent storm arose. The fisherman would have returned to the shore, but he was unable to manage the vessel.

Now he regretted his vanity and his ambitious wishes; the sea swallowed him with his riches; and the angel said to Azaël, "Let him be a lesson to others."

ample teach thee wisdom! The end of this man almost always that of those who pursue unworthy objects of ambition. The court, to which art returning, is famous for shipwrecks and tempests; while yet you may, make the shore: otherwise, you will one day wish to do so when the sea will be no longer yours."

Azaël, who stood terrified at what he had seen, promised to obey the angel; and he kept his word: he left the court, and retired into the country, where he married a young lady, who was more remarkable for her goodness, than for her beauty or her fortune. Instead of endeavouring to increase a abundant wealth, he sought only to enjoy it with moderation, and to distribute the superplus to the poor. He now became happy and contented; and no day passed in which he did not thank God for having released him from avarice and insatiable ambition; which, while he was subject to it, had empoisoned every hour of his life.

PATRIOTISM OF A LITTLE BOY.

TO THE EDITORS.

SIRS,

ONE of the errors of old age is the making of unwise comparisons between the past and present times; extolling the former, and depreciating the latter. But what raises my indignation to the greatest degree, is, the asserting that British valour is greatly diminished; that we do not see even among our boys the spirit of resentment, and impatience of bearing insults from each other, which distinguished them

formerly. I who delight in making observations on the manners of our little gentry, find that there is as much true valour in them now, as when myself was of the same age. In proof of this I give me leave to relate an incident which has afforded me much pleasure. Visiting an old friend, our conversation happened to turn upon the French threatening again to invade us; one of his children, a boy about nine years of age, listened with a good deal of attention to our discourse; and on a sudden starting from his chair, came hastily towards his father. "Sir," says he, "will the French, when they come here, bring any boys with them?"—"I don't know," replied the father; "why do you ask?"—"Because," returned the child, clenching his fist, "if they do, I will make one to fight the French with all my heart." This was spoken with full generous ardour, and his countenance glowed at the same time with such becoming resentment against the French, whom his father had represented as the enemies of his country, that I could not help heartily embracing the boy, and applauding the bravery of his resolution. SENEL

REVIEW

OF

SCHOOL AND JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE, on a new Plan; containing Articles of an historical, biographical, and miscellaneous Nature, for daily Use: to which are joined, an Explanation of the several Subdivisions of Time.

Time; the Origin of the present Names of the Days of the Week, and Months of the Year; an Account of the Correspondence of the latter with the new French Kalendar; and a copious Index to the Work. Designed for the Use of young Ladies. By William Butler, Teacher of Writing, &c. Second Edition, enlarged. 322 pages. 12mo. Price 5s. bound. Printed for the Author; and sold by Dilly, &c. 1799.

THOUGH the title-page announces this as the second edition, we learn from the preface that the work was never before published in a separate form, as it certainly well deserved to be, and which we now congratulate our readers on seeing executed. Mr. Butler modestly restrains the use of the volume to young ladies, among whom his engagements seem principally to lie; but we see no reason why it may not be equally serviceable to young gentlemen. Indeed, in the commencement and progress of our own miscellany we have sufficiently avowed our sentiments, that in all studies not strictly professional, the youth of both sexes have a common interest; and we should be sorry to recommend a book on general learning to boys, which we deemed improper for girls also to read. Without pretending to be so fastidiously delicate as some writers, whose affected prudery would shut up almost every avenue of knowledge from females, which conduct neither to religion or ethics, we most sincerely wish that the greatest purity of sentiment and principle should pervade every publication intended for the rising race of both sexes.

But to return from this digression. We are much pleased with Mr. Butler's mode of arrangement, which

which displays originality and taste, and is likely to have the happiest effect in impressing on our minds a remembrance of some of the most remarkable events in sacred and profane history, particularly that part of the latter which relates to our own country. If we have any exceptions to make against the execution, it is in a few passages which display a party spirit, and too strong allusions to temporary objects, which, though sensibly felt at present, will soon be forgotten, or only remembered with admiration.

Embracing so many various subjects, it cannot reasonably be expected that every article will be alike full and satisfactory; yet we know not what to name a manual more replete with useful and entertaining matter.

On opening the volume, the 2d of August is presented itself, and the memorable events which have taken place on this day will afford a sufficient specimen of the style and arrangement.

" August 2, 388. B. C. Battle of Chæronæa.

" ———, 1100. William II. was accidentally killed in the New Forest, Hants, by Walter Tyrrell, a French gentleman, remarkable for his skill in archery. The king was buried, without any pomp or ceremony, at Winchester. It was remarked in that age, that Richard, elder brother of William's, perished by an accident in the New Forest; Richard, his nephew, natural son of duke Robert, lost his life in the same place, after the same manner; and all men, upon the king's fate, exclaimed, that, as the Conqueror had been guilty of extreme violence, in expelling all the inhabitants of a large district to make room for his game; the justice of heaven was signalized, in the same place, the slaughter of his posterity. William was killed in the third

fourteenth year of his reign, and about the fortieth of his age.

"The following inscription for a monument in the New Forest came from the pen of an elegant modern poet:

'This is the place where William's kingly power
Did from their poor and peaceful homes expel,
Unfriended, desolate, and shelterless,
The habitants of all the fertile tract
Far as these wilds extend.—He levell'd down
Their little cottages, he bade their fields
Lie barren, so that o'er the forest waste
He might most royally pursue his sports!
If that thine heart be human, passenger!
Since it will swell within thee, and thy lips
Will mutter curses on him—think thou then
What cities flame, what hosts unsepulchred
Pollute the passing wind, when raging Power
Drives on his blood-hounds to the chase of man;
And as thy thoughts anticipate that day
When God shall judge aright, in charity
Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.'

"August 2, 1704.—The English and their confederates, under the command of the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene, gained a most splendid and important victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, a village on the Danube, north of Aushurg, in the circle of Swabia, Germany. Twelve thousand French and Bavarians were slain in the field, or drowned in the Danube.

'Deep groan'd the water with the dying sound;
Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.'

Thirteen thousand more were made prisoners of war, among whom was the French general, marshal Tallard, who was brought to England, where he remained seven years in captivity, chiefly in Nottingham castle. Blenheim house, a noble and princely mansion at Woodstock, near Oxford, was settled by parliament on the duke of Marl-

Marlborough and his heirs, in consideration of the public services performed by him. The tenure by which grace holds the manor of Woodstock, is, the presence at the castle of Windsor annually, on the day in which the battle of Blenheim was fought, a flag embroidered with *fleur de lis*; which flag is shown to all strangers who visit the castle. Dr. Mavor's poem on Blenheim is accompanied with a description of this justly celebrated place, may be considered as the **BLEMHEIM GUIDE**; and as such, it cannot fail of being peculiarly acceptable to those who visit that noble and delightful scenery, and the best succedaneum we know to those who have not seen it.

"August 2, 1788.—Died Gainsborough, the celebrated portrait and landscape painter. He was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in the year 1727. 'If ever nation,' said the late sir Joshua Reynolds, 'should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English school, the fame of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of time, among the very first of that rising name.'

"———, 1798.—A very awful event took place at the Liverpool stage. Mr. John Palmer, well known and long admired by the frequenters of the London theatre, being suddenly taken ill, whilst actually performing the character of the Stranger, in a play of that name, fell down, and instantly expired."

AMASIS. From the French of J. H. B. de St. Pierre. By E. A. Kendall. 162 pages. 12mo. Price 1799.

THIS is one of the most bewitching stories ever read, nor is agreeable amusement the only merit it has to boast. St. Pierre, blessed with a mind rich in the accumulated stores of knowledge, makes fancy only a vehicle for disclosing the truest and the most valuable remarks.

The fable of this little story derives peculiar interest from the scene in which the principal occurrences are laid. Amasis, a young Egyptian, panting to distinguish himself among the sons of the earth, under the guidance of his Mentor Cephas, undertakes a voyage to Gaul, with the benevolent design of introducing the arts, the comforts, and the refinements of his native Egypt into that country. The ingratitude he experienced, and the difficulties he had to encounter, are such as have ever attended the real benefactors of mankind. Superior knowledge, and superior worth, are the buts at which ignorance and crime constantly shoot their most envenomed darts; and Amasis, whom an intercourse with men had pretty well cured of his romantic disposition to reap immortal fame, at last quiesced in the truth of this ancient maxim, "that public consideration is only to be acquired at the expense of domestic happiness." The maxim is certainly indisputable; yet how many glorious energies of the human mind would have been forever lost, had it been constantly kept in view, and uniformly acted on! To our friends, to our country, and to mankind, we owe some sacrifices which may indeed militate against our private peace and ease, but which are nevertheless essential duties of our condition. Happy it is for the world, that the ardour of generous emotions frequently outstrips the cool reason that calculates the danger of disappointment and the chance of ingratitude; or that we would be found to adventure where the blanks are so numerous, and the prizes so few?

At the time when Amasis is supposed to have reached Gaul, the Druids maintained their religious despotism

despotism unimpaired; and St. Pierre develops the chain of narration some of their most hidden mysteries and their most barbarous rites. We likewise introduced to Egyptian manners, politics and religion; and have a rapid but cheerful glance at the pastoral simplicity of Greece.

Of Bardus, the king of Lutetia, we have a charming description. Elevated above his people rather by wisdom and virtue, than by power and splendour, he eagerly imbibed the doctrines of strangers, and strove to improve by their knowledge. He is represented as being so struck with the art of writing, that, in a transport of joy, he composed these verses:

“Behold the magic characters which can call forth the dead from the bosom of the tomb. They will inform what our fathers have thought a thousand years ago; a thousand years hence they will teach our children what we think to-day. The arrow flies not so far, the lance not so strong. Though a man intrench himself on a mountain top, they will reach him there; in spite of cuirasses they pierce the heart. They calm seditions, they give sage counsels, they bring love, consolation, fire. But they produce a contrary effect in the hands of the wicked.”

To exhibit every beauty would be to transgress the whole. We therefore beg leave to recommend it at once to our juvenile readers, with the usual reserve and limitations when we speak of St. Pierre.

BIOGRAPHY FOR BOYS; or, Characteristic History calculated to impress the youthful Mind with admiration of virtuous Principles, and a Detestation of wicked ones. By Mrs. Pilkington. 24to. half-bound. Price 2s. 1799.

BIOGRAPHY

BIOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS; or, Moral and instructive Examples for young Ladies. 24to. half-bound. Price 2s.

1799.

THESE two small volumes are classed together, because their object and their aim is the same: the first, to afford models worthy of imitation to boys; the latter, to girls. The little stories, for real biography does not enter into their composition, are well adapted to excite youth to a love of virtue, and a detestation of vice; and so far are entitled to commendation.

On various occasions Mrs. P. has laudably exerted herself for the improvement of the rising generation, and we cannot help considering her as a coadjutor in our designs. We cordially wish her success; and that her popularity in the nursery and the boarding-school may still more and more increase.

The tales are too long to allow us to adopt one of them; and an extract from the writings of a person whose style and manner are so well known would be unnecessary.

PIETAS REFLECTIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH. Translated from the French of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. A new Edition. To which is added, a Sketch of the Life of the Author. 24to. Price 1s. sewed. 1799.

THE genius and piety of Fenelon are so well known, that it would be superfluous to attempt to illustrate them. Nothing that ever dropt from the pen of the author of *Telemachus* can be read with indifference; yet we cannot help remarking that there is a mysticism in all his religious writings, of which this manual may be considered as one, that might lead weak minds to enthusiasm rather than

to rational zeal. Few, however, can be the for reading his "Reflections," and many, we might be edified by them. We subjoin a "Father's Advice to his Son," with which the present volume concludes. It is short and unexceptional though it contains nothing remarkably striking in language or argument.

"Look, my son, upon an awful sense of God, a devout affection toward him, and a fear of offending him as the very foundation of all religion and virtue. If you are destitute of this, you will despise the best instruction that I can give you, and will render yourself unhappy in this life, and for ever miserable in that to come.

"Next to God observe a suitable reverence and obedience toward your parents; and not only to hearken to your father when he teaches you to fear God, or reprove thee for having done amiss, but to let thy mother's commands be strictly obeyed by thee; and be sure never depart from them.

"Be sure to regard the advice of your parents in all things, and treasure it up in your mind; for this is of more real value than any thing they have to bestow upon you; it will make you more esteemed by God, respected by all worthy and good men, than worldly wealth or honour.

"This world is a place of artifice, vice, and deceit, and it will try to entice you from your obedience; remember there are none that can love you so well as your parents; therefore, be not deceived by them, but shun their company: for, if you suffer yourself to follow any kind of wickedness in imitation of others, though advised to the contrary, you will certainly draw the wrath of God upon you, and he will punish you with sickness and poverty; and if you still go on in your wickedness, he will soon after punish you with death. Avoid then, beloved son, this ruinous abyss, and follow the best advice of thy affectionate father, whose happiness is in thine."

THE CABINET OF ANCIENT WISDOM UNLOCKED.

CONSISTING OF MAXIMS AND PRECEPTS, BY THE GREATEST WITS
AND PHILOSOPHERS OF ANTIQUITY.

[Concluded from page 22.]

241. **T**HERE can be no stronger garrison than the affection of the people. *Antigonus.*

242. Kings ought to be environed with good will instead of guards. *Bias.*

243. A prince who would rule without guards could govern his subjects as a father does his children. *Agasicles.*

244. That prince is happy who can make his subjects afraid, not of him, but for him. *Pitacus.*

245. A good prince is not the object of fear. *Pyrrhus.*

246. Soldiers are not to punish their prisoners or malefactors or criminals, but to treat them as men. *Agésilas.*

247. We should promise little, but perform what we promise. *Phocion.*

248. What thou hast promised amidst, perform. *Antander.*

249. Men, in their greatest prosperity, should be mindful of a change; for that which is unexpected is most grievous. *Carneades.*

250. Love prudence. *Bias.*

251. Prudence is the eye of virtue. *Bion.*

252. Quiet and leisure are above every thing. *Crates.*

This maxim ought to be observed with some limitations. If we inadvertently promise any thing to the injury of a third person there is more merit in the failure than in the performance.

253. He who would lead a quiet and secure life must not engage himself in many things, public or private; nor attempt any thing above his own ability and nature; but have such a regard to himself, as to decline any exuberance of that which is offered him, assuming no more than he is able to bear; for the convenience of what we have is more excellent than the largeness of it. *Democritus.*

254. Make reason thy guide. *Solon.*

255. A man ought to obey reason and not appetite. *Alcamenes.*

256. Reproof is the good of others. *Diogenes.*

257. Think not those faithful who praise words and actions, but those who reprove faults. *Socrates.*

258. A man, to attain an honourable reputation, should discourse upon the best topics, and perform the most honourable actions. *Agessilaus.*

259. Such as have raised themselves by vices, ought to regain their reputation by virtues. *Cato Major.*

260. The best way to be revenged of our enemies is to make ourselves illustrious by our virtues. *Diogenes.*

261. Riches do not consist in the possession of wealth, but the use of it. *Socrates.*

262. Poverty and riches are the names of want and sufficiency: he who wants any thing ought not to be called rich, and he who wants nothing ought not to be called poor. *Democritus.*

263. When ill actions acquire wealth, the fame is the greater. *The same.*

264. Betray no secrets. *Periander.*

65. The three most difficult things are, to keep secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure. *Chilo.*
66. Commit no secret to your friends, which, reported, will bring you to infamy. *Thales.*
67. Such as will not serve themselves ought to be compelled to serve others. *Cyrus the Elder.*
68. Slander is easily fixed, but time will discover the fraud of it. *Demosthenes.*
69. Nothing but truth can offend (in speaking). *Socrates.*
70. The most dangerous of wild beasts is the flatterer; of tame ones, the flatterer. *Diogenes.*
71. Such as give ear to slanderers are worse than slanderers themselves. *Demetrian.*
72. Whoever puts himself into another's power becomes a slave. *Pompey.*
73. Who feareth others is a slave, though he own it not. *Antisthenes.*
74. Personal servitude is the office of a slave. *Seneca Severus.*
75. A king, to reign in safety, should be open to the admonitions of friendship, and not suffer himself to be injured by the strong. *Theophrastus.*
76. A prince ought to be aware, not only of his enemies, but of his flattering friends. *Diogenes the Elder.*
77. It is more worthy of a prince to give than to receive. *Artaxerxes Longimanus.*
78. The greatest advantage of kings is, that they cannot be outdone in good deeds. *Anaxilas.*
79. It is a great misfortune to live under a prince who will suffer people to do nothing; but it is a much
- N 2

much greater to be under one who allows all to what they please. *Franto.*

280. Common executioners are better than tyrants; those only put the guilty to death, tyrants the innocent. *Antisthenes.*

281. Sleep in the day denotes either distemper of body, or grief of mind, or else sloth or dulness. *Democritus.*

282. A wise man speaks but sparingly. *Demosthenes.*

283. A great talker is seldom a wise man. *The same.*

284. A flow of words is no proof of wisdom nor any evidence of just sentiment. *The same.*

285. It is better that the foot should slip than the tongue. *The same.*

286. Fine speeches are like cypress trees, which are lofty and beautiful, but yield no fruit. *Phocylides.*

287. We ought either to be silent, or to say things that are better than silence. *Pythagoras.*

288. For this reason we have two ears and one tongue, that we should hear much and speak little. *Zeno.*

289. It is much better for a man to conceal his folly and ignorance than to discover the same. *Socrates.*

290. A man that knows how to speak, knows also when to be silent. *Archidamidas.*

291. A fool is never silent. *Demaratus.*

292. Nothing is more harsh to honest people than to be denied the liberty of speaking their minds. *Demosthenes.*

293. That commonwealth is best ordered in which the wicked have no command and the good have the greatest. *Pittacus.*

294. That commonwealth is best constructed, in which the citizens, without envy or sedition, strive who shall outvie the rest in the possession of virtue. *Charilaus.*

295. That city is best ordered, where the good are rewarded and the bad punished. *Solon.*

296. That commonwealth is most commendable, in which the brave and the coward have their proper deserts. *Lyfander.*

297. The strength of a city does not consist in its walls, but in the courage of the inhabitants. *Agessilaus.*

298. To make an empire durable, the magistrates must obey the laws, and the people the magistrates. *Solon.*

299. States are on the confines of ruin when no distinction is made between the good and the bad. *Antisthenes.*

300. Kingdoms would be most happy if either philosophers ruled, or the rulers were inspired with philosophy; as nothing is more pernicious than power and arrogance accompanied with ignorance*. *Socrates.*

301. It is better to lose one's life at once, than to be obliged always to guard one's self both against friends and enemies. *Dion.*

302. By temperance men become the most excellent, most happy, and fittest for discourse. *Socrates.*

* This is the sentiment of a philosopher, on a subject that the rest of all comes within his sphere; and is contradicted by reason and experience. Where philosophers rule, subjects ought to be simple and virtuous.

303. Those who exercise continency and frugality have a higher relish of pleasure, and are less affected with pain, than those who are the most diligent and assiduous in the pursuit of delights and indulgences. *Socrates.*

304. That man bears the greatest resemblance to the gods who requires least, and contents himself with the fewest necessaries and conveniences, inasmuch as the gods stand in need of nothing. *The same.*

305. Abstain from *pleasure* and bear *evil*. *Epicetetus.*

306. Nothing is so precious as time, and those who mispend it are the greatest of all prodigals. *Theophrastus.*

307. Man is deficient in nothing so much as time. *Zeno.*

308. Man is our friend, truth our friend; but above all things we ought to honour truth. *Aristotle.*

309. What we have in us of the image of God, is the love of truth and justice. *Demosthenes.*

310. Undertake deliberately, but having begun, persevere. *Bias.*

311. One should not undertake what he cannot perform. *Crito.*

312. Valour would be of no use were there no justice; and if all the world were just, there would be no need of valour. *Agésilas.*

313. Men of valour ought not to esteem those things which are the delight of mean minds. *The same.*

314. There is nothing wonderful in the world but vice. *Antisthenes.*

315. A vine bears three grapes ; the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, and the third of repentance *. *Anacharsis.*

316. To speak little becomes a woman ; plain attire adorns her. *Democritus.*

317. Never praise a man for being like a woman, nor a woman for resembling a man. *Pædaretus.*

318. A woman is sharper witted for mischief than a man †. *Democritus.*

319. To obey a woman is the greatest ignominy to a man †. *The same.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S
AND LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

AS the opinion of the wise, and the sentiments of the judicious, are allowed to carry with them a kind of sacred talisman, which impresses them on the mind, and engraves them upon the heart, I am inclined to think that the maxims of a man great as my lord Burleigh, might be perused with pleasure, gratification, and advantage ; and, allowing for the difference of ancient and modern style, must certainly be considered beautiful and expressive.

The letter which contains this excellent advice, has frequently been allowed to be an absolute masterpiece of good writing, and the young man who is

* Alluding to the temperate or intemperate use of wine.

† This philosopher, it seems, was not very gallant.

guided

guided by the precepts it contains, must naturally become an ornament to society. The prolixity of the style is its only objection; and to obviate this inconvenience I shall beg leave to extend it to two or three numbers, as an incomplete abridgment of such an instructive performance would be depriving your readers both of pleasure and advantage.

With ardent wishes for the success of your undertaking, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your sincere admirer,

P. M.

AN INTERESTING EPISTLE FROM LORD BURLEIGH TO HIS SON, DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, AT THE PERIOD OF HIS BEING LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

SON ROBERT,

THE virtuous inclination of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather assurance, than hope, that thou art not ignorant of the *summum bonum*, which is only able to make thee happy as well in life as in death; I mean the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer, without which all other things are vain and miserable: so that thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life both with divine and moral documents.

Yet that I may not cast off the care befitting a parent towards his child, or that thou shouldst have cause to derive thy felicity and welfare rather from

from others than from whence thou receivedst thy learning, I think it fit and agreeable to help thee with such rules for the squaring of thy life, as are rather gained by *experience* than *much reading*; to the end, that, entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayest be better prepared to shun those scandalous courses, whereunto the world and the lack of experience may easily draw thee: and because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten tables; and next to those of Moses, if thou imprintest them on thy mind, thou wilt reap the benefit and I the satisfaction.

TABLE THE FIRST.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great circumspection in choosing thy wife, for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; inquire diligently of her disposition, and even how her parents were inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever; neither choose a base uncomely creature merely for her wealth, for it will cause contempt in others, and nothing in thee. As to the conduct of thy household, let thy hospitality be moderate; and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not *costly*. Banish drunkards from thy house, for it is a vice which impairs health, consumes much, and makes no show. Beware that thou spend not above three parts of thy revenue, otherways thou wilt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. The needy man can never live either happily or contentedly, for every disaster makes him ready either to mortgage or sell; and that gentleman who parts from an acre of land, sells an ounce
of

of credit, as gentility is nothing else but ancient riches; so that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must soon follow.

TABLE THE SECOND.

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them *openly*, reprehend them *secretly*. Give them good countenance and maintenance according to thy ability, otherways thy life will seem their bondage; and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy decease, they will thank *death* for, and not thee. The foolish cockering of some parents, and the sterner behaviour of others, more frequently occasions young people to take ill courses than the bent of a vicious inclination. Marry thy daughters betimes, lest they should marry themselves; and suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they will learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. Neither by my consent should they be trained up to war, for he that is obliged to live by that profession can scarcely be an honest man and a good Christian; and a soldier in peace is like a chimney in summer.

TABLE THE THIRD.

Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee, for he that puts his hands to the plough for every sixpence of household, is like him that keepeth water in a sieve. What provision thou shalt want, buy it at the best hand; for there is one penny in four saved betwixt buying in need, and when the markets and seasons are the fittest for it. Be not served by kinsmen or friends, for they

expected

pect *much* and do *little*; and keep rather too few servants than one too many: feed them well, pay them handsomely, and then thou mayest boldly require their service.

TABLE THE FOURTH.

Let thy kindred and allies be always welcome to thy house and table, grace them with thy countenance, and assist them in all their honest undertakings; for by this means thou shalt strengthen the bands of nature, and thou shalt find so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back: but shake off those glow-worms (I mean parasites and sycophants) who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but in an adverse storm they will shelter thee no more than a harbour stripped of all its foliage.

TRANSLATION OF MAXIMES DE LA SAGESSE, WHICH WERE FOUND IN THE STRONG BOX OF THE LATE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

GIVE God, thy great Creator, homage due.
 Consider first thy business, then pursue.
 Converse with honest men; let such be dear.
 Let self-conceitedness in nought appear:
 To others' judgment due regard be shown;
 Be ever modest to defend thine own:
 Whoever speaks, him with attention hear,
 Nor study how to make thy wit appear:
 Talk that to each which he best understands;
 The tongue pronouncing what the heart commands,
 Not rashly promise: nor for shame evade,
 By subtle arts, your promises when made.
 Let speech obliging, gentle, sweetly fall;
 And in your looks, at least, be kind to all.

Let

Let your whole air be disengag'd and free;
Yet not inviting familiarity.
Give none by hasty judgment cause to grieve;
Love without interest; without fear forgive.
Avoid contention; friendship cultivate;
Respect, but never fawn upon the great.
Aim not to make thy friend his thoughts reveal;
With seeming openness thine own conceal.
Lend readily, if lending you propose;
He doubly gives who gracefully bestows.
Weigh well your talent for the part you play;
Avoid extremes, and choose the middle way.
Let proper objects never want a tear.
Excuse mistakes. In friendship be sincere.
From peevish thoughts thy cheerful mind defend;
Nor in rash words burst out upon thy friend.
Speak peace where discord reigns; alluage the flood;
And for revenge persist in doing good.
Reprove with gentleness; with truth commend;
Laugh at a jest; but laugh not without end.
To each man's calling just respect be shown.
Nor criticise to make your learning known.
Do favours privately; if you upbraid,
Or publish first, the obligation's paid.
Prevent petitions when you see distress;
Nor let the manner make the gift the less.
If anger kindles, check th' impetuous flame;
Nor let thy tongue traduce an absent name.
Let not ingratitude thy honour stain.
Play for diversion; but despise the gain.
Scorn to deceive: think much, but little speak.
Preserve what's given you, for the giver's sake.
Forgive your debtors: equal pleasure flows,
To him who mercy finds, and him who shows.
Be envy banish'd from thy gen'rous heart.
Blab not the secrets which your friends impart.
In speaking of thyself, nor praise nor blame;
And dread to be a slave to common fame.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S and LADY'S MAGAZINE.

NUMBER IX. VOLUME II.

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Illustrated with an exact Representation of the CONVULVULUS ARVENSIS, beautifully coloured from NATURE, a plain Duplicate, as an Exercise for the juvenile Pencil, and a MAP of CUMBERLAND, to illustrate a geographical Description of the Counties of England and Wales, intended to be continued in this Work.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to have received a continuation of *By the Sea Side*, and are sure we shall always attend the pious writer in his perambulations with pleasure as we profit.

Several other correspondents will find we have used their obliging favours this month.

By permission of the author of **UNIVERSAL STENOGRAPHY**, we are enabled to give a plate of his scheme, which is now in the engraver's hands.

and which was intended to be the first of a series of papers to be published in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" and which was intended to be the first of a series of papers to be published in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" and which was intended to be the first of a series of papers to be published in the "Journal of the American Medical Association".

Printed for the Editor, and sold by J. W. LANE,
at the Publisher's Row, E. Newman, the Corner of St.
John's Church-yard, and all other Booksellers and Stationers.
Great Britain, Ireland, and America.

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AMBITION.

THE YOUNG READERS OF THIS VALUABLE MAGAZINE.

may appear in the refined ideas of some of my readers, that, by mentioning the divisions * for which my friend treated the passion of AMBITION, I entered into an engagement to communicate those divisions to them, and I should be sorry to be thought ignorant of the nicer shades of the impacts of the mind: I offer them therefore the following extracts on the subject, requesting them to keep in mind the principle on which my friend put it, "that all the passions are in their *origin* good, and that whatever is evil, is a *deviation* from pure source."

SOLON.

THE DESIRE OF POWER.

"IN every situation of life THE DESIRE OF POWER is visible. To be able to undertake, and to well what is undertaken, is a laudable AMBITION. It is from this passion, generally associated with the hope of profit, that every man strives to be excellent in his calling; but the desire of power, which has obtained a peculiar title to the name of ambition, is that which has political greatness in view. To be a main prop in supporting, and an active instrument in conducting a state, is an eminence well worthy this passion. Without this, society would be dissolved, or left to the random influences of the other passions. The statesman is an honourable character, and stands foremost among

* See page 3 of this volume.

the benefactors of mankind; but it is a character which requires, more than any other, the most transcendent talents accompanied by the greatest virtues. The military character is connected with the state, and the ambition of defending one's country is equally laudable with that of guarding and regulating its laws; but the moment the good of the state ceases to be the grand object of the passion, when personal aggrandizement supercedes patriotism, and military ardour becomes a fever of conquests and triumphs, the stream of ambition runs foul. Tully and the Scipios, Aristides and Epaminondas, were statesmen and generals; Sylla, Dionysius of Syracuse, and Alexander of Macedonia were conquerors and tyrants.

“The genuine gratification of pre-eminence is the good of others. Let a man of the most extensive power exert the whole, or rather all he can of it, upon his own individual pleasures; in what narrow limits will it be confined! Unloving and unloved, the senses may be acted upon for a while, but the heart can know no joy. On the other hand, he who uses his means in diffusing happiness, is soon conscious that his enjoyments are unbounded; and not only where he does good, but where he fails, he is equally beloved.

“The power arising from wealth may prove to be one of the most rational blessings of life; and it is not, therefore, a wonder that it should be the universal pursuit. It enables a man to improve his own faculties, and to diffuse knowledge and delight around him. With riches a man can do almost any thing. It is only to be lamented that he can do evil as well as good; and that in the pursuit of them

them the sight of their true use is too often lost; that they are spent on vices, made the means of parade, ostentation, and luxury; or hoarded to manifest the very impotence of power.

“ It seems that inequality of conditions is necessary to those modes of life now marked out for the human species: at present, the very word society implies inequality. It is one of the ends of society to secure to individuals those advantages which have been honestly obtained either by their own labours, or by those of their friends and families. But for this, where should men look for any terrestrial happiness, which is the chief end of association? These advantages secured, nothing can be clearer than that inequality must follow. I put this out of the question, as being a decided axiom. I wish it were as clear an axiom that the inequality was a chief source of social happiness, which, I think, it ought to be. It depends entirely upon those who gain the vantage ground; for, wherever Nature bestows power, she bestows it for service.

“ To expel disease, injustice, and impiety, belongs peculiarly to physicians, lawyers, and the ministers of God: the power is in their hands, and in making use of it they spread comfort and happiness. The grand distempers of a state are poverty and vice; and to eradicate these is the peculiar province of the rich. All power proceeds from the treasury of Nature, and those to whom she dispenses it, are the ministers of her will. Resolve to obey her will, and no man can be too ambitious.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE DESIRE OF FAME.

“THE DESIRE OF FAME is almost as general as that of power, and is also a laudable AMBITION. Men desire to be known, and to be spoken of; and, as the desire of being well spoken of is an incentive to virtue, this passion should not be extinguished, but regulated. Cicero assures us, that the desire of glory is the chief passion of the best men: *trahimur omnes laudis studio, et optimus quisque maxime gloria ducitur*. Fame for useless and trifling qualities is absurd and ridiculous; for talents, without virtue and piety, odious; for virtue and piety, though unaccompanied with great talents, delightful; and for talents, virtue, and piety united, is the summit of human glory.

“Although the desire of extensive reputation be a fair passion, it is to be considered that its very existence depends upon the exclusion of far the greater part of mankind; and that, therefore, the genuine incentives to talents, virtue, and piety, are to be sought elsewhere than in mortal voices. Out of the terrestrial sphere there is, perhaps, no such thing as fame. The book of Nature contains the registry of all things that are passing: beyond the limits of this world they are seen at once, and seen for ever; and the sigh of pity that rises in the villager's breast, is as extensively perceived as the blow given by Brutus in the capitol. The little stream of Fame runs meandering along this globe, but is lost in the ocean of eternal intuition, where every heart will appear under its real colours, and the reward of the good be love.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

WALKS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

NO. III.

MAY not the sea be styled the temple of contemplation? Viewed in all its stages, it exalts and improves the mind. Its level expanse, when a calm prevails, communicates a similar tranquillity to the reflecting breast; and when its billows lift their devouring heads, they suggest ideas the most sublime, meditations the most solemn. The very nature of the prospect, boundless and unbroken, presents a sensible argument for eternity of duration and infinity of space, more forcible than the subtlest reasoning of metaphysics.

But though the influence of the ocean on the mind be thus great, and calculated to inspire a new train of ideas, a new source of delights, its effect on the heart is by no means less powerful. Aken-side, in order to prove—

“What energy the hand

Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide

Of passion swelling with distress and pain,”

has thus described a shipwreck as observed by those on shore:

“Ask the crowd,

Which flies impatient from the village walk,

To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below

The cruel winds have hurld upon the coast

Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts

The general eye, or terror's icy hand

Snites their distorted limbs, and horrent hair;

While every mother closer to her breast

Catches her child; and pointing where the waves

Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud

As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms

For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,

As

As now another dash'd against the rock
 Drops lifeless down. Oh! deemest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by Nature given
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
 No sweetly-melting softness which attracts
 O'er all the edge of pain the social powers
 To this their proper action, and their end?"

To this we may add a stanza from an anonymous
 Ode to Solitude:

"Thou lead'st the negro to the rocky beach,
 Where, past the sultry noon of toil,
 He spreads his weary arms with wistful reach,
 And eyes that glisten through his tears, forth tow'rd his
 natal soil;
 Marks where th' horizon meets the surgy main,
 And thinks (poor wretch!) the time may come
 When free, unshackled from his gnawing chain,
 A little further he may find his home,
 And clasp a long-lost wife, and prop a parent's age again."

But not to let fancy transport the mind beyond the
 limits of relief, let us again turn our eyes to the
 uses to which some of the spoils of the ocean are
 applied.

The plant called kelp, and in the Mediterranean
 barilla, being a sort of thick-leaved fucus or sea-
 wrack, is the *alga angustifolia vitriariorum* of John
 Bauchine, which last term indicates its application
 in the formation of glass. It is thrown on our
 rocks and shores in great abundance. In the sum-
 mer months it is raked together, dried like hay in
 the wind and sun, and afterwards burned to the
 ashes called kelp, which are used in the soap and
 alum as well as glass works. Sand or ground flint
 is one of the ingredients in the manufacture of

With kelp, it is added to oxyd of lead, and take away the colour, the oxyd of manganese: these form the finer glass; for the coarser, the mineral alkali is used. To extract the salt from the kelp, it is calcined, powdered, sifted, and then put into boiling water, till one third of the water be consumed; the whole being stirred up from time to time, that the ashes may incorporate with the fluid, and all the salts be extracted: the vessel is then filled with new water, till one half be consumed: that which remains is a sort of lie, strongly impregnated with salt. This lie boiled over again in brass kettles, thickens in about twenty-four hours, and shoots its salt, which is ladled out, and laid in a square, called calcar, to dry. There are three furnaces used in the glass-houses: calcar is the first; the second is the glass or working furnace, where the ingredients are placed in pots: above this furnace there is a third or leer, where the glass is annealed or cooled.—*Note*, hence Hamlet's "unannealed, unannealed, &c."

The pots in Britain are made of Stourbridge clay. The worst part of this art is changing these pots when they are worn out and cracked. The great working hole must be uncovered, the faulty pot taken out with iron hooks or forks, and a new one put into its place through the flames by the hands. For this dangerous office, the man guards himself with a wetted garment made of skins, which covers his whole body except his eyes: these are defended by a proper kind of glass. The workman dips his blowing-pipe into the melting-pot, and by turning round, the metal adheres to the iron: this he repeats four times, at the end of each time rolling the

the end of the pipe with the glass on it on a piece of plate iron. Over this is placed a vessel of cold water, which helps to cool and consolidate, and thus dispose that glass for uniting more firmly with what is next to come out of the melting-pot.

He then blows till the metal lengthens, like a bladder, about a foot. He next rolls it on a marble stone to polish it, then blows again, and again rolls it on the marble.

The globe may be flattened by returning it into the fire, or it may have any form given it by stamping irons. The glass is cut from the pipe by a drop of cold water falling on the neck. This causes a crack of a quarter of an inch, which may be cut off by the shears. As long as the vessel is kept warm, it is soft and flexible. The workman dips his iron rod in the metal, and attaches it to the neck of the glass. He then carries it to the mouth of the oven where it can be pierced, opened and widened without breaking.

Handles, or ornaments, are separately made, and now joined; when the vessel is at length cleared from the rod by a slight stroke from the hand of the workman.

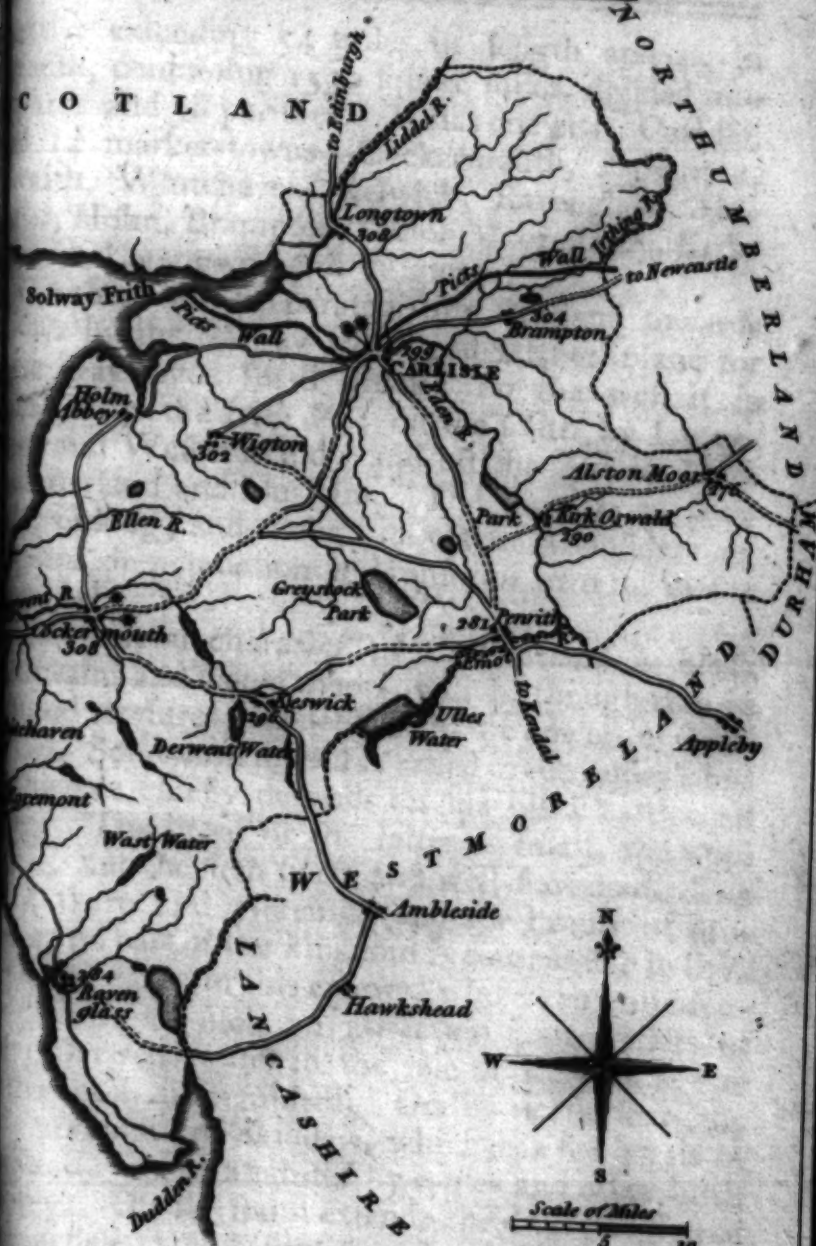
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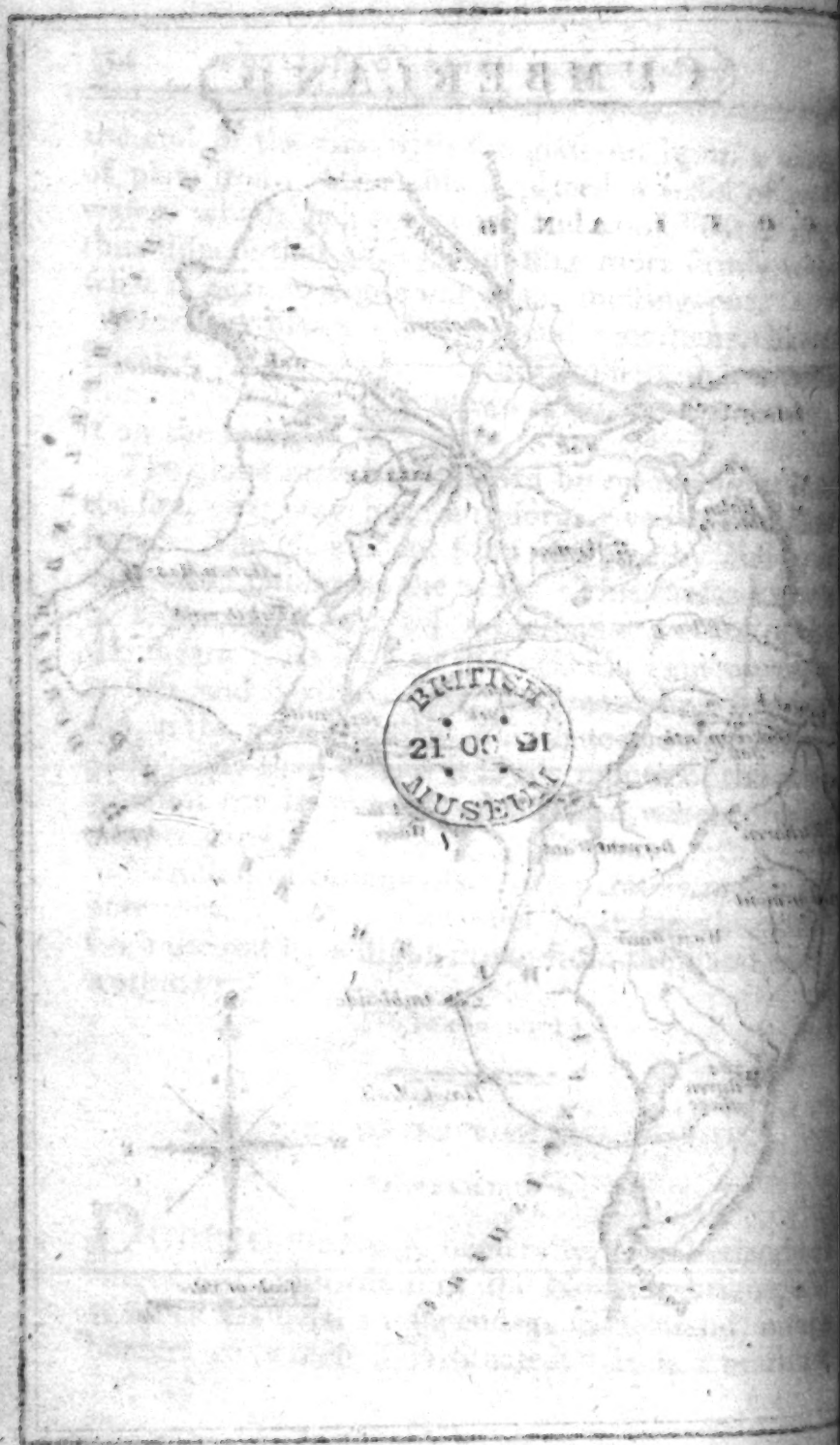
OUTLINES OF BRITISH GEOGRAPHY.

CUMBERLAND.

DURING the Saxon heptarchy, Cumberland belonged to the kingdom of the Northumbrians, and at times has been an appendage to Scotland, on the borders of which it is situated. It is a maritime county

CUMBERLAND





county, extending 54 miles in length and 45 in breadth, containing 1530 square miles, divided into wards and 58 parishes. It has one city, Carlisle, and 14 market-towns—Cockermouth, Egremont, Penrith, Whitehaven, Keswick, Ravenglass, Alnwick, Holm, Brampton, Alston Moor, Ireby, Kirkcubald, Longtown, and Wigtown.

Cumberland is separated from Scotland towards the sea by the Solway frith, and farther inland for some way by a small brook: on the west it is bounded by the Irish sea; on the south by Lancashire and Westmorland; and on the east by Northumberland and Durham. The form is an irregular oblong; and though its extent is considerable, on a point of population it is inferior to most in the kingdom.

The general character of Cumberland is bleak mountains and naked moors, which, though rich in mineral treasures, bid defiance to the powers of cultivation. Some corn indeed is raised in the vallies; but the farmer chiefly depends on his black cattle and sheep. The breed of the latter is small, the wool coarse, but the flesh sweet and well-flavoured. The air is sharp and piercing; and for beauty of prospects, no part of the kingdom is comparable to this.

Of the lakes in this county, whose romantic scenery furnishes such an attraction to travellers of taste, Derwent-water in the vale of Keswick is one of the most distinguished. On its north soars the lofty mountain of Skiddaw, which has few rivals in England, and is inhabited by eagles and other birds of prey. On the south extends the dreary region of Borrowdale, which furnishes that valuable mineral black-lead or wad, the mines of which are opened

at

at intervals and then closed, lest this singularly useful substance should either be exhausted, or become too cheap. In this track also are found copper, lead, and calamine.

The Eden is the principal river in this county, flows from Westmorland, joins the Eymot, and after washing Carlisle, empties itself into the Solway firth.

The Derwent has its source in Borrowdale, flowing through the lake to which it gives name, and afterwards through that of Bassingthwaite, nearly towards Cockermouth, and falls into the sea near Workington. The other rivers are of little magnitude, except when swelled by torrents from the hills. Salmon is found in abundance in the rivers and streams of Cumberland.

On tracing the coast from the southward, we first come to the small port of RAVENGLASS, situated in a creek. Beyond this is St. Bees head, a promontory much frequented by marine birds. The town of St. BEES is small, but it has an excellent and well-endowed grammar-school.

Farther on lies WHITEHAVEN, a large and flourishing town, built in a small bay. It carries on a very considerable trade, principally derived from the immense collieries in its vicinity, which run a great way beneath the bed of the sea. This town is almost a modern erection, and shows the influence of commerce on riches and population.

WORKINGTON has also a considerable share of the coal trade. Here the unfortunate Mary queen of Scots landed, when she improvidently threw herself into the arms of her insidious rival Elizabeth.

At the confluence of the Cocker with the Derwent stands COCKERMOUTH, a populous place, chiefly supported

supported by its manufactures of stockings, hats, shalloons.

Proceeding along the coast, we come to MARYPORT, a town which has wholly risen by the coal trade. It is advantageously situated on the little river Eln.

CARLISLE, the capital of the county, distant 301 miles from London, was once a very flourishing city, and one of the Roman stations. It is pleasantly situated between the conflux of the Eden, the Ure, and the Caude, above a rich tract of meadows, and still retains its walls, though in point of fortifications it is insignificant. It is, however, the westernmost city of England on the west sea, as Berwick is on the east. The cathedral is a large but inelegant building. The population is considerable, and many steel families reside here.

Beyond Carlisle, near the Esk, is Solway moss, a large black morass, which in 1771 being swollen by rains, burst its shell of turf, and spread its sable flood over 400 acres of cultivated land, filling up the entire valley.

WHARFEDALE, on the borders of Westmorland, is a fertile and a thoroughfare, and has a market of some consequence. In the church-yard are some remarkable sepulchral pillars, probably erected to the memory of some distinguished warrior. A castle and other remains of antiquity are seen in the vicinity.

KESWICK stands on the side of a lake of the same name, or the Derwent-water, as it is sometimes called. On its north is Skiddaw, which mounts up to the clouds with its two tops like another Parnassus, and commands a view of Scruffelt, a rival mountain in Galloway. From the elevation or the depression

depression of the clouds on these two mountains, the inhabitants prognosticate the weather :

If ever Skiddaw bath a cap,
Scruffelt wots full well of that.

The Roman antiquities in Cumberland are more numerous, or better preserved, than in any other county of England. The druidical remains are also very considerable. In short, Cumberland is interesting to the antiquary, and captivating to the lovers of nature.

SONNET.—THE SETTING SUN.

I LIKE not this intolerable glare:
Descend, bright shield of splendour, hide thy beams,
Leave the soft purple imag'd in the streams,
On all yon fleecy clouds that deck thy parting car:
Then, past the fierceness of Misfortune's day,
Of poignant anguish past the keener throes,
To haunted scenes, harmonious with her woes,
Shall silent, pensive Memory hold her way.
Haply the stillness of the evening hours,
The drowsy hum of Nature's weariness,
The soft sweet incense of the roscid flowers,
May whisper consolation to distress,
May sooth, with magic voice, the troubled breast,
Lay it awhile, ah! but a little while, to rest.

SKETCH OF A REGULAR COURSE OF LECTURES ON BOTANY.

[Continued from page 43.]

LECTURE VIII.

LEAVES.

FROM the leaves of plants the specific character is chiefly drawn; and therefore a proper attention to them is indispensably requisite.

Leaves are composed of nearly the same parts as the stalks, and have been compared to the lungs of animals, being of equal importance to the life and vigour of the plant, though a portion of them may frequently be separated from it, without any manifest injury. In warm climates leaves are not deciduous, but with us they commonly fall, and are annually renewed.

Leaves, with regard to their positions, may be opposite or alternate; and consist of any definite number. When they surround the stem, they are called *paniculata* or whirled, as in *rubia tinctorum*; when lying over each other, *imbricata* or tiled, as in *crassula quadrata* and *aloe viscosa*; when in bundles or tufts, *spicula*, as in *asparagus*.

Leaves not deciduous are named *folia acerosa*; placed as in the yew, fir, &c. *folia distica*; and crossways, *folia decussata*; an instance of which is seen in the *veronica decussata*, a plant from Falkland's lands.

With regard to their direction, leaves may be erect, horizontal, oblique, &c. The leaves of aquatic plants often change with culture; and hence some of our best botanists have mistaken species for varieties, and *viti versa*. It is likewise to be observed, that leaves immersed in the water are frequently different from such as swim at top. Some plants may be propagated by the leaves, as aloes, &c. and annuals increased by cuttings become perennial.

With regard to their insertion into the stalk, leaves are different, and obtain different appellations. If placed in the stalk, they are called *sessilia*, as in *Cliffortia ilecifolia*; if furnished with a leaf-stalk, *folia petiolata*; if surrounding the stalk, as in

horn-poppy, *folia amplexicaulia*; if the basis of the leaves entirely surround the stem, *folia perfoliata*; if two opposite leaves are united, as in honeysuckle, *folia connata*. If the basis of the leaf surrounds the stem, as in *cistus incanus*, they obtain the name of *folia vaginantia*; if inserted into the middle of the leaf, as in *nasturtium*, *folia perlata*.

The forms of the leaves admit of immense variety: they may be heart-shaped, oval, lanceolated, orbicular, wedge-shaped, spear-shaped, kidney-shaped, &c. &c.

The margins of leaves may be plain and entire, or saw-edged, tooth-edged, crenated, lobated, palmated*, folded, and waved, &c. In short, it would carry us too far in this place to enumerate all the distinctions of leaves; and we must therefore refer the student to some elementary work in botany, such as *Lee's Introduction*.

Some leaves are shining, as in *laurus camphora*, some have a kind of farina sprinkled over them, as in the auricula, and the *sempervivum arachnoidea* of the Alps appears as if veiled with a spider's web. These form specific distinctions, and are deserving of attention.

Leaves are generally green; but there are many different shades of this colour, and several plants are of quite different tints. The *Tradescantia astor* is *discolor*, one side purple, the other green. The *arum pictum*, from Madeira, is of a beautiful transparent red in the middle of the leaf, surrounded with green.

* The genuine rhubarb has a palmated leaf. This truly valuable plant is now much cultivated both in England and Scotland, and when the root is of a proper age, and well cured, it is equal in medical efficacy to any imported from Turkey.

The common *arum* is spotted with black, the *cardus marianus*, or blessed thistle, has elegant white veins, and the bloody sorrel has red. In some plants these marks are constant, in others accidental, and vary with culture, as in *phalaris arundinacea*, or rind-grass.

Colour sometimes forms a specific distinction, and sometimes is only a variety. It is specific in *cecropia nivea* from China, which is white above, and green below. In geraniums, however, it is usually a variety. These plants, it is well known, are the pride of gardeners, and the scoff of botanists. Many mongrel plants are produced by sowing different kinds together, which mutually impregnate each other.

The alliaceous tribes in general have hollow leaves. Some species of *solanum* have spines on both sides for their defence, as in *cactus spinosissimus*, a very curious but formidable plant, from South America; which, on account of its rugged appearance, has obtained the vulgar appellation of Robinson Crusoe's coat.

COMPOUND LEAVES.

THERE are many varieties of compound leaves, which have received different names in the botanic vocabulary. One leaf growing out of another, is called *folium articulatum*. Trefoils and papilionaceous plants have three leaves together, called *folium ternatum*. A *folium digitatum* is a compound leaf, in which more than one *foliolum* is connected on the extremity of each *petiolus*. A *folium pinnatum*, or pinnate leaf, of which there are numerous varieties, when many *foliola* grow on the sides of one *petiolus*, as in jasmine.

This may suffice to give a general idea of the botanical distinctions of leaves; but it is only a general idea: for as this is one of the most obvious parts of plants, and at the same time the most varied, it requires considerable study and attention to be able to mark each specific difference, and to call it by its proper Linnæan term. Happily, however, for the general student, this is not always necessary: the eye on many occasions will sufficiently detect the discriminations, without the memory furnishing the aid of names.

[To be continued.]

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT WITH SYMPATHETIC INK

DISSOLVE zaffre in aqua regia, and dilute the solution with water. Then take a print representing a winter scene, and draw foliage and grass with this fluid. Hang it in the rays of the sun, or near a fire, and the print will exhibit a view of spring; remove it to the cold, and winter will reappear.

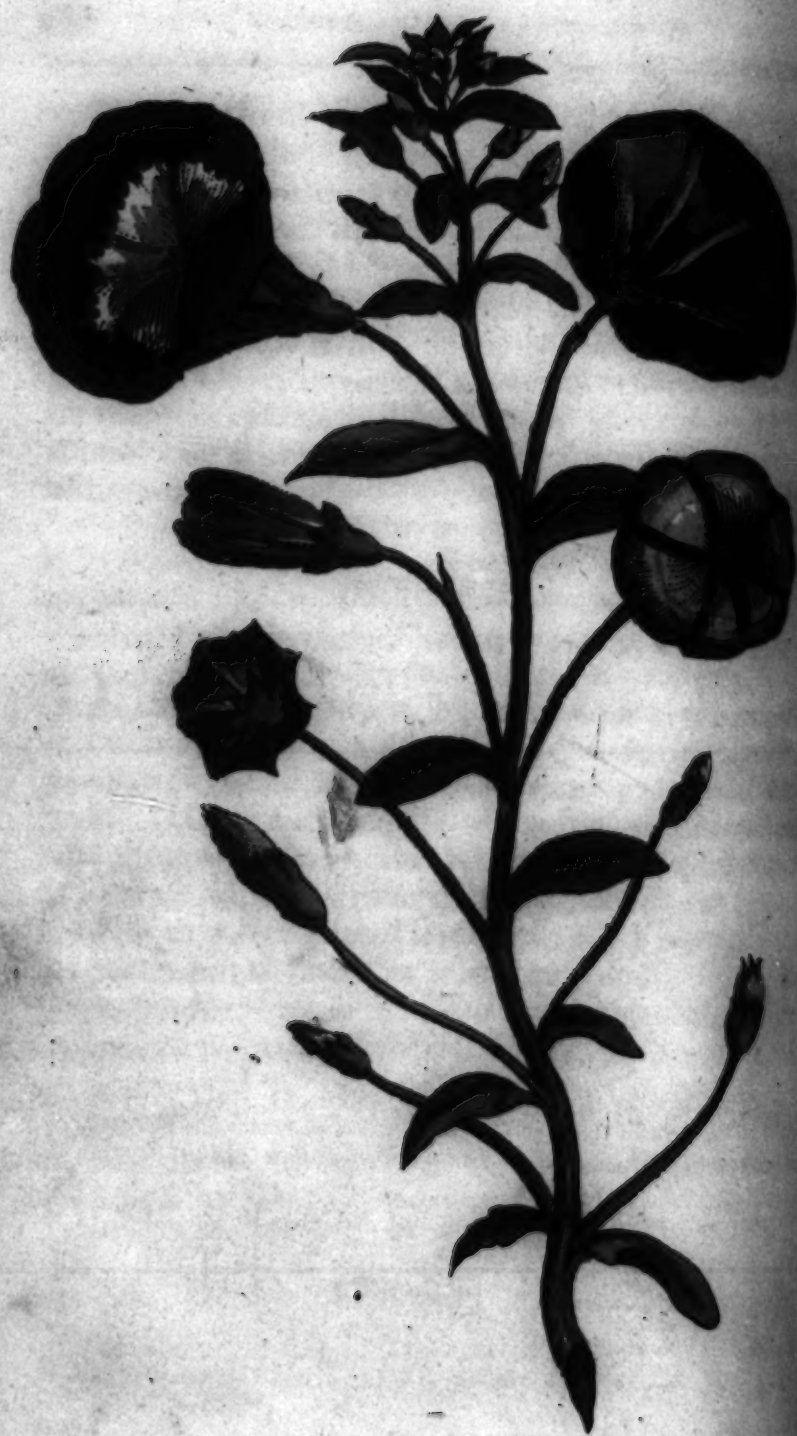
This may be repeated several times; but care must be taken not to heat the print too much.

CONVOLVULUS ARVENSIS—SMALL BIND-WEED.

CLASS PENTANDRIA—ORDER MONOGYNIA.

SOME of the most beautiful and curious plants from their being so common, fail to attract our notice. Of this observation it is needless to bring many proofs; the instance before us is sufficient to confirm its truth. The delicate flower of the convolvulus





Convolvulus.

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volvulus is scarcely regarded, while less elegant exotics are cultivated with assiduous care.

The distinguishing characters of the genus convolvulus are, that the corolla is campanulated and plaited; there are two stigmata; the capsule is bilocular, and the cells are dispermous. Of the species there are only three indigenous in this country, the small bind-weed, the great bind-weed, and the sea bind-weed.

The small bind-weed has arrow-shaped leaves, acute on each side; and fruit-stalks bearing generally one flower. It is common on road-sides and in corn-fields, and flowers about midsummer.

The genus convolvulus is not only a distinguished ornament of the garden, but some of the species produced in foreign climes are of great value in food or medicine. Of the former is the battatas, or Spanish potatoe, with esculent roots; of the latter, the jalappa, or jalap, the scammonia, and the turpethum, whose uses as drugs are well known.

THE SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

NUMEROUS facts have been recorded of the half-reasoning powers of the elephant, particularly in its native regions; and though there is no doubt that a state of servitude and a removal to an ungenial clime are unfavourable for a display of its instincts and its energies, the following recent instance of its sagacity deserves to be recorded:

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris, anxious to discharge his duty, was extremely vigilant; every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to prevent the spectators from supplying them

them with casual food. This conduct was not much calculated to procure him the friendship of those sensible animals. The female in particular beheld him with a very jealous eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his officious interference, by besprinkling him with water from her trunk.

One day, when a great number of people were collected to view the elephants, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unnoticed, a small piece of bread; but the rigorous sentinel was then on duty. The female, however, placed herself before him, watched all his gestures, and the moment he opened his mouth to give the usual admonition to the spectators, discharged a stream of water full in his face. A general laugh ensued; and the sentinel having wiped himself, stood a little on one side, and continued his vigilance. Soon after he had occasion to repeat his charge to the company, not to give any thing to the elephants; but no sooner had he uttered the words, than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round her trunk, trod it under foot, and did not restore it, till she had twisted it into the form of a screw.

Whether this put a stop to his officiousness we are not informed; but it probably taught him more caution at least.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM AN OFFICER TO HIS SON, ON BEING SUDDENLY ORDERED TO JOIN HIS REGIMENT.

MY DEAREST EDWARD,

AN unexpected summons to join a regiment (which had so lately returned from actual service), combined

combined with the distress of your mother's feelings upon the occasion, so entirely occupied both my time and tenderness, that not a moment was allowed me to devote to my son. You, my dear boy, who have so often witnessed the force of my parental love, will not suppose that at such a period it could experience an abatement; but judging of the strength of my affection by the power of your own, be convinced that nothing but necessity could have prevented me from saying farewell.

Upon the receipt of this letter you must return to the Grange; for to your care, your love, and filial affection, do I resign the dearer part of my own existence. Yes, my Edward, to you do I relinquish the delightful task of cheering the solitude of your mother's hours. You must enliven her hopes, repel her fears, and endeavour to reconcile her to this inevitable separation.

To expatiate upon the attention which this most excellent of mothers has a right to claim, might give you reason to suppose I entertain a doubt of your obedience; but I have had too much reason to applaud your conduct, to indulge so disgraceful and dreadful an apprehension. The native sweetness of your mother's temper creates an interest in every feeling bosom; and when that angel sweetness is combined with maternal fondness, and every look describes its power, her children must return the soft impression. To doubt your love for such a parent, would be to doubt the existence of all virtue, and to believe your breast the seat of vice!

The Roman youths were taught to entertain so high an opinion of parental authority, that an undutiful son was considered as a monster in creation; and instances of disobedience were so rare and uncommon,

common; that the atrocity of such actions struck the mind with horror. Among the catalogue of modern virtues, filial duty has not always found a place; for, to the disgrace of the young men of the present age, their parents seem objects rather of ridicule than respect; and instead of honouring their father and mother, that their own days may be long in the land, they appear to despise the law of the Almighty, and presumptuously draw down a dreadful curse from Heaven.

History, however, that faithful recorder of human virtues, relates various instances of filial piety as amiable incitements to the practice of it; and many of the sacred, as well as the profane historians, have affectingly described these charming proofs. Where shall we find language more beautiful than that which the sacred historian uses in his description of the conduct of the young Tobias, whose filial love, and pious veneration, are elegantly illustrated throughout the whole narration?

That the tenderness of the heart should actuate the conduct, is a natural consequence of cause and effect; but that it should operate upon the body as well as the mind, and put organs into motion which had always remained unmoved, is one of those singular instances of the force of Nature acting upon the feelings of affection, which must call forth our astonishment, without satisfying our understandings.

Croesus king of Lydia had an only son who had never enjoyed the faculty of speech, yet every action of his life proved his duty and affection. This prince was unfortunately engaged in a dreadful war with the Persian monarch Cyrus, and his army being much more numerous, the Lydian potentate

was overcome. The attached son attended his father to the field, saw his army routed, and his soldiers slain, and to add to the horror of his feelings upon the occasion, beheld an assassinating hand raised against his father's life! Too far removed to intercept the blow, yet agonized with apprehension for the fate of his loved sire, his tongue instantly gave utterance to his feelings, and, "Oh man! kill not Croesus!" was uttered by a tongue until then deprived of speech.

Anapias and Amphinomus have immortalized their names by the affection they displayed towards their aged parent; for, upon a dreadful eruption happening at mount *Ætna*, when the rest of the inhabitants were securing all their property, they were regardless of wealth and fortune, and thought only of preserving the lives of their parents, whose years and infirmities rendered them incapable of moving; and with pious fondness each took one in his arms, and bore them triumphantly through the flames.

Socrates having one day heard his son, Lamprocles, behave disrespectfully and undutifully to his mother, called him into his presence, and said, "Have you never heard of men who are called *ungrateful*?"—"Yes, frequently," replied the youth.—"And what is ingratitude?" demanded Socrates.—"It is to receive a kindness without making a proper return when there is a favourable opportunity."—"Then ingratitude must be *injustice*," said Socrates.—"Certainly," replied the boy.—"If, then," continued he, "*ingratitude* be *injustice*, does it not follow that the degree of it must be proportioned to the magnitude of the favours which have been received?" To this Lamprocles readily agreed, "Can there sub-

fist

sist a higher obligation," said the sage, "than those which children owe their parents, from whom life is derived and supported; and by whose good offices it is rendered honourable, useful, and happy? What anxiety do they suffer during the period of their children's infancy, what solicitude in their youth, what fatigue in their illness?" The truth of these observations Lamprocles felt in their fullest force. You, my Edward, must feel them likewise; and the rectitude of your own heart will direct your future conduct.

Farewell, my son; prove yourself worthy the affection of your attached father, W. L.

PRIDE VANQUISHED BY CONDESCENSION.

ANECDOTE OF EDWARD I. AND LLEWELLYN PRINCE OF WALES.

PRIDE is never so effectually put to the blush, when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility. When Edward I. was lying at Aulst Clive, he invited Llewellyn prince of Wales, then at Beachley, on the opposite shore, to a conference about matters in dispute between them, which the latter declining, Edward passed over to him. This act of condescension so affected Llewellyn, that he leaped into the water to meet him, and embracing the boat, "Most wise king," exclaimed he, "your humility has conquered my pride, and your wisdom triumphed over my folly: ascend that neck which I have exalted against you, and enter into that country to which your virtue has this day entitled you!" Then taking Edward on his shoulders, according to the custom of those times, he made him sit in his robes, and did him homage.

JULIA AND THE DOG.

IN the height of a game of tag, Henry (who had very improperly mingled with some vulgar boys that were playing in the street) rushed close by a dog, who lay at his master's door. The dog sprung forward, barking. Instead of passing deliberately on, in which case the dog would have become immediately quiet, the foolish child ran faster than before, screaming as if frightened, and yet hallooing in sport to his companions. The dog, half in play, and half in earnest, pursued. Henry's playfellows came up, and a general riot took place, in which the dog acted by no means the loudest, nor the most active part. Terrified by the din, the dog would gladly have retreated; but he soon became the prisoner of the rude and spiteful children.

After various barbarous things had been done to the dog, such as gratify malevolent persons, who know no better, the herd of boys resolved, with Henry at their head, to fasten a cord round his neck, and drag him to the river.

If the reader has ever witnessed an adventure of this sort, and much more if he has ever been a party concerned in it, he will be surprised at the miserable appearance it makes when committed to writing. It is serviceable to draw these things at full length, that their form and features may be known to the mind, and, being known, abhorred. What a vacant, what a noble appearance twenty boys made, when engaged in the humane and honourable office of drowning a little dog! What humane and honourable men these boys were likely to become! Indeed, nineteen of the twenty had never

received any education; but what excuse can be found for Henry, who had always been taught to DO JUSTICE, AND TO LOVE MERCY? Having mentioned *justice*, we should observe, that Henry was persuaded by his gentle playmates, that the dog justly deserved to be worried till he was almost mad, and then drowned; and this, forsooth, because he had barked at a noisy boy!

Full of the glory of their enterprise, our heroes (such heroes as they were) hurried along. They were approaching the river, when Julia passed her father's carriage. Julia was the most amiable girl in the world; she never did harm to any living thing. Julia overheard some part of the vociferous discourse, and saw the unfortunate creature was exposed to so much brutality. She ordered her footman to offer a shilling for the release of the dog. "What will you do with it?" said Julia's companion; "it is very dirty, and very ugly." "True," replied Julia, "the dog is not particularly handsome, but is unfortunate: if I abandon it, no one will have pity upon it."

Cruel minds are mean. The basest motives govern their actions. A shilling was a bribe that dazzled the whole troop. The dog was given up. So entirely do bad company and pursuits take aside every thing like honourable pride, that Henry was even ambitious of appearing a foremost and considerable person on this occasion. He presented the dog at the door of the carriage. Julia had seen him before. She was surprised to see him now: she inquired of him what had been the offence? Upon being told, she observed, that to bark at strangers is what every one wishes from

own dog; and that from his so doing no one that behaved properly could receive injury. She added, that the barking of dogs is often useful.

Julia caused the dog to be washed; and though the generality of people laughed at the pains she had taken to procure him, because of his want of beauty, she became very fond of him. To her eyes, too, he was not long without the charm of an agreeable appearance: for beauty presents itself in whatever we are well acquainted with. She had kept the dog three years, when, one night, soon after she was asleep, he jumped upon her bed, and pulled her by the hand; he barked so loudly that she awoke; and, having a light in her chamber, she saw that the dog looked under the bed while he barked. She was frightened; and, running to the door, she called the servants, who, fortunately, were still below. They came into the chamber, and found a thief concealed under the bed. This robber afterwards confessed, that he intended to have murdered the young lady for the sake of the jewels which he expected to have found in her apartment. Thus the poor dog saved Julia's life. E. A. K.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S
AND LADY'S MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE approbation with which you honoured the whole, written by my loved Ambrosio at the early age of sixteen, emboldens me to send you (agreeable to my former promise) a second composition from the same pen (at the distance of about four years

years afterwards); and I embrace this opportunity of presenting you with an anecdote, which, I believe, you will not deem unworthy a place in your valuable miscellany. With best wishes for your success,

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your sincere friend, and constant reader,

MRS. SYDNEY.

TO EVENING.

O! EVER grateful season, kindly hail!
 Joy to my eye, soft pleasures to my breast,
 Can thy calm-captivating air impart,
 Whene'er I meet thee: whether thou dost gild
 The spring's first verdure with thy placid smile;
 When her young beauteous train, the blushing pink,
 The violet purple-clad, and primrose mild,
 Their offerings of sweet incense breathe to thee,
 While glad at her return, the woodland choirs
 To thee prolong their notes (too short the day
 To chant their loves, and pour forth all their joy);
 And insects numerous, which the morn call'd forth,
 To take their little blissful span of life,
 Sport in thy setting beam. Or, when the fields
 Their full-blown honours show—what time thou wear
 Thy radiant mantle of empurpled clouds,
 Ting'd with the brightest gold; while waving woods,
 And hills, with wild-thyme crown'd, and new-mown
 meads,
 In mildest lustre shine—when from the vales,
 Where Ceres smiles, in every village road,
 I meet the gleaners chanting on their way;
 While, from the gleam the western sky still lends,
 Their sun-burnt features catch a brighter glow—
 In these thy visits never fail to please;
 To sooth the mind, that has not lost the taste
 For beauty, and those elegant delights

Nature

Nature's fair field of contemplation yields.
 But not the varied graces of thy form;
 When vernal wreaths around thy temples bloom;
 Or when the festive Hours their dance prolong,
 Beneath the wide-spread foliage of the groves,
 To me are lovelier than the tranquil smile
 With which, 'mid autumn's scenes, thou meet'st mine eye.
 O then, the mellow'd verdure of the trees,
 The fair gold-tinctur'd sky, the soft, still air,
 The solitary redbreast's gentle note,
 From cluster'd hop-pole, orchard's loaded bough,
 Or cottage chimney, gilded by the sun;
 These sooth the heart, and breathe upon the soul
 Those tranquil strains which wake the purest thoughts,
 And, like the genial waters of the Nile,
 Enrich the happy soil they overflow.

Nor art thou, Evening, in thy winter's garb,
 To me unwelcome or unlovely; still
 Thou 'st charms remaining, that not Boreas' blast,
 Nor all the devastation cold can spread
 O'er Nature's frozen robe, can e'er deface;
 For, if denied th' enliv'ning healthy walk,
 When rising up the crimson'd western sky,
 Through the clear air the beams of Vesper shine,
 Then, in the warm and comfortable room,
 We greet thy presence: then the blazing fire,
 The tapers newly lit, th' ingenious page,
 And the sweet converse of the friend we love,
 Can cheer the heart, expand its social powers,
 And, spite of all the rigours of the skies,
 Glows with more than summer-suns can give.

AMBROSIO.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF SAXONY.

HENRY duke of Saxony was by nature fierce
 and haughty, eager in his pursuits, impatient of
 disap-

disappointment or control. This temper was fortified by a bad education; so soon as he could reflect, he reflected that he was a sovereign; and he was ever soothed in the notions that a prince is above all law: at the same time he was inclined to the principles of justice and honour, where his passions did not oppose; and he had a profound awe for the Supreme Being, which, by his wicked life, deviated into superstition. The outrages committed by this prince were without end; every thing was sacrificed to his lust, cruelty, and ambition; and at his court, beauty, riches, honour became the greatest misfortunes. His horrid enmities filled him with suspicion: if a grandee presented, it was for leisure to form plots; if he was submissive and obedient, it was merely dissimulation. Thus did the prince live wofully solitary in the midst of fancied society; at enmity with every one, and, least of all, at peace with himself; sinning daily, repenting daily; feeling the agonies of reproofing conscience, which haunted him waking, and left him not when asleep.

In a melancholy fit, under the impressions of a wicked action recently perpetrated, he dreamed that the tutelar angel of the country stood before him with anger in his looks, mixed with some degree of pity. "Ill-fated wretch," said the apparition, "listen to the awful command I bear: the Almighty, unwilling to cut thee off in the fulness of iniquity, has sent me to give thee warning." Upon this the angel reached a scroll of paper, and vanished. The scroll contained the following words: "Arrêt six." Here the dream ended: for the impression it made broke his rest. The prince awaked in the

greatest consternation, deeply struck with the vision. He was convinced that the whole was from God, to prepare him for death; which he concluded was to happen in six months, perhaps in six days; and that this time was allotted him to make his peace with his Maker, by an unfeigned repentance for all his crimes. How idle and unpleasant seemed now those objects, which he formerly pursued, at the expense of religion and humanity! Where is now that lust of command, which occasioned so much bloodshed? that cruel malice and envy against every contending power? that suspicious jealousy, the cause of much imaginary treason, furies fostered in his bosom, preying incessantly upon his vitals, and yet darlings of his soul? Happy expulsion, if not succeeded by the greatest of all furies, black despair!

Thus, in the utmost torment of mind, six days, six weeks, and six months, passed away, but death did not follow; and now he concluded that six years were to be the period of his miserable life. By this time the violence of the tempest was over: hitherto he had sequestered himself from mankind, and had spent in abstinence and private worship the short time he thought allotted him.

He now began to form resolutions of a more thorough repentance; now was he fixed to do good, as he formerly had done mischief, with all his heart. The supposed shortness of his warning had hitherto not left it in his power to repair the many injuries he had committed, which was the weightiest load upon his mind. Now was he resolved to make the most ample reparation.

In this state, where hope prevailed, and some beams

beams of sunshine appeared breaking through a cloud, he addressed himself to his Maker in the following terms:

“O thou glorious and omnipotent Being! parent and preserver of all things! how lovely art thou in peace and reconciliation! but oh, how terrible to the workers of iniquity! While my hands were lifted up, how doth my heart tremble, for many have been my transgressions! Headlong driven by impetuous passion, I deserted the path of virtue and wandered through every species of iniquity, trampling conscience under foot; I surrendered myself to delusions, which, under the colour of goodness, abandoned me still to misery and remorse; happy only, if, at any moment, an offended conscience could be laid asleep. But what source of happiness in doing good! and in feeling the calm sunshine of virtue and honour! O my conscience! when thou art a friend, what imports it who is an enemy? When thou lookest dreadful, where are they fled, the blessings, all the amusements of life? Thanks to thy superabundant mercy, that hath not left me to repentation and misery, but hath indulged a longer day for repentance. Good God! the lashes of agonizing remorse let me never more feel; be it now my only concern in this life, to establish with my conscience a faithful correspondence: my inordinate passions, those deluding enchanters, root thou out; for thy work is too mighty for my weak endeavour. Ah! mould thou my soul into that moderation of desire, and just balance of affection, without which no enjoyment is solid, no pleasure unmixed with pain. Hereafter let it not be sufficient to be quiet and inoffensive; but, since graciously to my life

thou hast added many days, may all be spent in doing good; let that day be deemed lost, which is me not employed in some work beneficial to my subjects, or to mankind; that, at last, I may lay down in peace, comforted, if I have not proved, in every respect, an unprofitable servant."

His first endeavours were to regain the confidence of his nobles, and love of his people. With unmitting application he attended to their good; and soon felt that satisfaction in considering himself their father, which he never knew, when he considered them as his slaves. He now began to taste the pleasures of social intercourse, of which pride and jealousy had made him hitherto insensible. He had thought friendship a chimera, devised to impose upon mankind: convinced now of its utility, the cultivation of it was one of his chief objects. Man he found to be honest and faithful, deserving esteem, and capable of friendship: hitherto he had judged of others by the corrupt notions of his own heart. Well he remembered many gloomy moments of disgust and remorse, his spleen and bad humour, the never-failing attendants of vice and debauchery. Fearful to expose his wicked purposes, and dreading every searching eye, he had estranged himself from the world; and what could he expect, conscious as he was of a depraved heart, but aversion and horror? Miserable that state, cut off from all comfort, in which an unhappy mortal's chief concern is to fly from man, because every man is his enemy. After tasting of his misery, how did he bless the happy change! Now always calm and serene, diffusive benevolence filled every thought of his heart and action of his

his life. It was now his delight to be seen, and to lay open his whole soul; for in it dwelt harmony and peace. Fame, become his friend, blazed his virtues all around; and in distant regions was the good prince known, where his vices had never reached. Among his virtues, an absolute and pure disinterestedness claimed every where the chief place. In all disputes he was the constant mediator betwixt sovereigns, and between them and their subjects; and he gained more authority over neighbouring princes by esteem and reverence, than they had over their own subjects.

In this manner elapsed the six years, till the fatal period came. The vision was fulfilled; but very differently from what was expected; for, at this *precise* period, a vacancy happening, he was unanimously chosen EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION OF QUEEN ARTEMISIA.

MAUSOLUS, king of Caria, dying, left his sovereign authority to queen Artemisia, his beloved consort. This princess employed all her power in signalizing the tenderness she had for her lord. Wishing to immortalize her regrets, she caused to be raised, in honour of her dear Mausolus, a monument so magnificent, that it was taken for one of the seven wonders of the world; and ever since all superb monuments, erected to the memory of the dead, have been called mausoleums. That nothing might be wanting to the glory of her husband, this princess, the true model of women and of wives, offered a large reward to that person who should

ould succeed the best in making an eulogium on the deceased monarch. Artemisia was not yet satisfied with those proofs of her affection: having gathered together the remains of Mausolus, and caused his bones to be pulverized, she put every some of this powder in her drink, thinking by this mean to make her own body her husband's tomb. She survived him but two years; and her grief ended only with her life.

Norwich.

FLORA AND THE BOY.

A FABLE.

A BOY one morn into a garden stray'd,
Which Flora had adorn'd with sweetest flowers;
Roses, azalias, lilies, pinks, display'd
Their various charms, their fascinating pow'rs.
The little rogue delighted view'd the rich parterre,
And long'd to rifle ev'ry beauty there.
But Flora, when she saw him thus dispos'd,
Drew near, and wisely interpos'd;
She smiling said, "My little friend,
To one alone your choice must be confin'd;
Look round, select one to your mind,
Where balmy odours, with rare beauty blend."
He quickly laid his hand upon a rose,
Whose charms might well his little heart engage,
When soon the thorns his rude attack oppose:
With indignation fir'd,
He from the lurking enemy retir'd,
And scornful thus express'd his idle rage:
"Go, wither on thy stem, thou treach'rous flow'r,
There pine and fade, neglected and forlorn;
I'll seek another rose in yonder bow'r,
Who, fair like thee, shall blow without one thorn."

He

He ran to pluck one from the clust'ring store,
 Each bow'r examin'd o'er and o'er,
 As vainly search'd the garden round,
 Alas! no rose without a thorn was to be found.
 His heart beat high with rising pride,
 That thus his wishes were denied.
 (For he had never felt control):
 At length a flood of tears reliev'd his swelling soul.
 Flora, diverted at such childish grief,
 Yet willing to encourage him, approach'd again:
 "My son," she said, "thy tears are vain,
 But take my counsel, you will find relief.
 Courage and perseverance never fail:
 First o'er the thorns prevail,
 Each difficulty you will then remove,
 And gain the object of your love."
 To this each little student may compare
 The hours of learning, often mixt with care;
 Yet while the road to knowledge is in view,
 With diligence its winding paths pursue,
 And though some briers on the way appear,
 Those will be conquer'd if you persevere;
 And having well employ'd your youthful hours,
 Reap with advantage time's most precious flow'rs.

CORNELIA.

ON FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

[Continued from page 103.]

PERSONIFICATION.

WE now enter on the examination of those figures which lie entirely in the thought; where the words are to be taken in their common and literal acceptation. Let us begin with personification—a figure, by which life and action are attributed to inanimate objects. Every species of poetry

much indebted to this figure. From prose it is no means excluded; and even in common conversation it sometimes gains admission. When we say the *earth thirsts* for rain, or the fields *smile* with plenty; when ambition is said to be *restless*, or a deceitful; such expressions show the facility with which the mind can appropriate the attributes of living creatures to things that are inanimate, or even to abstract conceptions.

There are three different degrees of this figure. The first is, when some of the properties or qualities of living creatures are ascribed to inanimate objects; the second, when those inanimate objects are described as acting like such as have life; and the third, when they are exhibited either as speaking to, or listening to what we say.

The first or lowest degree of this figure raises the style so little, that the humblest discourse will easily admit it. Thus, "a raging storm, a deceitful disaster, a cruel disaster," are familiar and simple expressions, and scarcely rising above plain metaphors.

The second degree of this figure advances a step higher, and the personification becomes sensible. According to the nature of the action which we ascribe to those inanimate objects, and the particularity with which we paint it, such is the strength of the figure. When pursued to a considerable length, it belongs only to laboured harangues; when slightly touched, it may be admitted into less elevated compositions.

Personifications of this kind are extremely frequent in poetry, and, indeed, constitute its essence. In the descriptions of a poet possessed of a vivid fancy, every thing becomes animated. Homer, the father

of poetry, is distinguished for his judicious use of this figure. War, peace, darts, rivers, mountains, every thing, in short, is alive in his writings. In this particular Milton and Shakespeare resemble him. No personification is more striking, or more forcibly introduced, than the following of Milton, on Eve's eating the forbidden fruit :

" So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :
Earth felt the wound ; and Nature, from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost."

The third and highest degree of this figure is the boldest that can be conceived. It is the style of strong passion only ; and consequently, should never be attempted, unless when the mind is very much heated and agitated. Milton affords a very beautiful example of this figure, in that pathetic address which Eve makes to Paradise just before she is compelled to leave it :

" O ! unexpected stroke, worse than of death.
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ! thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods ! where I had hopes to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
Which must be mortal to us both. O flowers !
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand,
From your first op'ning buds, and gave you names !
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount ?"

This is the real language of nature, the genuine expression of female complaint.

Two rules should be observed for the proper management of this species of personification. First, never to attempt it, unless when prompted by strong passion, nor to continue it when that passion begins to subside. Secondly, never to personify an object totally devoid of dignity in itself, and hence incapable of supporting the elevation to which we strive to raise it.

THE ASS AND THE AGED HUNTER.

A FABLE.

A WEARIED Ass, worn out with care,
 Hard work, hard usage, and hard fare,
 Stood mournful by a river's side,
 Viewing its image in the tide,
 And thus began—"Ah, hapless face,
 In thee must end thy father's race!
 I am the last of all my clan
 That's doom'd to feel the scourge of man!
 Yes, tyrant! thou hast kill'd my sire,
 My mother trembled at thy ire,
 And fell a victim to her fears,
 Ere she had number'd twice three years!
 My brother, hardy, bold, and brave,
 From thee receiv'd an early grave,
 And as he lent his ready back,
 The weight of sand then made it crack!
 My sister, in whose lovely face
 Were centred beauty, sense, and grace,
 Met with a fate not less severe,
 And died from want!—ye cruel, hear!—
 Whilst I, alas! am left behind
 Without *one friend* to sooth my mind!"

An aged Hunter passing by,
 Heard the sad tale, and gave a sigh,

Then thus address'd the mournful creature,
Whilst *pity* shone in every feature:—

“In *me* behold a *friend* that's ready

To prove sincere, attach'd, and steady;

One that's possess'd of all life's treasure,

And will consider it a pleasure,

If he can but remove your care

By freely giving you a share

Of food, of bed, of house, or stable;

And then, my friend, we may be able

To bid defiance to old age,

And sooth by friendship life's last stage;

For I, alas! am now past labour,

And long have wish'd to find a neighbour,

To whom I might with joy impart

All the emotions of my heart.”

The wond'ring animal replied,

“Can this be true?—am I supplied

With food? with friend? with bed? and stable?

Oh, Fortune! teach me to be able

To bear this change, and not grow vain,

Nor e'er forget my native plain;

For change of station, I've been told,

Corrupts the heart, as much as gold!”

MORAL.

If *beasts* can feel a sad relation,

And try to mend a neighbour's station;

How freely should mankind impart

Pity and comfort to the heart!

Religion bids us love each other,

And treat the *wretched* as a brother.

P. M.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

THE son of a rich merchant had abandoned himself in his youth to every excess. By these means he
irritated

irritated his father, whose kind advice he despised. The old man, in the decline of life, makes an act, by which he disinherits his younger son, and dies. Dorval, informed of the death of his father, reflects seriously, looks into his own heart, and deploras his past follies. He soon learns he is disinherited. This news draws no murmur on the memory of his father. He respects it even at the period most disadvantageous to his interest. He only says, "I have merited it." This moderation was communicated to Jenneval, his brother, who, rejoicing to see the change of conduct in Dorval, goes to seek and embrace him, and addresses him in these words, for ever memorable: "My brother, by a will of our father's, I am instituted sole heir; but he wished only to exclude the man you then were, and not him you now are: I render to you the portion which is due to you."

CELIA.

Norwich.

SELECT PASSAGES FROM ST. PIERRE'S STUDIES OF
NATURE.

[Continued from vol. i. page 466.]

NO. V.

ANIMAL KINGDOM, ITS VAST EXTENT.

AN intelligent naturalist at Paris some years ago announced, that he was in possession of more than thirty thousand distinct species of animals. I know not whether the king's magnificent cabinet may not contain more; but I know well that his herbals contain only eighteen thousand plants, and that about six thousand are in a state of cultivation

in the royal botanic garden. This number of animals, however, so superior to that of vegetables, is a mere nothing, in comparison with what exists on the globe.

When we recollect that every species of plant is a point of union for different genera of insects, and that there is not, perhaps, a single one but which has peculiar to itself, a species of fly, butterfly, gnat, beetle, lady-bird, snail, &c.; that these insects serve for food to other species, and these exceedingly numerous, such as the spider, the dragon-fly, the ant, the formicaleo; and to the immense families of small birds, of which many classes, such as the woodpecker and the swallow, have no other kind of nourishment; that these birds are, in their turn, devoured by birds of prey, such as kites, falcons, buzzards, rooks, crows, hawks, vultures, &c.; that the general spoil of these animals, swept off by the rains into the rivers, and thence to the sea, becomes the aliment of almost innumerable tribes of fishes, to the greater part of which the naturalists of Europe have not hitherto given a name; that numberless legions of river and sea fowls prey upon these fishes; we shall have a good ground for believing that every species of the vegetable kingdom serves as a basis to many species of the animal kingdom, which multiply around it, as the rays of a circle round its centre.

What an undertaking, then, would it be, to describe each of these beings, with the sagacity of a *Reaumur*? The life of one man of genius would be scarcely sufficient to compose the history of a few insects. Philosophers of name, unfaithful to the testimony of their reason and conscience, have dared

to represent them as mere machines. They ascribe to them blind instincts, which regulate, even in a manner perfectly uniform, all their actions, without passion, without will, without choice, and without any degree of sensibility. I one day expressed my astonishment at this to *J. J. Rousseau*, and said to him, it seemed exceedingly strange, that men of genius should maintain a position so extravagant. He very sagely replied, "*The solution is this: when man begins to reason, he ceases to feel.*"

ANIMAL LIFE SOMETIMES PROPORTIONED TO THE DURATION OF THE VEGETABLE ON WHICH IT FEEDS.

THE duration of an animal's life is sometimes proportioned to the duration of the vegetable on which it feeds. A multitude of caterpillars are born and die with the leaves by which their transitory existence is supported. There are insects whose being is limited to five hours; such as the ephemera. This species of fly, about half as large as the tip of the little finger, is produced from a fluviatic grub, which is found particularly at the mouths of rivers, close by the water's edge, in the mud, into which it digs in quest of subsistence. This grub lives three years, and at the termination of that period, about midsummer-day, it is transformed almost instantaneously into a fly, which comes into the world at six o'clock in the evening, and dies about eleven at night. No longer space of time is necessary for copulation, and for depositing the eggs on the mud which the water has deserted.

It is very remarkable that this insect copulates and lays her eggs precisely at the time of the year when
the

the tides are at the lowest, when the rivers discover, at the place of their discharge, the greater part of their channel dry. Wings are then furnished, to enable her to go and deposit her eggs in places which the waters forsake, and to extend, in the capacity of a fly, the domain of her posterity, at the time when, as a worm, her territory is most contracted.

Nature has made nothing in vain. It is not credible that she should have created momentary lives, and beings infinitely minute, to fill up imaginary chains of existence. The aversions and the instincts of animals emanate from laws of a superior order, which we shall never be able to penetrate into in this world; but supposing those intimate conformities to elude our researches, they must be referred, like every other, to the general conformity of beings, and especially to that of man. There is nothing so luminous in the study of nature, as to refer every thing that exists to the goodness of God, and to the demands of humanity. This method of viewing objects not only discovers to us a multitude of unknown laws, but it sets bounds to those which we do know, and which we believe to be universal.

ANIMALS, THEIR MANNERS NOT ASCRIBABLE TO EDUCATION, OR RESEMBLANCE OR DISSIMILITUDE OF FORM, INSTANCED:

SOME philosophers have ascribed the manners of animals, as those of men, to education; and their natural affections, as well as their animosities, to resemblance or dissimilitude of form. But, if friendship is founded in similitude of form, how comes it that the hen, who walks in security at the head of her brood, among the horses and oxen of a farm-yard,

yard, though part of her family is sometimes accidentally crushed by the feet of those animals, collects her young with anxious inquietude at sight of the hawk, a feathered animal like herself, who appears in the air but as a black point, and whom, perhaps, she hardly, if ever, saw before? Why does the dog in the yard fall a barking in the night-time at the smell only of the fox, an animal which has a strong resemblance to itself? If habits of long standing could influence animals as they do men, how has it been possible to render the ostrich of the desert familiar to such a degree, that he has been made to carry children on his plumeless crupper? whereas no skill has hitherto been able to tame a swallow, a bird which has, from time immemorial, built his nest in our houses.

Where can we find, among the historians of Nature, a *Tacitus*, who shall unveil to us these mysteries of the cabinet of Heaven, without an explanation of which it is impossible to write the history of a single animal on the earth? We find no one species deviating like the human from the laws imposed on it by Nature. Bees universally live in republics, as they did in the time of *Æsop*; the common fly has always been a vagabond, a herd without any police or restraint. How comes it that among these no *LYCURGUS* has ever yet arisen, to reduce them into order, for the general good; and to prescribe to them, as philosophers tell us the first legislators among men did, laws dictated by their weakness, and by the necessity of uniting in society?

[To be continued.]

FAMILIAR

FAMILIAR EXPLANATION OF THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

“ These are thy wondrous works, Parent of Good;
Almighty, thine this universal frame.”

HAVING already taken a compendious view of the sun, and the planets belonging to the solar system, we shall, before we proceed farther in our researches, present the reader with a variety of entertaining and useful reflections arising from the descriptions already given.

The earth, then, is found to be at so great a distance from the sun, that, if seen from thence, it would appear no bigger than a point, although its circumference is 25,020 miles; yet that distance is so small, compared with the earth's distance from the fixed stars, that, if the orbit in which the earth moves round the sun were solid, and seen from the nearest star, it would likewise appear no bigger than a point, although it is at least 162,000,000 of miles in diameter.

As the celestial bodies are frequently said to turn round on their *axes*, it is proper to inform the young astronomical student, that neither the sun nor planets have *material* axes to turn upon, and support them, as in the little imperfect machines contrived to represent them. The axis of a planet is only a line *imagined* (for the sake of common apprehension) to be drawn through its centre, about which it actually revolves, as if there were a real axis. The extremities of this line terminating in opposite points on the surface of the planet, are called its

poles.

poles. That which points towards the *northern* part of the heavens, is called the *north pole*; and the other, which points towards the *southern* part, is called the *south pole*. A bowl whirled from the hand into the open air, turns round such a line exactly within itself, whilst it moves forward.

When we speak of the orbits of the planets, all that is meant is, their paths through the open and unresisting space in which they move by the projectile force impressed on them at their creation, and in which they are kept by the attractive power of the sun; and between this force and power so exact is the adjustment, that they continue in the same paths without any solid orbits to confine them.

The seas, and unknown parts of the earth, contain 160,522,026 square miles; the inhabited parts 38,990,569; Europe 4,456,065; Asia 10,768,823; Africa 9,654,807; America 14,110,874. In all, 199,512,595; which is the number of square miles on the whole surface of our globe.

There is an ingenious and very easy method of ascertaining, with some exactness, what proportion the land bears to the sea; which is, to take the papers of a terrestrial globe, and after separating the land from the sea with a pair of scissors, to weigh them carefully in scales: this supposes the globe to be exactly delineated, and the papers all of equal thickness. The experiment has actually been made with the papers of Wright's nine-inch globes; and the sea-papers were found to weigh 155 grains and a half, and those of land only 55; by which it appears that almost three fourth parts of the surface of our earth between the polar circles

cles are covered with water, and that little more than one fourth is dry land. In this computation, all within the polar circles was omitted; because there is no certain measurement of the land within them, so as to know what proportion it bears to the sea.

The appearance of the different planets, if viewed from each other, is remarkably curious. To Mars, our earth and moon appear like two moons, a bigger and a less: changing places with one another, and appearing sometimes horned, sometimes half or three quarters illuminated, but never full; nor, at most, above one quarter of a degree from each other, although they are 240,000 miles asunder. Our earth appears almost as big to Mars as Venus does to us; and, at Mars, it is never seen above 48 degrees from the sun: sometimes it appears to pass over the disk or face of the sun, and so do Mercury and Venus; but Mercury can never be seen from Mars by such eyes as ours, unassisted by proper instruments; and Venus must as seldom be seen as we see Mercury; but Jupiter and Saturn are as visible to Mars as to us.

It is very observable, that Jupiter has no sensible change of seasons: which is a great advantage, and wisely ordered by the Author of nature; for, if it were not situated with respect to the orbit exactly as it is, a considerable number of degrees round each pole would in their turn be almost six of our years together in darkness; and, as each degree of a great circle on Jupiter contains 706 of our miles at a mean rate, it is easy to judge what vast tracts of land would, by any difference of its position, be rendered uninhabitable. To Jupiter the sun appears

pears but a twenty-eighth part as big as to us: his light and heat are in the same proportion, but principally compensated by his four revolving moons; by one or more of which there is scarce any part of this huge planet that is not during the whole night enlightened, except his poles, whence only the farthest moons can be seen, and where their light is not wanted, because the sun constantly circulates in or near the horizon, and is very probably kept in view of both poles by the refraction of the atmosphere of Jupiter, which, if it be like ours, has certainly refractive power enough for that purpose. This planet, viewed from its nearest moon, appears a thousand times as large as our moon does to us, waxing and waning, in all her monthly shapes, every 42½ hours.

We shall lastly remark the chief phenomena of Jupiter and Saturn. On one side of the vast ring or circle that surrounds this planet, the sun shines almost fifteen of our years together without setting, and as long on the other in its turn: so that the ring is visible to the inhabitants of Saturn for almost fifteen of our years, and as long invisible by turns, if the axis has no inclination to its ring; but if the axis of the planet be inclined to the ring about thirty degrees, the ring will appear and disappear once every natural day to all the inhabitants within thirty degrees of the equator on both sides, frequently eclipsing the sun on a Saturnian day.

This ring seen from Saturn appears like a vast luminous arch in the heavens, as if it did not belong to the planet. When we see the ring most open, its shadow on the planet is broadest; and from that time the shadow grows narrower, as the

ring appears to do to us, until, by Saturn's annual motion, the sun comes to the plane of the ring, or even with its edge, which being then directed towards us, becomes invisible on account of its thinness.

By such eyes as ours, unassisted by instruments, Jupiter is the only planet that can be seen from Saturn; and Saturn the only planet that can be seen from Jupiter: so that the inhabitants of these two planets must either see much farther than we do, or have equally good instruments to carry their sight to remote objects, if they know that there is such a body as our earth in the universe; for the earth, seen from Jupiter, is no bigger than his moon seen from the earth; and if his large body had not first attracted our sight, and prompted our curiosity to view him with a telescope, we should never have known any thing of his moons, unless by chance we had directed the telescope towards that small part of the heavens, where at the time of observation they happened to be.

The quantity of light afforded by the sun to Jupiter being but a twenty-eighth part, and to Saturn only a ninetieth part of what we enjoy, may at first induce us to believe that these planets are entirely unfit for rational beings to inhabit; but, that their light is not so weak as we imagine, is evident from their brightness in the night-time, and also from this remarkable phenomenon, that, when the sun is so much eclipsed to us as to have only the fortieth part of his disk or face left uncovered by the moon, the decrease of light is not very sensible; and just at the end of darkness in total eclipses, when the part of the sun that first

emerges into light, seems no bigger than a bit of fine silver-wire, every one is surprised at the brightness wherewith that small part of him shines. The moon, when full, affords travellers light enough to direct them in their way; and yet it is equal to no more than a ninety thousandth part of the light of the sun, that is, the sun's light is ninety thousand times as strong as the light of the moon when full: consequently the sun gives a thousand times as much light to Saturn as the full moon does to us, and above three thousand times as much to Jupiter; so that these two planets, even without any moons, would be much more enlightened than we at first imagine; and by having so many, they may be very comfortable places of residence. Their heat, so far as it depends on the force of the sun's rays, is certainly much less than ours; to which, no doubt, the bodies of their inhabitants are as well adapted as ours are to the seasons we enjoy: and if we consider that Jupiter never has any winter, even at his poles (which probably is also the case with Saturn), the cold cannot be so intense on these planets as is generally imagined. Besides, there may be something in the nature of their mould warmer than in that of our earth. We find that all *our* heat depends not on the rays of the sun, for if it did, we should have months equally hot and cold at their annual returns: but it is far otherwise; for February is sometimes warmer than May, and April colder than January; which must be owing to vapours and exhalations arising from the earth.

Every person who looks upon and compares the systems of moons which belong to Jupiter and Saturn, must be amazed at the vast magnitude of

these planets, and the noble attendance they have with respect to our little earth; and can never prevail on himself to think that an infinitely wise Creator should dispose of all his animals and vegetables here, leaving the other planets destitute of both. To suppose that he had any view to our benefit in creating these moons, and giving them their motion round Jupiter and Saturn; to imagine that he intended these vast bodies for any advantage to us, when he well knew that they could never be seen but by a few astronomers peeping through telescopes; and that he gave to the planets regular returns of day and night, and different seasons to all where they would be convenient; to imagine that he has done all this on our account, would be to charge him impiously with having done much in vain; and to the full as absurd, as to suppose that he has created a little sun, and a planetary system, within the shell of our earth, for our use. These considerations amount not to much less than a positive proof that all the planets are inhabited; for, if they are not, why all this care in furnishing them with so many moons, to supply those with light, which are at the greatest distance from the sun? Do we not see that the farther a planet is from the sun, the greater is the luminous apparatus with which it is furnished? excepting Mars, which, being but a small planet, has no moon visible by us. We know that the earth goes round the sun, and turns round its own axis, to produce the vicissitudes of summer and winter by the former, and of day and night by the latter motion, for the benefit of its inhabitants: may we not, then, fairly conclude, by a parity of reasoning, that the design and use of all

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all the other planets are the same? and is not this agreeable to the beautiful harmony which exists throughout the universe? Surely it is; and raises in us the most magnificent ideas of the SUPREME BEING, who is every where, and at all times; present, displaying his power, wisdom, and goodness, among all his creatures; and distributing happiness to innumerable ranks of various beings!

To assist the imagination in forming an idea of the vast respective distances of the sun, planets, and stars, let us suppose that a body projected from the sun should continue to fly with the swiftness of a cannon-ball, that is, 480 miles every hour, this body would reach the orbit of Mercury (the nearest planet) in 7 years and 221 days; of Venus, in 14 years and 8 days; of the earth, in 19 years and 91 days; of Mars, in 29 years and 85 days; of Jupiter, in 100 years and 280 days; of Saturn, in 184 years and 240 days. To the comet that appeared in the year 1680, when at the greatest distance from the sun, it would arrive in 2260 years; and to the nearest fixed stars in not less than 7,600,000 years.

Having completed our observations on the planets, and their attendants, excepting the moon of our earth, we reserve for this body a distinct account; as, from its connexion with our planet, and its contiguous situation, it appears more interesting to us than the other satellites.

THE MOON.

THIS attendant upon our earth moves round it in 29 days, 12 hours, and 44 minutes; and accompanies it about the sun every year. The diameter

of the moon is 2180 miles; and her distance from the centre of the earth 240,000: she goes round her orbit in 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes, moving about 2290 miles every hour; and turns round her axis exactly in the time that she goes round the earth, which is the reason of her keeping always the same side towards us, and that her day and night together are as long as our lunar month.

The moon is an opaque globe like the earth, and shines only by reflecting the light of the sun; therefore, whilst that half of her which is towards the sun is enlightened, the other half must be dark and invisible. Hence, she disappears when she comes between us and the sun, because her dark side is then towards us. When she is gone a little way forward, we see a little of her enlightened side, which still increases to our view, as she advances, until she comes to be opposite to the sun; and then her whole enlightened side is towards the earth, and she appears with a round illumined orb, which we call the FULL MOON; her dark side being then turned away from the earth. From the full, she seems to decrease gradually as she goes through the other half of her course, showing us less and less of her enlightened side every day, till her next change, or conjunction with the sun, and then she disappears as before.

This continual change in the appearance of the moon demonstrates that she shines not by any light of her own; for, if she did, we should always see her with a round full orb like the sun.

The moon has scarcely any difference of seasons; and, which is still more singular, one half of her

has no darkness at all, the earth constantly affording it a strong light in the absence of the sun, while the other half has a fortnight's darkness and a fortnight's light by turns.

Our earth is a moon to the moon, waxing and waning regularly, but appearing thirteen times as big, and affording her thirteen times as much light as she does to us. When she changes to us, the earth appears *full* to her; and when she is in her first quarter to us, the earth is in its third quarter to her, and so in the contrary manner.

But from one half of the moon the earth is never seen at all; from the middle of the other half, it is always seen over head, turning round almost thirty times as quick as the moon does; and to her, the earth seems to be the largest body in the universe.

The moon has no atmosphere of any visible density surrounding her, as we have: if she had, we could never see her edge so well defined as it appears; but there would be a sort of mist or haziness around her, which would make the stars look fainter when seen through it. But observation proves that the stars which disappear behind the moon retain their full lustre, until they seem to touch the very edge, and then they vanish in a moment. As to the faint light which has been seen all round the moon, in total eclipses of the sun, it has been observed, during the time of darkness, to have its centre coincident with the centre of the sun, and was therefore much more likely to arise from the atmosphere of the sun, than from the moon; for, if it had been owing to the latter, its centre would have accompanied that of the moon.

There is likewise reason to believe that the moon has no seas; for, if there were, she could have no clouds,

clouds, rains, nor storms, as we have; because she has no atmosphere to support the vapours which occasion them; and every one knows, that when the moon is above our horizon in the night-time, she is visible, unless the clouds of our atmosphere hide her from our view; and all the parts of her appear constantly with the same clear, serene, and calm aspect. But those dark parts of the moon, which were formerly thought to be seas, are now found to be vast deep cavities, and places which reflect not the light of the sun so strongly as others, having many caverns and pits, whose shadows fall within them, and are always dark on the side next the sun, which demonstrates that they are hollow; and most of these pits have little knobs, like hillocks, standing within them, and casting shadows also, which cause these places to appear darker than others, that have fewer or less remarkable caverns. All these appearances prove that there are no seas in the moon; for, if there were any, their surfaces would appear small and even, like those on our earth.

The stars are always visible to the moon; for there being no atmosphere about it, the heavens have in day-time the appearance of night, to a lunarian who turns his back towards the sun; and then the stars appear as bright to him as they do in the night to us: since it is entirely owing to our atmosphere that the heavens are bright about us in the day.

As the earth turns round its axis, the several continents, seas, and islands, appear to the inhabitants of the moon like so many spots of different forms and brightness moving over its surface, but much fainter at some times than at others, as our clouds happen to cover or leave them. Hence, the earth

earth may be a dial to the moon; for, by these spots the lunarians can determine the time of the diurnal motion of the earth, just as we compute the motion of the sun; and perhaps they measure their time by the motion of the spots on the earth: indeed they cannot have a truer dial.

The distance of the moon from the earth is always variable, but, when nearest, she is distant from us 21,750 miles, wherefore she is about fifty times less than the earth; and her light is so exceedingly weak, compared with that of the sun, that the most powerful burning-glass will not collect enough to create a sensible warmth: yet she is near enough to the earth to affect the air considerably by the power of gravity, and to cause such alterations, as to have doubtless considerable effects on it, with respect to the weather. The moon is likewise generally allowed to have some influence on the system of humours and juices in the bodies of animals and plants, since we find that the ebbing and flowing of the tides are the effect of her attraction.

MEMOIRS OF DICK, THE LITTLE PONEY.

[Continued from page 101.]

XIII. A MARKET-TOWN DESCRIBED—DICK BORROWED BY AN OLD MAID—GIVES AN UNFAVOURABLE ACCOUNT OF HER, AND OF THE PEOPLE IN GENERAL—MEDITATES HIS DELIVERANCE FROM HER HANDS—RUNS A RACE—AND LEAVES HER ON A DUNGHILL.

WITHIN a short distance of my master's seat was what is called a market-town; that is, a place

place where a considerable number of houses are crowded together, and people in general having little business of their own to mind, *benevolently* employ themselves in meddling with that of others; pass their time in visiting, and receive their principal pleasure from what I have heard denominated gossiping. A young lady, as she affected to be thought, though she had no signs of youth or loveliness, a native of this place, happening to visit in my master's family, and taking a fancy to me, made some broad hints how much she should like to ride such a pretty creature; and as it would have been unpolite to refuse her, particularly as I was not wanted, and was now quiet, I was consigned into her hands, with permission to use me as long as she liked, and then to return me.

For a short time after she possessed me, I was mounted every day; and she generally picked up a male companion, on an animal of my own kind, which made the little jaunts she took, no doubt, more pleasant to her, and certainly more agreeable to me. I cannot say however that I liked her manner; for though she wore no spur, she used the whip pretty freely, and was fond of curbing me to make me show spirit, which, by the by, I did not lack, in order to set herself off to advantage. She appeared very affected and ill-natured, and in every respect was the perfect contrast to my last dear mistress. I bore with her, however; but every day increased my dislike to her. Animals have their partialities and their prejudices, but they are always founded in reason and justice.

When the pleasure of novelty was gone off, and she had tired all her acquaintances in accompanying her,

her, I was sometimes left for a week in a nasty narrow stall, indifferently fed, and worse groomed. It seems, if I may believe what I heard the servant telling one of his companions, this lady was an old maid; and though I have no conception of the meaning, I never shall like any thing that comes under that denomination. Her time was principally spent in collecting tittle-tattle in one house, and retailing it with additions in the next. She affected candour and good will; but the maliciousness of her heart glared through the flimsy veil. It was less her object to attract love herself, than to prevent others from being beloved. She tortured her imagination to set friends at variance, and to blacken the reputation of the young and lovely of her own sex; yet it was more than insinuated by the servant, that it would be most prudent in her to observe a respectful silence, as he knew what he knew, but thought it best to hold his tongue, and wished she would do the same, or every door would be shut against her before she died.

It was quite impossible for a quadruped like me to discover what pleasure there could be in sowing dissension, and lacerating the ties that bind the great families of creation together. If one of our species gives another a kick or a bite from the momentary impulse of passion, we return it, if we are able, or learn to submit; but we neither know jealousy nor envy, nor do we think it raises our own merit to lessen that of another. In the race indeed we feel a generous emulation, and each exerts himself to the utmost to win the prize. Mankind have other sensations, it seems; their hearts are not capable

ble of such exalted sentiments as we are inspired with, or, at least, those who live in market-town.

If two of our species meet, when free from restraint, we salute in our manner; but, in this place, the only town I ever lived in (and perhaps its customs were peculiar), I have seen people pass each other with an air of indifference or ill-nature, without ever opening their lips, or moving the head. I have heard also that the inhabitants of a fine house will not enter a mean one, and that it is a degradation to some to show the attentions of civility to others beneath them, not in size or make, but in dress and in *purse*, the grand distinction between man and man, and the riddle of all riddles, which those who are endowed with reason alone can explain. This has ever puzzled me most of all, and I cannot help recurring to it whenever opportunity serves. I have seen an old woman with hair as grey as my own tail, crooked and deformed into the bargain, pass a man nearly six feet high, without deigning to notice him, though he seemed to court her attention, and humble himself to compliment her. I have seen two women, when they were obliged to meet, turn their heads different ways, that they might not see each other; and the handsome often give place to the ugly. Men, I observed, if their dress was nearly similar, though not of the same colour, would often join hands, and seemed pleased to meet; but women appeared to be less sociable. Thanks to nature I was not made a female.

In short, I was quite disgusted with the manners of this place, where the affectation of good will could not conceal the rankling enmity of the heart.

and where little attention was paid ever to disguise the worst passions that can agitate humanity. My mistress in particular was the object of my aversion; and I eagerly watched for an opportunity to emancipate myself from a society where there was nothing but grimace and restraint. I longed for the verdant fields, the sweets of nature, and the sight of man, where he lives more according to her decrees.

Fortune at last befriended me. My old maid was invited by a fine day, and the proffered company of a young gentleman on a gay steed, twice my size, to take a ride. We pursued the beaten road, to avoid the trouble of opening gates. I happened to be foremost: I soon heard a horse thundering at my heels, as if ambitious to pass me. I set out full speed; the attendant pursued to stop me; the faster he rode, the faster I ran; for I was determined not to be outdone. The third horse joined in the race: my rider screamed with fear, and tried in vain to pull me up. My spirit and my aversion to my load made me for a moment forget all the sage resolutions I had formed to practise submission. For a mile or two my old maid was sometimes on her seat, sometimes off; her cries were redoubled, but I wished to understand them as encouraging me to hasten my pace. She became quite exhausted with fatigue; and, as I was determined not to be outstripped, when she found all her exertions vain, she threw herself off on a dung-hill, as I was passing full speed, and there lay soft and snug, covered with dirt, till her companion lifted her up. The race being won, my ambition was fully gratified. All made a pause, I suffered myself

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myself to be caught, and after a severe whipping by the enraged gentleman, though he probably enjoyed my feat in secret, I was quietly led back; for my rider was determined to mount me no more.

I now began to ponder on the consequences of this folly. I concluded my character would again suffer; but unfortunately it was raised by the exploit, and I paid dear for my ambition to excel. With what different optics do mankind behold actions, and how variously do they appreciate them! They frequently condemn without cause; they praise without merit.

[To be continued.]

TO A DAISY.

AH, little daisy, modest flower!

If this rude reed possess the power,
Your worth shall ev'ry nymph confess,
And every swain your virtues bless!

How sweetly you deceiv'd me!

In unassuming simplest white,
At distance seen, you seemed dight;
But when your form I nearer view,
What higher charms belong to you!
Outward you turn a crimson vest,
And wear within a golden breast!

Yes, lovely flower! to you I pay
The tribute of a peaceful lay,
And may these lines protect your head,
When next beside your verdant bed
Some heedless clown or rambling boy may tread!

E. A. L.

HAPPINESS

HAPPINESS INDEPENDENT OF GREATNESS; OR, POVERTY SURROUNDED WITH CHEERFULNESS.

WHEN we consider how few are the real *wants* which *nature* claims, and how manifold the requisites which *custom* has introduced, we cannot help feeling a degree of astonishment at beholding the immense space which lies between them, and instinctively inquire of our own minds, whether *happiness* is attainable, *without* their possession?

In an age where luxury has risen to such a pitch, and refinement instituted a thousand *imaginary necessities*, we ought to take a view of those distresses with which the world abounds, and see if we could not retrench a few of our superfluities, and bestow their value upon the unfortunate and deserving.

Every mind that is capable of discriminating, allows that riches are not sufficient to procure happiness; yet so much adulation is offered to their possessors, and such high pre-eminence is obtained through their influence, that even youthful hearts feel their attraction, and vainly imagine that earthly felicity is alone to be obtained through that medium. To counteract such misconceived opinions, and to give a more just idea of the dispensations of Providence, young people ought to be allowed frequent opportunities of observing the different degrees of happiness which are to be met with in *humble situations*; they would then acknowledge that earthly felicity is more equally proportioned than is generally conceived; and that where there is a deficiency of external gratifications,

it is generally compensated by a double portion of internal peace.

In Mr. Pratt's entertaining account of his tour through Wales, he describes the poverty, industry, and contentment of a peasant's family which he accidentally met with at Barmouth, in that lively and interesting manner, for which his pen is so justly famous; and as some of my readers may not have read that admired publication, I shall indulge them with the perusal in his own words: trusting (like him), that those who enjoy the sight of happy faces, will not dislike seeing them in an humble abode.

"This little seaport," says our intelligent traveller, "consists of a single irregular street only, built upon a solid rocky mountain, that is of so stupendous an height, that a traveller, upon a first distant view, absolutely trembles for the fate of the aerial inhabitants." After describing the picturesque appearance of this beautiful village, and painting the sublimity of the views around it, from the peculiarity of its situation, in tempestuous weather, he requests his fair correspondent to descend with him into a lowly valley, and enter an humble cottage which belonged to one of the Barmouth peasants, where she would behold *poverty* combined with *cheerfulness*, and *industry* with *content*.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Pratt *, "there never was contained in so small a space, such a variety of occupations going on at the same time, nor such a number of living beings crowded in one cottage, consisting not only of one floor, but of one very

contracted room; and that room built barn-fashion, with more light from the large gaps in the thatched roof, than from a window.—The family consisted of fourteen persons, of which three were too young to relieve their poverty, though just old enough to smile at and disregard it; the rest were all busily employed.” The father of this contented little abode was a fisherman, and at the moment of Mr. Pratt’s entrance, occupied in making nets; the mother was shaving the master of a little inn; the eldest son was weaving ribbons; and the elder daughter weaving cloth: the second was mending an old petticoat (which the observer describes as being composed of variety); another was employed in mending a pair of breeches, the tattered state of which seemed to render the *task endless*.—A little girl was combing the head of her sister, who at the same time was knitting a pair of stockings; one was kneading bread; and another making vegetable broth: a little one was rocking a cradle with her foot, whilst she was at the same time supporting one younger than herself in her arms, and another was attempting to learn to spin.

“The tatters which were thrown over these miserable artisans, were even more bare and ragged than their furniture, which consisted only of three miserable beds, and a fourth composed of a little dirty straw with a covering of old sacks. Never did I see so much indigence and industry united; for the father, whilst netting, was teaching a little girl her letters; and the mother, though occupied in shaving the innkeeper, was recommending a piece of cloth of her elder daughter’s weaving.”

Industry has been called the parent of Cheer-

fulness; and this happy family proved the term is applicable: for whoever is inclined to peruse the story in the original work, from which the extract has been taken, will find that good humour made labour light, and contentment reconciled the mind to indigence.

From this simple and unadorned representation of human nature the most instructive lessons may be derived; for if cheerfulness and contentment were to be found in such a dwelling, who can have a right to complain of being unfortunate? or who shall say that *happiness* is attached to *wealth*?

HYMN TO NIGHT.

FROM THE VEDAS.

NIGHT approaches illumined with stars and planets; and, looking on all sides with numberless eyes, overpowers all meaner lights. The immortal goddess pervades the firmament, covering the low vallies and shrubs, and the lofty mountains and trees; but still she disturbs the gloom with celestial effulgence. Advancing in brightness, at length she recalls her sister, Morning; and the nightly shade gradually melts away.

May she, at this time, be propitious! she, in whose early watch we may calmly recline in our mansion, as birds repose on the tree.

Mankind now sleep in their towns; now herds and flocks peacefully slumber, and winged creatures, even swift falcons and vultures.

O Night! avert from us the she-wolf; and, oh! suffer us to pass the gloom in soothing rest!

O Morn!

O Morn ! remove, in due time, this black yet visible overwhelming darkness, which at present enfolds me.

Daughter of heaven, I approach thee with praise, as the cow approaches the milker ; accept, O Night ! not thy hymn only, but the oblation of thy suppliant, who prays that his foes may be subdued.

REVIEW

OF

SCHOOL AND JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

THE JUVENILE OLIO ; or, Mental Medley : consisting of original Essays, moral and literary ; Tales, Fables, Reflections, &c. intended to correct the Judgment, to improve the Taste, and to humanize the Mind. Written by a Father, chiefly for the Use of his Children. 266 pages, 12mo. Price 3s. 6d. bound. 1797.

YOUTH'S MISCELLANY ; or, a Father's Gift to his Children : consisting of original Essays, moral and literary ; Tales, Fables, Reflections, &c. intended to promote a Love of Virtue and Learning, to correct the Judgment, to improve the Taste, and to humanize the Mind. 286 pages, 12mo. Price 4s. bound. 1798.

THE popularity as well as the intrinsic merit of Dr. Percival's Father's Instructions to his Children, has given rise to various similar attempts. The volumes now under consideration were published before the commencement of our labours ; but as they include nothing of a temporary nature, and are excellently adapted for the young of both sexes, we should be wanting in our duty, did we not point them

them out as worthy the attention of every parent and every tutor, who have really at heart the welfare and improvement of their children and pupils.

The style is pure, and highly impressive. The essays are as various as the different subjects of ethics and science, and so happily blended, that pleasure is mixed with profit; and the reader irresistibly led from the consideration of some important duty in one page, to the contemplation of nature or of art in another. But the contents will better display this, than any thing we can advance in general terms.

Vol. I. contains, Books—The Charitable Boy—Providence—The Peevish Child—Fable—Feeling—The grateful Scholars—Laws and Punishments—Enigma I.—Adventures of a Family Bible, parts I. and II.—The Advantages of Arithmetic—The Ocean and the Rivers—The Tutor to his Pupils—May, a Rhapsody—Perseverance—The Silly Question defended—Aristarchus; or, the Critic—The Contrast—Geography—Newspapers—Juvenile Amusements—The Slave of Opinion—Biography—The Marvellous: a Fragment—Enigma II.—Botany—Independence—Ormah: an Eastern Tale—Raising and disappointing Expectations—Health—Poetry, a Refuge from Pain—Story of Tom Restless—Moral Philosophy—Transmigrations of an Eastern Prince—On forming Connexions—Popularity—Stenography—The Carter and the Two Horses: a Fable—Prejudice—Patience—Ibrahim and Adelaide: an Oriental Tale—Vegetables an Elaboratory of Air—Cruelty to Animals—Desultory Thoughts on Education—Civility and Politeness—Frugality—Memoirs of a Cornish Curate—History—Evasion. al-
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lied to Falsehood—Game of Twenty—Modesty and Contentment—Negro Slavery—Suspicion—Sonnet to Time—History of Egeus—Letter to the Author's Children.

The contents of vol. II. which is sold separately, though only a continuation and the completion of the plan, are—Reading—Liberty—The Fair—Show of Wild Beasts—Natural History—Shadrach the Jew—Home—Quadrupeds—Charades—Fable: the Racer and the Cart-horse—Alcanzor and Zayda: a Moorish Tale—Birds—Spectres and Apparitions—The Necessity of giving a right Direction to the Pursuits of Youth—On Maternal Affection—The Hero and the Sage—The Dead Blackbird: a Sonnet—Amphibia—Forbearance: a Letter—Religion to be revered—The Lawyer in a Panic; or, the Client's Revenge: a poetic Tale—Sympathy of Mind—The Alarm-bird—On the Origin of Language—On the English Language—Fishes—Charades, part II.—The Perishing Sheep: an Incident—Modern Times contrasted with the past—Disappointment—Conceit—The Mender of cracked Earthenware: a Tale—Squintinda; or, the Lover of Mischief: a Character—A Memorial—Insects—The Disinterested Arab—Perverseness, Sullen and Gentle contrasted—The Oak and the Brier: a Fable—The Danger of unequal Connexions—Give and Take: an Anecdote—Worms—The Magnet—Toleration—Success not always dependant on Merit—Past Recollections—The Obstinate Mule: a Fable—Sound, Thunder, and Lightning—Electricity—The dangerous Consequences of encouraging a theatric Taste in Youth—The Winter-evening's Amusement, parts I. and II.—Detraction—Moral Maxims and Reflections to be observed—Maxims and Practices of the World to

to be shunned—Virtue not exempt from sublunary
Ills—Candour and Charity recommended—The
Botanical Walk—Letter to the Author's Children.

The concluding address will be a sufficient specimen of the spirit of the work, and the affection that dictated it. The parent who does not feel his sensibility awakened by reading it, has yet to learn the luxury and the pain of the ties that unite him to his offspring.

“Two years have nearly passed away, since I presented you with a little volume on a similar plan with this, intended as a lasting pledge of my love, however limited the period of our union might be here. During that interval, amidst more serious engagements, in sorrow and in sickness, the foregoing pages have gradually been accumulating, and, together with my former offering to you, constitute a series of papers on different subjects, many of which are intimately connected with your improvement, your interest, and your happiness. I have now, by the indulgence of Heaven, had the good fortune to finish what I originally proposed on this head; and the time is at hand arrived, when I am to bid you a public adieu. O! let the maxims I have delivered sink deep into your heart, nor suffer the effusions of a father's love to be spent in vain!

“What relates to science and learning will be readily understood to be no more than hints to stimulate your farther inquiries. Complete systems could not be expected in a work of this nature; and whatever I have written on such subjects, or merely to amuse you, will be appreciated as a mean, rather than an end. Other objects more momentous to your happiness prompted me to pen, and animated my endeavours.

“Next to religion and morality, or rather as the invigorating spirit of both, I have, under various disguises, most strongly inculcated the necessity of studying to acquire a good temper and amiable manners, a love of truth, and a liberality of sentiment. Without those essential

ornaments

ornaments of human nature, man becomes a degraded and a despicable being: his existence is a pain to himself, and his social intercourse is the torment of others. No splendour of talents, no endowment of body or mind, can be put in competition with those humble but lovely virtues which serve to make us endearing and endeared. Abilities alone may excite admiration, the tribute of the understanding; but joined with amenity of manners, they never fail to conciliate affection, the better tribute of the heart.

“ Another grand aim I have ever kept in view, was to bind you more firmly in the silken bands of amity, and to strengthen the natural ties of brotherly love. Should it be my infelicity to see you at variance, and abetting the malice of the world, which can seldom injure those whose affection is active and ardent, I shall lament that I have lived too long. In every vicissitude of fortune, and in all the various relative situations into which you may be thrown, cultivate a pure and disinterested regard for each other's welfare, and you will be sure to reap an abundant reward.

“ This wish, so fond, so near my heart, I indulge the pleasing expectation will be fully realized, though it may not be my happy lot to enjoy the charming scene. Already a partial separation has taken place; you are now no longer all under the paternal roof where you were born; and, in all human probability, other uncontrollable events or prudential motives will soon occasion a farther dispersion, and lessen the probability, even should life remain, of our ever more being long together, at one and the same time. Let this affecting thought stimulate us to improve the fleeting moments of reciprocal endearment, and to lay the foundation for that unalterable love which can survive absence, and bid defiance to intervening space; which will even become stronger from obstacles, and warmer from tender recollections.

“ Such are the hopes that invigorate my heart when it is almost ready to sink; such are the soothing images of bliss I paint, when solitary and disconsolate. Whenever
or

or howsoever Providence may dispose of us, I shall be ever present with you in these solemn testimonies of my regard. Humble as the merits of the composition may be, these pages are not unworthy of your attention. The spirit that dictated them, the views they embrace, the objects they recommend, are all so many emanations of a heart that centres its felicity in your welfare.

"I have given you, my dear children, a public legacy which you may early put to interest: perhaps it is the best inheritance I may be able to leave you. Receive it, O receive it with the same willing mind it is conferred, and profit by the painful experience in life of your most affectionate father."

The value of any literary work should be appreciated by its intrinsic excellence; but, as a name sometimes gives celebrity to trifles, or renders a publication of merit more popular, we think it may not be amiss to inform our readers, that these volumes have generally been ascribed to Dr. Mavor.

ENIGME.

SANS être Eole, les zéphyrs
Reçoivent de moi la naissance,
Et mes ailes ont la puissance
De causer comme eux des plaisirs.
Je fais contenter les desirs
D'une languissante indolence;
On rit souvent en ma présence,
Et l'on y pousse des soupirs.
Je ne parois plus sur la terre
Quand l'Acquilon fait la guerre,
Je ne referre dans mes plis;
Mais quand le froid, le vent, l'orage,
Cesse de causer leur ravage,
Alors je viens revoir Iris.

A poetical translation of the above will be acceptable.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN's and LADY's MAGAZINE.

NUMBER X. VOLUME II.

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S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE beautiful bird, drawn from nature by Mr. Horsley, is intended early to grace our Magazine. We shall be happy to receive more from the same aviary.

R. of Bolton has our best thanks for his communication; but it is rather too grave for young persons, and, besides, has been printed before.

LOUISA's favour will appear in our next.

We request all our kind correspondents will be pleased to send their favours early in the month, that they may have the better chance of appearing in the current number.

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THE BANIAN TREE.

THE banian tree is one of the most singular and extensive of all vegetable productions. It is said, and we believe it, that a thousand men may find shelter under its branches.

We extract an account of a remarkable tree of this kind, from the Oriental Collections. It is written by colonel Ironside, and appears to be drawn up with accuracy and fidelity.

“Near Manjee,” says he, “a small town at the confluence of the Devah, or Gogra, and the Ganges, about twenty miles west of the city of Patna, there is a remarkably large tree, called a *bur* or *banian tree*, which has the quality of extending its branches, in a horizontal direction, to a considerable distance from its stem; and of then dropping leafless fibres or scions to the ground, which there catch hold of the earth, take root, embody, grow thick, and serve either to support the protracted branches, or, by a farther vegetation, to compose a second trunk. From these branches other arms again spring out, fall down, enter the ground, grow up again, and constitute a third stem, and so on. From the opposite pretty high bank of the Ganges, and at the distance of near eight miles, we perceived this tree of a pyramidical shape, with an easy spreading slope from its summit to the extremity of its lower branches, and mistook it at first for a small hill: we had no quadrant to measure its height; but the middle or principal stem is considerably higher, I think, than the highest-elm, or other tree, I ever saw

saw in England. The following comprise some other of its dimensions, which were taken with a cord of a given length :

	Yards.	Foots.
Diameter of the branches from north to south	121, or	363
Diameter of ditto from east to west	125, or	375
Circumference of the shadow of the extreme branches, taken at the meridian	372, or	1116
Circumference of the several bodies or stems, taken by carrying the cord round the outermost trunks	307, or	921

The several trunks may amount to fifty or sixty.

N. B. The dropping fibres shoot down from the knots and joints of the boughs. This tree, as well as the *peepel*, and many other large trees in India, is a creeper. It is often seen to spring round other trees, particularly round every species of the palm. The date, or palmyra, growing through the centre of a banian tree, looks extremely grand; and yet none of the European landscape-painters, who have delineated views of this country, have introduced this characteristic object into their pieces. I have frequently observed it also shooting from old walls, and running along them. In the inside of a large brick wall it lined the whole circumference of the internal space of it, and thus actually became a tree turned inside out.

Under the tree sat a *fukir*, or devotee. He had been there twenty-five years; but he did not continue under the tree throughout the year; his vow obliged him to lie, during the four coldest months,

months, up to his neck in the Ganges; and to sit, during the four hottest months, close to a large fire."

THE PRECEPTS OF LORD BURLEIGH.

[Concluded from page 143.]

TABLE THE FIFTH.

BEWARE of suretyship, even for thy dearest friends. He that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay; but if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself, although thou shouldst borrow it; so shalt thou secure thyself, and please thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbour or a friend, but of a stranger, whereby paying for it thou shalt hear no more of it; otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. In borrowing money be punctual in thy engagements, for he that hath care of keeping days of payment, is then lord of another man's purse.

TABLE THE SIXTH.

Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving *much wrong*; for, besides making him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance. Never attempt law against any man before thou art fully convinced thou hast right on thy side, but then spare neither money nor pains; for a cause or two, so followed and obtained, will prevent thee from having suits the remainder of thy life.

TABLE THE SEVENTH.

Be sure to keep some great man for thy friend, but never trouble him for trifles. Compliment him

often with many yet small gifts, and of little charge, and if thou hast come to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something that must be daily in sight; otherways, in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obscurity, and be made a foot-ball for every insulting companion to spurn at.

TABLE THE EIGHTH.

Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous; with thine equals familiar, yet respectful. Towards thy inferiors show much humanity, and some familiarity; such as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, uncover the head, and such-like popular compliments. The first prepares the way for thy advancement; the second makes thee known for a man well bred; the third gains a good report, which, when once got, is easily kept; for politeness and humanity take such deep root in the minds of the multitude, that unprofitable courtesies make a greater impression than churlish benefits. Yet I advise thee neither to affect or neglect popularity; seek not to be Essex; shun to be Raleigh.

TABLE THE NINTH.

Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate; for it is folly in a man to enthrall himself to his friend: the time *may come* when he will prove an enemy.

TABLE THE TENTH.

Be not scurrilous in conversation, nor satirical in thy jests; the one will make thee unwelcome to all company, and the other occasion quarrels, and create the hatred even of thy best friends; for suspi-

ious jests, if they have any *resemblance* to truth, leave a sting on the minds of those at whom they are aimed; and though I have frequently pointed at this failing inclusively, yet I think it necessary to imprint it on thy mind with peculiar caution, because I have seen many young men so prone to jeers and jokes, that they would rather lose their friend than lose their jest, and yet these nimble fancies are but the *froth* of *real wit*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S
AND LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS it has long been a received opinion that the power of *example* acts much more strongly upon the human mind than the force of *precept*, I am inclined to think an historical account of some of those great characters whose names have been handed down to posterity either for superior virtue or exalted greatness, might be the means of stimulating the youthful part of your readers to imitate those qualities for which they were so justly admired.

CONFUCIUS.

"Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, *to be good*!" POPE.

CONFUCIUS the celebrated Chinese philosopher was lineally descended from the emperors of that extensive country, and the title of duke is still hereditary

hereditary in his family, and in his alone. He was born in the city of Kiofne, five hundred and fifty-one years before the birth of Christ. "He led," says his historian, "a most rigid and austere life; his table was at once frugal and sparing; and his drink only water; the earth his bed, and his arm a pillow; yet he declared that he tasted more solid pleasure in that way of living, than the most voluptuous enjoy in satisfying their passions or gratifying their appetites.

"His first study was to become thoroughly acquainted with the learning of the ancients, and in this he was eminently successful; but, in the thirtieth year of his age, he so entirely devoted his attention to natural philosophy, that nothing was able to arrest his attention from it; and with superior tranquillity of mind he looked down on all the revolutions of fortune, and smiled at her harmless attempts to make him unhappy. At fifty, he affirmed the absolute necessity of a *Divine Providence*, and that in all our actions we should appeal to the pure light of uncorrupted reason. At sixty, his understanding seemed to have gained the summit of its powers, and his doctrines amongst the Chinese obtained greater credit than those of Socrates or Plato among the Greeks; he had no less than three thousand disciples, and lived to the advanced age of seventy-three."

In most of the Chinese cities there are magnificent colleges in honourable remembrance of his virtues and abilities, with the following inscription, in golden characters: "To the great, the eminent, the illustrious king of the learned;" but it is from the succeeding sentiments abstracted from his works,

that

that we are enabled to judge of the real greatness of this exalted character.

"The man who would attain to perfection, must first divest himself of all prejudice, next learn to meditate, and then to reason; a strict search after truth may be looked on as the half-way house to virtue.

"The characteristic of virtue is simplicity, whose long exile from us is owing to the pretended sages of the times, who impiously think her beneath the dignity of their ambitious projects.

"True virtue is the declared enemy of all imposture and ostentation; and desires to be cultivated for herself alone. She dwells retired in the hearts of her worshippers, whom she delights with ever-springing charms. The characteristic of a virtuous and a prudent man is the same; he seeks not to shine on every popular occasion, or to catch the applause of the giddy multitude; but, like to our great parent the earth, his virtues are made known by their effects. He is learned without vanity, rich without pride, and poor without meanness; and, when raised to honourable posts, looks down on them with a superior eye. His humility disdains any air of servitude, and his respect abhors whatever borders on cringing flattery; he desires little, and fears less; and never complains, as sorrow is but a wretched remedy for incurable distress. He submissively receives from the Omnipotent whatever he pleases to send, whether it be good or evil in appearance; for he best knows what will be most conducive to his creatures' happiness.

"Humanity is the basis of all virtue, and Nature's first dictate excites us to the practice of it.

The

The pious love due to our parents is of greater energy than the generous passion for mankind; the former by degrees inspires us with the latter; from this universal love springs justice, and the noble office of giving every man his right. The difference between the love we have for our parents and other men, and between that we have for the truly valuable and ingenious, and those who are less so, may be looked on as shades in the most excellent picture of creation: they are a gradation and harmony of duties, which the divine will has ordered for universal good, and quite out of our power to alter.

“The narrow-hearted extend their views of rendering service but to very few, and that by the impulse of profitable friendship, or some favourite passion; the motive of all such connexions is interested, for they never act but from a mercenary view of a return.

“Mankind are composed of three classes; our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors. To live happy and gain the esteem of the world, it is necessary to recollect that all men are actuated by the same passions, and that whatever you wish they should, or should not do unto you, should equally be practised towards them. Never act in such a manner towards your inferiors, as you would consider blameable in those in a higher situation than yourself; and behave to your equals with the affection of a brother and the sincerity of a friend. Transmit not to your children the failings of the parent; nor imitate a conduct you have often blamed.”

Being one day asked what was the object of his desires,

desires, he answered, "the welfare of mankind, for their interest is mine."

Who, Mr. Editor, let me inquire, can peruse sentiments like these, without feeling his breast expand with admiration for their author? or who can reflect upon the character of a Confucius, without wishing to take him as a model for their own?

I am, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

RECOLLECTIONS.

THE heart of elegance and sensibility is continually taking a retrospect on pleasures which are no more. The more cultivated the taste, the more humanized the mind, the more painful will be the reflection on joys which are for ever sunk in night, and whose image rises only to tantalize and torment.

It is wrong perhaps to encourage this mental tenderness, this vivid sense of delights which we know are not to be recalled; yet, in the soothing recollections of past felicity, there is a charm to the generous and enlightened soul, which it would not relinquish for the highest gratifications of vulgar minds. The verses which suggested these preliminary reflections, paint the feelings of an elegant mind with such fidelity and impressiveness, that we cannot refrain from giving them a place in our miscellany: They boast something more than poetic ornament: the sentiments must be felt, and cannot fail to refine.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most precious to me." SHAKESPEARE.

SCENES

SCENES of my youth ! ye once were dear,
 Though sadly I your charms survey;
 I once was wont to linger here,
 From early dawn to closing day.
 Scenes of my youth ! pale sorrow flings
 A shade o'er all your beauties now,
 And robs the moments of their wings,
 That scatter pleasure as they flow.
 While still, to heighten ev'ry care,
 Reflection tells me—SUCH THINGS WERE.
 'T was here a tender father strove
 To keep my happiness in view,
 I smil'd beneath a mother's love,
 That soft compassion ever knew.
 In them the virtues all combin'd;
 On them I could with faith rely,
 To them my heart and soul were join'd,
 By mild affection's primal tie;
 Who smile in heav'n exempt from care,
 Whilst I remember—SUCH THINGS WERE.
 'T was here, where calm and tranquil rest
 O'er pays the peasant for his toil,
 That first in blessing I was blest
 With glowing friendships open smile.
 My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,
 Now braves the fury of the seas;
 He fled his peaceful happy home,
 His little fortune to increase;
 While bleeds afresh the wound of care,
 When I remember—SUCH THINGS WERE.
 'T was here, e'en in this bloomy grove
 I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
 Who blushing own'd a mutual love,
 And sigh'd responsive in my arms.
 Though hard the soul-conflicting strife,
 Yet fate, the cruel tyrant, bore;
 Far from my sight the charm of life,
 The lovely maid whom I adore:

'T would

'T would ease my soul of all my care,
 Could I forget that **SUCH THINGS WERE.**
 Here first I saw the morn appear
 Of guiltless pleasure's shining day;
 I met the dazzling brightness here,
 Here mark'd the soft declining ray.
 Behold the skies, whose streaming light
 Gave splendour to the parting sun,
 Now lost in sorrow's sable night,
 And all their mingled glories gone!
 Till death, in pity, end my care,
 I must remember—**SUCH THINGS WERE.**

SELECT MAXIMS, RELIGIOUS AND MORAL.

AN epitome of sacred and revealed truth should be the foundation and corner-stone of a rational, enlightened, and useful education. From the inspired sages we have all that is precious in knowledge, we are made acquainted with our natures, our destiny, our duty, and are taught to know Him, whom to know is eternal life.

These admonitions are particularly deserving regard:

Fear God and honour the king.—Be sober, and watch.—Pray continually.—Be angry, but sin not.—Remember thy last.—Fashion not yourselves by this world.—Apply to the times, and redeem them.—Strive not with a mighty man.—Recompense good for evil.—Let nothing be done through contention or vain glory, but with meekness of mind, every man esteeming others better than himself.—Love one another: or that summary of the law and the prophets, which our Saviour inculcates; love God

above all, and thy neighbour as thyself.—And what soever you would that men should do unto you, do unto them.

This Alexander Severus used as a motto, and many of the most conspicuous compartments of the imperial palace had legibly written in letters of gold.

II. Out of profane writers, these sentences are distinguishable, and merit habitual and familiar consideration.

Know thyself.—Be contented with thy lot.—Trust not wealth, beauty, nor parasites; they will bring thee to destruction.—Have peace with all men, war with vice.—Be not idle.—Look before you leap.—Honour thy parents, speak well of friends.—Be temperate in four things, *lingua, capillis, oculis, & poculis* *.—Watch thine eye.—Moderate thine expenses.—Hear much, speak little.—Sustain and abstain.—If thou see'st aught amiss in another, mend it in thyself.—Keep thine own counsel.—Reveal no secrets.—Be silent in thy intentions.—Give not ear to tale-tellers and babblers.—Be not scurrilous in conversation.—Jest without bitterness.—Be good-natured in merriment, and harmless in wit.—Give no man cause of offence.—Never take offence when none is meant.—Set thine house in order.—Take heed of suretyship.—As a fox on the ice, beware whom you trust.—Live not beyond thy means.—Give cheerfully.—Pay thy dues willingly.—Owe no debt, molest no debtor.—Give no credit but what you would rather lose than recover by law.—Be not a slave to thy money.—Omit not

* Words, pulse, looks, and appetite.

occasions

occasions.—Embrace opportunity.—Lose no time.
 —Be humble to thy superiors, respectful to thine
 equals, affable to all, familiar with few.—Flatter
 no man.—Seduce no woman.—Lie not.—Dissem-
 ble not.—Never break thy word, nor violate thy
 promise.—Be constant in a good resolution.—Speak
 truth.—Be not opinionative.—Maintain no factions.
 —Lay no wagers.—Make no comparisons.—Meddle
 not with other men's matters.—Admire not thyself.
 —Be not proud nor popular.—Insult not the weak.
 —Tuck not to the strong.—Fear not what can-
 not be avoided.—Grieve not for what cannot be
 recalled.—Undervalue not thyself.—Accuse or com-
 mend no man rashly.—Go not to law without
 great cause.—Strive not with a greater man.—Cast
 not off an old friend.—Beware of a reconciled ene-
 my.—Use no hostility under the guise of friendship.
 —Make no long visits.—Speed the going, welcome
 the coming guest.—Be not unthankful.—Be meek,
 merciful, and patient.—Do good to all.—Be not
 fond of fair words.—Moderate thy passions.—Think
 no place without a witness.—Admonish thy friend
 in secret, commend him in public.—Keep good
 company.—Love others, to be beloved thyself.—In
 a calm provide for a tempest.—Deal not in para-
 doxes, dogmas, sophisms.—Speak your mind ho-
 nestly but modestly.—Say little, and you will be
 well heard.—Prostitute not thy soul for gain.—Be
 not a fool to make others merry.—Be not over-
 solicitous, or curious.—Seek that which may be
 found.—Seem not greater than thou art.—Take
 thy pleasure soberly.—Take heed by other men's
 examples.—Go as thou wouldst be met.—Sit as
 thou wouldst be found.—Yield to the time.—Swim

with the stream.—Wilt thou live free from fears and cares? live innocently, keep thyself upright, thou needest no other keeper.—Appear affable, not familiar, to inferiors; collected, not impudent, to superiors.—Give orders distinctly, and execute them with precision and dispatch.—Judge rightly and act well.—Take as much care to have a sound mind as an healthy body.—Prefer not the interest of your senses to that of your intellects, matter to spirit, or the illusions of the present to approaching fruition.—Cultivate a capacity of enjoyment from social intercourse, conscious virtue, and a grateful heart.—Read in nature the features of her Maker, and make it your study to transcribe them into life.—Counsel not with passion, which is never so eloquent as in urging its own indulgence.—Guard against the imposing seduction of elegant wit and fine language in immoral or loose conversation.—Be not duped by the beauty of the phial to swallow the deadly poison it contains.—Bring your mind as much as possible to judge impartially on all subjects, as this constitutes the chief distinction between the masterly philosopher and the vain conceited wrangler, the man of genuine sense and the plausible reasoner, the honest instructor and the designing sophister.—Exercise your own judgment on your own conduct, and remember he only is truly corrected who corrects himself, or well directed who carries his director in his own bosom.—Never forget that all the worthless have more or less acknowledged that their vicious courses and evil habits began from the moment they lost the sense of shame, felt no reverence for virtue, spurned at the restraints of religion, and despised the sanctions of law.

ON FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

[Continued from page 183.]

APOSTROPHE.

THIS figure is an address to a real person, but one who is either absent or dead, as if present and attentive to us. In boldness, it is a degree lower than the address to personified objects; since it requires a less effort of imagination to suppose persons present who are dead or absent, than to give an ideal imagination to insensible beings, and to direct our discourse to them. Many beautiful instances of this figure occur in the poems of Ossian. Weep not on the rocks of roaring winds, O maid of Inistore! Bend thy fair head over the waves, thou fairer than the ghost of the hills, when it moves in a sun-beam at noon over the silence of Morven! He is fallen! Thy youth is low; pale beneath the sword of Cuchullin."

SKETCH OF A REGULAR COURSE OF LECTURES;

ON BOTANY.

[Concluded from page 162.]

LECTURE IX.

THE DEFENCES OF PLANTS, &c.

PLANTS have various kinds of DEFENCES, called *stipula*. This is sometimes a leaf of the base of the leaf-stalk, as in *melianthos*, and obtains the name of *stipula*; and in *lavendula* and *salvia claria** it is a

* From this species of sage clay wine is made, which in flavour resembles frontinac.

kind of floral leaf, situated on the *pedunculus*, and is called *bractea*.

When floral leaves grow together at the top of the flower, they are denominated *coma*.

The *fulcra* of climbing plants are called *cirri*, as is instanced in ivy, &c.

The thorns, prickles, and stings with which different plants are furnished, may be reckoned among their defences. In the rose, whose prickles are easily rubbed off, they are called *aculei*; in the cockspur-thorn, &c. being bedded in the wood, they are denominated *spinæ*.

These defences not unusually leave the plant when it is reclaimed from a wild state, and therefore protected from danger; and even in the holly, the top, not being exposed from its height, is found unarmed.

Among prickly plants may be mentioned a species of burnet, the common fuel of the inhabitants of the Levant, the *malpighia urens*, and others.

Some plants again have a stinging hair or down, which protects them from injury. Of this kind is the *dolichos pruriens*, whose pods adhere to the backs of buffaloes, and are used as anthelmintics.

In various plants are found GLANDS, which form specific characters, as in the Guelder rose. From these glands are secreted fluids, as pitch from the pine, frankincense from a species of juniper, assafoetida from a species of umbelliferous plant, opium from the poppy, and a kind of sugar from the *agrostis dulcis*. These glands or *nectaria* belong to flowers only; *fulcra* lie in leaves, stalks, &c. A viscid fluid secreted under the leaves of some plants, as in *hychnis viscosa*, may be reckoned among defences;

fences; as well as the poisonous effluvia which some of them discharge. The *boa upas*, or poison-tree of Java, which has been said to spread its deleterious effects to the distance of many miles, though in a great measure fabulous, has some foundation in truth. Thunberg informed the late professor of botany at Oxford, that there were really some plants in that island, which he believed to be highly deleterious. With the milky juice of the manchineel tree, a native of South America and the West Indies, the aboriginal inhabitants poison their arrows; and it is deemed fatal even to sleep under its shade. It is not however imagined that this can be attended with any considerable danger unless the tree is wet, and the drops fall from the leaves on the person who reposes beneath. Professor Jacquin made the experiment, and received no injury*.

The *lobelia longifolia* of the West Indies also discharges poisonous effluvia; and Ehretz informs us, that he was some days before he could finish a drawing of a species of hemlock, from the giddiness which the plant occasioned.

Some plants open and close their petals at certain hours, by which the time of the day may be indicated. The *oxalis*, or wood-forrel, opens about noon. Linnaeus observes that the *calendula*, or marygold, may be used as a barometer: it commonly expands its flowers about eight in the morning. The *anagallis*, or pimpernel, shuts its delicate red bosom

* Before the introduction of mahogany, the manchineel tree was used for furniture; but the danger of working it, from the very caustic quality of its sap, occasioned its neglect. At Bletchington, near Oxford, a grand stair-case was wholly constructed of this wood.

before

before approaching rain, and is a certain sign of what weather may be expected.

Willows have been found by Ingenhouz to correct the putrid *miasma* of lakes; and indeed the leaves of many aquatic plants possess the same faculty, and therefore plantations in all moist situations are not only productive but salubrious. In a sick room or hospital, plants attract the mephitic air, and thrive better than in any other situation.

The analogy between plants and animals is extremely striking, in their growth, duration, and decay. Some are ephemeral, or existences of a day; while the elephant and the oak see numerous years pass over their heads before they yield to the stroke of fate.

Soil and climate, it is almost needless to remark, have a very powerful influence on plants, though they do not wholly alter their nature. Marine plants may be cultivated near salt springs; and samphire has sometimes been found an hundred miles from the sea. Alpine plants are very difficult to rear, when removed from their native haunts: they love a cold exposed situation, and will thrive in no other.

OF INFLORESCENCE.

FROM the form of the flower, Ray and some other botanists have drawn their classical characters. By inflorescence is meant the manner in which flowers are joined to the plant by the peduncle; and it receives various appellations; as,

VERTICILLATA, with the flowers in whorls, as in horehound, nettle, &c.

CAPITATA, when the flowers are collected in heads or bundles, as in *lantana*, and a species of *geranium*.

UMBEL-

UMBELLATA, in umbelliferous flowers : the stalks of the *umbellula* in compound umbels are called *rachi*.

In the umbelliferous plants the *radii* generally proceed from a common centre ; but there is a variety in which they do not, and this is called *cyma*, as in elder, &c.

SPICA, as in wheat, rye, and commonly in grasses. SPICATA, when the flowers are in spikes.

PANNICULATA, when the peduncle is lengthened out into a number of lesser peduncles ; and may be either *contracta*, or *diffusa*, as in millet-grass, cow-quake, &c.

CORYMBUS, when the flowers grow in clusters, each on a separate pedunculus, as in siliquose plants in general.

RACEMUS, when the flowers are supported on little foot-stalks, as in currants, Portugal laurel, &c.

THYRSUS, when the flowers grow in an ovate figure, as in feathered hyacinth, butter-bur, and other plants of similar structure.

HAVING now traced the history, and explained the principles of botany, and pointed out the road to the acquisition of this delightful science, we ought next to enter on a description of the most remarkable plants in each of the respective classes and orders comprised in the Linnæan arrangement ; but this would lead us into a field too extensive for our design, and therefore we close our regular lectures. It will, however, be our study to give detached histories of curious and useful plants ; a plan which we conceive will be more impressive and grateful to our readers than an attempt at a continued system, which our limits would not allow us sufficiently to expand.

ON THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SWALLOWS.

IN what manner swallows dispose of themselves during the brumal season, has long exercised the curiosity of naturalists; and it is a point yet undecided, whether they emigrate, hide themselves in caverns, or plunge into the bottom of lakes.

An American gentleman, in a letter dated from New York, September 25, 1798, gives the following information to his correspondent Dr. Mitchell.

“In my early years a number of my school companions and myself used to make it a practice to hunt what we termed ground-swallows (*hirundo riparia*) in a bank near this city. In one of these boyish amusements I recollect two gentlemen came up, who stopped and examined the birds we had dug out of the hill, whereupon a conversation took place relative to the migration of swallows. The gentlemen both agreed that they were preparing for their winter-quarters; and one of them farther added, that he supposed numbers of them kept in a meadow close by. These observations made such strong impressions on my mind, that they have never since been erased.

“In order to be convinced of the truth on this curious and controverted subject, I made it a practice to walk round the Collect, a pond of fresh water adjoining a marsh, near this city, mornings and evenings, in the seasons when swallows congregated, in order to mark their flight or return. On the instant, as I was standing at my door, between the hours of five and six in the morning, I observed a very large flock of swallows flying in an easterly direction: I immediately repaired to the pond, where there were already a vast number collected in

the reeds and rushes. They continued assembling for nearly the space of half an hour, flying over the water in every direction. Some of them appeared to run on the surface of the water with great rapidity towards the east corner of the pond, and in the twinkling of an eye disappeared under the water, and rose no more."

In an American Magazine it is likewise recorded, that on draining a pond, near the season of the year when swallows make their appearance, the mud was observed to heave, and that a quantity of it being gradually warmed by a slow fire, from the mud arose a number of swallows, hovering about the room, to the astonishment of the spectators.

Another remarkable incident in regard to swallows is asserted as a fact in another American publication. A Mr. Baker, who lives in Ulster county, in the state of New York, having cut down a large hollow beech tree, about the beginning of March 1789, to his surprise found the cavity of the tree nearly filled with the common barn swallow (*hirundo rustica*), in quantity, by estimation, about two barrels. They were in a torpid state; but on carrying those which were not injured by the fall of the tree near the fire, they were presently reanimated, and took wing with the usual agility.

These circumstances, though they are not likely to settle the subject in dispute, afford a field for speculation and inquiry, and strengthen the opinions of some European naturalists, who affirm that swallows do not actually emigrate, but lie torpid during the winter. However much reasoning from analogy may contradict the possibility of swallows living under water, yet there seems positive evidence that it has taken place, and if in one instance why not in all?

THE

THE HYACINTH.

CLASS, HEXANDRIA.—ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

OF the hyacinth there are six species, but so many varieties that it is impossible to enumerate or describe them. Florists, however, whose business it is to cater for the curious, and to profit by a taste for novelty, are continually producing new varieties, and inventing new names for them.

The corolla is campanulated, and there are three melliferous pores at the top of the germen. The root is large, bulbous, and purplish, sending up narrow erect leaves, eight or ten inches long; the flower-stalk is upright, strong, and succulent, rising from ten to fifteen inches in height, embellished upward with many large funnel-shaped flowers, swelling at the base, and cut half way into six segments, collected into a large pyramidal spike of different colours in the different varieties.

These elegant plants flower in April and May. In Holland they are cultivated with great assiduity, and form an article of importation into Britain. The prices of a single root vary from three pence to five or ten pounds; and some varieties are in such estimation, that even one bulb has fetched more than twenty pounds.

Hyacinths are hardy plants, and may be raised without difficulty, either by seeds or offsets from the roots. The oriental hyacinth seems to be the parent stock of all the beautiful cultivated varieties which are now the pride of our gardens. This, however, must not be confounded with the wild hyacinth or blue-bell* of the European woods, which differs in its specific character from the other.

* The *hyacinthus non scriptus* of Linnæus.





Hyacinth.

AMBITION.

[Concluded from page 150.]

THE deviations of ambition are avarice and

AVARICE.

“ I consider AVARICE as a deviation of the passion of ambition. The desire of power and esteem marks at the bottom of the love of gold. To no other spring is it possible to trace this propensity; the fear of want itself must arise from the desire of possessing what we dread to lose. It is, however, unnatural, and disgraceful to the mind of man.

“ ‘ A covetous disposition,’ says Tully, ‘ is to be avoided: for nothing more strongly marks a narrow soul than to love riches; or an honourable and noble one, than to despise money if poor, and to use it beneficially and liberally if rich. Be cautious too,’ says he, ‘ of coveting even glory; for to desire any thing too eagerly is to endanger independence, the grand object of every wise man’s ambition.’

*Pecunie fugienda cupiditas: nihil enim est tam an-
gusti animi, tamque parvi, quam amare divitias: nihil
magnificentiusque quam pecuniam contemnere,
non habere; si habeas, ad beneficentiam liberalitatemque conferre. Cavenda est etiam gloriae cupiditas;
improbit enim libertatem, pro qua magnanimis viris omnis
esse contentio.’* Did we not know it to be a
mistake, we should hardly be able to credit, that there
are men, whose only enjoyment of money is to
hoard it. If, as I verily believe it to be in the pre-

sent state of the world, it is the intention of Providence that the rich should be the stewards of the poor, and are appointed by God to soften the rigours of their condition, what will the miser have to say for himself? Yet, in stamping avarice with the odium due to it, let us be careful not to infringe upon the respect due to those virtues which prodigals would fain confound with it. Economy and frugality are as distant from avarice, as beneficence and liberality, and indeed may be called the handmaids of the latter. On the other side, let not the miser deceive himself under their names. By the following characteristics he shall know himself, and be fully enabled to distinguish the vicious passion from those virtues.

“Wholesome and agreeable food, fuel, good clothes, a convenient house well furnished, servants; nay farther, horses and carriages, are all either necessaries, or desirable comforts. I think I allow a full scope to the virtues of economy and frugality, when I say he is not a miser, who, in order to obtain these comforts, is sedulous in the amassment of money. Nor is he a miser, who, already possessing these, still amasses, with a view of providing them for his offspring. But he is a miser, who, having enough to provide these, does not enjoy them, but goes on hoarding heap upon heap. He is a miser, who, having more than will supply these, holds the filthy dirt within his gripe, instead of scattering it with profusion. And he is a miser, who, out of his permitted economy, contrives not frequently to rob himself largely, in order to solace the woes of beings no otherwise related to him than as they are the children of God.

“I have

"I have made use of an expression, at which perhaps the minor critics will be ready to bay—the impotence of power; but surely the miser's power may be said to be impotent; for the vice of his heart deprives him of the power of using it. *Tam desit avaro quod habet quam quod non habet.*

ENVY.

"ENVY I judge also to be a deviation of the passion of ambition. It is that uneasy emotion which is felt on the advantages, be they what they may, that are in possession of others. The genuine nature of ambition is to aim at the attainment of excellence, for the sake of its beauty and utility; it becomes spurious when it struggles, comparatively, through the mere desire of superiority; and thus we see, it is the quality of great minds to love and to praise their competitors, while sordid spirits hate and defame them. From the eagerness for superiority, first engendered in the spirit of Lucifer, sprang this diabolical depravity of the passion. It is a foul and disgraceful disorder of the soul: let it be detected and crushed. While we desire and pursue real advantages, we only obey the voice of Nature; but the moment we are irritated at those of another, we attend no longer to her; we resign ourselves to ENVY.

"ENVY is a shamefaced monster, that assumes a variety of disguises, and in general passes unexamined, but may be easily discovered; and as for the heart it seizes upon, from that it shall not be concealed: however ingenious it may be in deceiving others and itself, let it be sensible of the domination

nion of ENVY from this unequivocal character; that it excites uneasiness at the advantages of others.

“The mind that is so ignoble as to become the prey of this passion, readily yields to its malignant suggestions. Its aim is to detract and to degrade; and there is no degree of crime to which it will not impel, from the sneer of malice to the perpetration of murder.

“To know the baseness of ENVY, we have only to reflect upon its operations. It does not, like most of the other passions, propose to itself either profit or pleasure; but solely grieves that others should be possessed of their enjoyment, and exists by constant depredations on virtue, on beauty, and on every species of happiness. It is a striking inconsistency of this passion, that it proclaims in fact, what it denies by insinuation and slander; for no one envies an inferior, and to envy is to confess superiority in the object envied.

“It has been remarked, that those who have personal and other adventitious defects, are envious; because,” says Bacon, “he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair that of others; excepting these defects light upon a very brave and heroical nature, that shall dispose a man to make them additional sources of honour, by achieving excellence in their despite.”

“If the remark be just, it seems to urge in those cases a double care in providing a proper support for the mind; for that, like the body, must have something to sustain it. It will,” says the same great genius, “either feed upon its own good, or upon others’ evil: who wants the one will prey upon

upon the other; and who is hopeless of attaining to another's virtue, will seek the level by depressing another's fortune. From these remarks it is evident, that this unnatural pursuit of detraction and degradation, this disease of the soul, may be prevented or cured, by supplying the mind with a lasting fund of its own virtues to satisfy itself. Begin soon, my children, to do such things as memory may dwell upon with pleasure; obtain early the desire of making others happy; establish the habit of attending to the innocent wishes of those with whom you live; and let your words and actions be ever ready to promote the good of all! Knowledge and accomplishments entertain and delight; but a conduct that produces happiness to others is the food that fills the soul, and generates that celestial health, which cannot be affected with the corroding humours of ENVY.

"Are we then never to blame? Is the daw to be suffered to strut in the feathers of the peacock, and not a plume to be extracted from his train? Detection and censure are the weapons of just indignation; but, unless the former clearly precede the latter, it may be suspected to arise from malevolence. To a good heart censure is ever painful: it belongs properly to the understanding, and is a part of its duty. It is the office of reason to discriminate between virtue and vice, in all their degrees, and to be just in dealing respective praise and blame; but it should be the quality of the heart to open its avenues to praise, and carefully to question blame before it receives so noxious a guest. It should endeavour, too, to attach odium upon guilt, which is unchangeable, and to be lenient as far

as can be, where vice is not inherent, and where it is possible it may give place to virtue.

“Sluggish commendation is a prominent mark of an envious mind. They who praise decided merit with a *but*, and *if it were not for*, and a *yet*, may be rather said obliquely to condemn than honesty to extol.

“As ambition deviates into false conceptions of what is great, envy pursues the imaginary train. There is no ideal object of petty ambition on which it does not work: equipage, furniture, dress, table, nay, even defects, if they be fashionable; the diminutive shoe of a belle, or the slender calves of a beau.

“Children are not early subject to envy. The first perceptions of an infant are peevishness or complacency. It is according to the treatment it receives. Both these perceptions are natural; but it is not for some time after its birth that an infant can be said to feel them, not till it begins to distinguish objects. Its first cries proceed from unpleasant sensations, felt by its corporeal organs; its first smiles are at the breast, and are the effects of those that are pleasant. When, from repeated observation, it has become acquainted with the person who fetters it in swaddling-clothes, and the person who nourishes it with milk, it begins to be angry or to love.

“These, if we except curiosity, are the only passions of infancy. After some time jealousy may be excited in an infant. If another infant be put to share its milk, before it has become acquainted with the countenance of the mother, it is not jealous, but afterwards it would probably be so, not

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from nature, for many are not so, but from the conduct of those about them. If the second infant be placed at the breast of any woman beside the mother, it would give no pain to the other, even though it were hungry; a proof of the absence of envy. Children do not begin to be envious till they are praised and rewarded for excelling others, and are treated contemptuously, and punished for being excelled. We may say what we will in favour of EMULATION, it is the foster-mother of ENVY; and it is greatly to be wished that youth could be inspired with the desire of excellence rather than of superiority. For I cannot bring my mind to believe that ambition is so odious a thing as it has been represented, though under brilliant colours, by Mr. Burke, who, I think, has too hastily ascribed to the Deity the planting in man the love of comparative excellence*. That it does exist in man, and very generally, there is no denying, though I cannot but think it a deviation, and that the love of positive excellence is a much superior passion, which, added to the imitative faculty, is a mean of forwarding the improvement of the human race, more worthy of the Supreme Being. I do not believe that the solution of a single problem of Euclid was the result of this vain ambition; or that Sir Isaac Newton's discoveries sprang from a desire of his excelling Leibnitz or Des Cartes. Did emulation excite us to love, as well as to admire the person, and to wish to attain his excellencies, yet love him for surpassing us, there would be nothing different in it from the love of positive excel-

* See his Sublime and Beautiful.

lence;

lence; but when it excites competition only to produce in man the satisfaction of excelling his fellows, and to give 'a sort of swelling triumph to his mind; I think it, even though it does not proceed to the length of envy, a deviation of pure ambition, and am willing to hope that the attainment of excellence, particularly in sublimer objects, more naturally arises from the love of excellence itself; for I will be bold to say that it is more acceptable and congenial to the great and adorable Source of all excellence*.

"Children seldom envy one another for their enjoyments, and never till they have been taught by example. The boy who breaks the most tops, wins the most marbles, has the most pocket-money, or largest cake, is not envied; if he tyrannize or vaunt, he is hated or despised. But children are taught at home to compare the situation of their parents with that of the parents of their companions; to affix imaginary value to things, and to hate all superiority. ENVY is thus sown. It is a passion from which the human heart might be more generally exempted, if care were taken to inform children of its nature, and to inculcate early, that the happiness of others is a genuine source of delight, while selfishness provokes universal disgust, and terminates in misery." SOLON.

* If excellence be said to bear in itself a comparative sense, still the *more* and the *less* may relate to the *subject alone*, without a personal reference.

A SACRED LYRIC, WRITTEN ON BEING AWAKED
IN THE NIGHT BY A VIOLENT STORM, OF
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

I.

LOCK'D in the arms of balmy sleep,
From ev'ry care of day,
As silent as the folded sheep,
And as secure I lay.

II.

Sudden, tremendous thunders roll,
Quick lightnings round me glare;
The solemn scene alarms my soul,
And wakes the heart to prayer.

III.

Whate'er, O Lord, at this still hour
These solemn scenes portend;
Whether sole engines of thy power,
Or groans for Nature's end;

IV.

Grant me to bear with equal mind
Those terrors of the sky;
For ever (as thou wilt) resign'd,
Alike to live or die.

V.

If wak'd by thy vindictive hand,
This mighty tempest stirs;
That peal the voice of thy command,
Those flames thy messengers;

VI.

Welcome the bolt where'er it falls
Beneath the passing sun;
Thy gracious will determines all,
And let thy will be done.

VII.

VII.

By all each strong explosion shakes,
One truth be understood;
The glorious God the thunder makes,
And all he makes is good :

VIII.

Nor useless waste this moral night,
Like common hours away;
But glow with wisdom's sacred light,
More fair than orient day.

IX.

Warn'd by each flash, may virtue rise,
And wide its glories spread;
While ev'ry blasted bud of vice
Sinks in new terrors dead.

X.

So, on that awful judgment-day,
Whose image shakes the soul,
The keenest lightnings shoot their way,
And loudest thunders roll.

XI.

Well pleas'd, O Lord, each eye shall see
Those final thunders hurl'd;
And mark with joy, for love of thee,
The flash that melts the world.

XII.

But if, as Nature's laws ordain,
Nor destin'd by thy will,
The bolt exerts its wild domain,
Self-authoriz'd to kill ;

XIII.

Quick interpose, all-gracious Lord,
In this remorseless night;
Arise, and be alike ador'd
For mercy as for might.

XIV.

Vouchsafe amidst this time of dread
Thy suppliant's voice to hear;
O save from harm each friendly head,
And all my soul holds dear.

XV.

Let it not kill where riot foul
Pours forth the drunken jest;
Nor where the guilt envenom'd soul
Starts wild from troubled rest.

XVI.

Awhile, O spare those sinful breasts,
Whose deeds the night deform;
And strike where smiling virtue rests,
Unconscious of the storm.

XVII.

Succour the couch where beauty lies,
All pale with trembling fear;
Where sickness lifts its languid eyes,
O pour thy comforts there.

INFALLIBLE RULES FOR MAKING WIT AND LEARNING DISGUSTING.

"If folly e'er can be abash'd,
It must be ridicul'd or lash'd."

MAKE it your business to shine; and, to effect this, you must prevent others from rivalling you, by observing the following rules:
First. If possible, engross the whole discourse; and when other matter fails, talk much of yourself, your education, your knowledge, your riches, your address;

address; and, in short, make yourself the hero of your own tale.

Secondly. Should you be out of breath with talking, and one of the company put in a word, watch him, and, if possible, find something in his sentiment or expression to ridicule, or raise a dispute on.

Thirdly. If another person should say a good thing, either seem not to hear it, or contrive to interrupt him. Should it however appear to give pleasure, remark that it is not new, and name some eminent writer who has said the same. This will lessen the triumph of your rival, and show your own reading.

Fourthly. When you find, by practising these rules, that you have silenced modest men (for you ought to keep no others company), you may then rally them on their dulness, which will supply you with a new fund of wit.

Thus you will be sure to please yourself, and be listened to out of fear, if not respect. The polite man aims at pleasing others, but you will be able to accomplish more. He can be present but in one company, and only please where he is; you will be sure to be most agreeable wherever you are not.

PASQUIN.

THE CARDS SPIRITUALIZED.

A FONDNESS for playing at cards is almost universal among all ranks and ages; and they too frequently prove an incentive to the worst passions than can agitate the human heart. They may be, however,

however, made a harmless amusement, if the love of gain is not mixed with that game, that is, if the parties play for nothing, but merely to pass an idle hour, or for the credit of victory. There are also some useful purposes, which, under proper guidance, they are calculated to answer. They may be employed to teach habits of reflection, a promptitude of calculation, patience under ill fortune, and moderation in success. A judicious parent or tutor may indeed direct youth to reap several valuable advantages from the most trifling amusement that engages their attention, and from cards as easily as from any thing else.

The following anecdote, which, perhaps, will be new to many, will show that cards may be viewed in a light neither unfriendly to morals nor religion.

A certain soldier attending divine service in a church at Glasgow, instead of pulling out a bible, like the rest of his comrades, when the clergyman named the text, spread a pack of cards before him. This indecent conduct did not pass without notice, and he was summoned before a magistrate to answer for his irreverence.

On being asked what apology he could make for his behaviour, he thanked the magistrate for the indulgence granted him, and proceeded thus :

" Since your honour is so good as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please you, I have been eight days upon the march, with the bare allowance of sixpence a day, which your worship will grant is scarcely sufficient to furnish absolute necessities, so that a soldier may easily be conceived to have little money to lay out in books; but I make this

pack of cards remind me of my duty in the best manner I can."

Spreading the pack, he continued: "When I see an *ace*, may it please your honour, it reminds me there is only one God; and when I look on a *two* or a *three*, the former puts me in mind of the Father and the Son, and the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A *four* calls to my remembrance the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; a *five*, the five wise virgins who trimmed their lamps; a *six*, that in six days God created the heaven and the earth; a *seven*, that on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made; an *eight*, the eight righteous persons that were preserved from the deluge; a *nine*, the nine ungrateful lepers who were cleansed, but neglected to return thanks; and a *ten*, the ten commandments."

Separating the *knave* from the rest, he proceeded: "The *queen* reminds me of the queen of Sheba, as her companion the *king* does of the great King of Heaven, and of his majesty George III."

"Well," replied the magistrate, you have given a very good account of all the cards except the *knave*."—"Please your honour, I do not know a greater than the person who brought me before you."

The soldier then went on: "When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, I find there are 365, so many days there are in a year; the number of cards correspond with the weeks in a year, and the number in each suit answer the number of lunar months; so that, please your worship, this pack of cards is both bible and almanac to me."

The

The magistrate was pleased with the ingenuity of the soldier, and, presenting him with a bible, requested he would make a proper use of it, and never more employ his pack of cards as a public remembrance of his duty.

RUSSIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

FROM TOOKE'S VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

THE Russians are a race much hardened by climate, education, and habits of life, having their own peculiar usages, which have a greater affinity with the Asiatic than the European, only without the effeminacy. They sleep on the floor, the hard benches, or the boards placed shelfwise for that purpose, during summer, in the open air, in the field, or the yard of the house, as they do in the winter on the top of the oven, without beds, or merely on a piece of felt, sometimes with, and often without any pillow, either under a thin covering, or in their clothes. After performing their evening devotions, accompanied with frequent prostrations and crossings, before the sacred figures of the saints, they betake themselves early to rest, and rise again betimes in the morning, wash themselves, renew their pious orisons, and proceed with alacrity to business. Into the houses of the great and opulent, even at a distance from chief towns, feather-beds and late hours, with other luxuries, have long since found their way.

Whenever acquaintance meet together, their term of greeting is, Zdravstvui! or sometimes, Zdravui! accompanied with shaking of hands, taking

off the cap, bowing, and often with kissing, which is much in practice with both sexes. Even the lowest of the people greet one another with great civility. Inferiors kiss their superiors on the breast; and of people still more elevated above them, they kiss the border of the garment; and, when the difference is very great, they fall down and strike their forehead upon the shoe of the great man. When they have any thing to request, they assume a tone and gesture as if they were imploring mercy. It is indecorous to speak loud in the presence of superiors; and if any one happen to do so, he is presently chid by the bystanders, with, Do not bawl! When a man designs to honour his guests, he lets his wife and daughters appear full dressed, who kiss the guests, and hand them what they want at the entertainment. They seem to vie with one another in the profusions of hospitality. Old age is universally honoured. On the breaking up of company, they depart, saying, Proshai! never omitting the valedictory kiss. On the slightest interruption or alteration to the ordinary course of whatever they are about, at eating, drinking, sneezing, at a sudden start, at the sight of a particular place, of a church, &c. they make the sign of the cross with the fingers, on the forehead, the stomach, and the two shoulders, bowing several times, and adding, with a deep-fetched sigh, "The Lord have mercy!"

They have usually two meals in the day; in the forenoon about nine o'clock, and in the afternoon at three. The family at these times eat all together; and when it is numerous, first the males, and afterwards those of the other sex. They allow themselves

themselves but a short time at table, and are easy and cheerful. Even among the inferior people, the table-linen, platters, and vessels, are kept in great cleanliness. If strangers sit down with them, there are very copious potations. Intoxication is not disgraceful; and even among people of good condition, if a lady be overtaken with liquor, it is no subject of reproach. They are never quarrelsome or scurrilous in their cups, but friendly, jovial, courteous, speak in praise of the absent, and boast of their friendship; and those that are not able to stand, find ready assistance from those that can. On journeys, merchants and others take their food with remarkably few formalities. In towns and great village stations, women sit in the street, near public-houses, with tables, having roast and boiled meat, fish, pirogges, cabbage-soup, cucumbers, bread, and quas; consequently a superb, and every where a cheap repast, which is taken standing, and always accompanied with a glass or two of brandy.

Holydays are kept in idleness and wanton jollity. No one neglects to keep his birth and name's day, and those of his family. The day is opened by devout attendance on mass; then the person whose festival it is, gives an entertainment of the best he can provide to his friends, who, to show their attention to him, present themselves uninvited at his house. The poor make their masters and patrons a present of a loaf of bread, a few apples, or some trifle of that sort, in order to get a return in money to enable them to entertain their friends, which they faithfully employ to that purpose, and generally finish the day with a hearty drunken bout.

To hot and cold bathing they are so habituated

from their earliest infancy, that the practice is indispensable. They usually go into the hot bath once a week, besides other frequent occasions, such as after a slight indisposition, hard work, on returning from a journey, and the like. They use the bath very hot, heating the room with large stones made glowing red, and raising a vapour by repeatedly throwing water upon them, the room all the while being so tight, that no particles of heat or vapour can transpire. The bather lies extended naked upon a mat, thrown on one of the shelves of a scaffold, that also serves for beds, which the higher he ascends, the greater the heat he feels. When he has thus lain perspiring for some time, the waiter of the bath, generally a female, comes and washes his body all over with hot water, scourges and rubs him with bunches of leafy birch, wipes him with cloths, and then leaves him to lie and sweat as long as he chooses. Numbers of them run from the hot bath into the cold water flowing by, and in winter roll themselves in the snow, without deriving any bad consequences from it.

SHIREEN; OR, THE JOURNEY TO BABYLON: AN
ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

SOON as I saw the sparkling fires of day,
To gorgeous Babylon I took my way;
Light beat my heart, my favourite airs I strode,
And pass'd where palms o'erarch the winding road:
With rapture fill'd, "What joy, what joy," I cry,
"O'er yon brown hills to rove with ravis'd eye!
To taste the fragrance of the verdant vale,
And all the freshness of the living gale!"

Here,

Here, too, when noon's all-fruitful heat descends,
 With shade these trees the traveller befriends.
 Ah, well is me! And thou, my handsome beast!
 Ere dusk in Babylon we both shall rest."
 Joy bade my tongue this cheering language speak,
 Joy bade my hand caress his sides so sleek.

When, lo, behind, magnificently gay,
 A glittering group fills all the spacious way!
 Young men, and damsels, eminently fair,
 Of striking grandeur, and a lofty air:
 On tall white camels borne, they swiftly ride,
 Dressed in gold fringes, and in purple pride,
 Long floating robes, gold belts, and precious stones,
 That deck their turbans, or emboss their zones!
 The troop comes on: I quit the middle way,
 Dazzled, confounded, by the bright array.
 When past, like theirs, I wish a towering height,
 Whose splendour pains and captivates the sight.
 Fool that I am! contemptibly I try
 With stiffen'd neck to seem myself as high:
 Their forms I measure o'er with straining eyes,
 Scarce to their ankles does my head arise.
 Ah me! how low, how abject, I appear!
 Yet much I strive to follow in their rear:
 Alas! that thus, with labour, I pursue,
 And madly keep what grieves me still in view!
 Were that once vanish'd, and myself alone,
 No beggar I—this sunny world's my own*!

Vainly I wish my paltry ass could rise,
 Lengthen'd his legs, and swell'd to ampler size;
 That the low beast might with the camels vie,
 And stride along among the highest high:
 "No," I exclaim, "no more my heart I'd vex,
 Could his long ears o'erpeep their haughty necks!"

* ———— *This sunny world's my own!*

"Creation's tenant, all the world is mine!"

GOLDSMITH.

I goad,

I goad, halloo, and urge to quicken pace;
 His faithful feet support the idle race.
 O race ill-match'd with whom a camel bears!
 My beast's six steps scarce equal one of theirs!
 Now fades the pageant; and, all lost to me,
 "Such sight again shall *Shireen* hope to see?
 What vast distinction 'tween their lot and mine!
 Why mine not theirs, their station why not mine?
 Wretch that I am! I journey sadly on,
 By slowest, vilest beast ignobly borne!
 They, happy they! so proudly tread the plain,
 They'd blush did I but ride among their train!"

Complaining thus, and lost in dismal thought,
 By word, nor blow, t' incite the chase I fought:
 Our pace soon slacken'd, and, ere long, my beast,
 By thistles tempted, stopp'd t' enjoy a feast;
 And now, with weariness and heat oppress'd,
 On the cool grass he laid him down to rest.
 I fell: and then as one awoke from sleep,
 So was I waken'd from my rev'rie deep.
 I start: the voice of thousands fills my ears;
 And, lo! a still more numerous troop appears!
 Mounted like me, in linen tunics clad,
 Humbly appointed, but with features glad;
 Serene, at least, the first, with languid air,
 I thus bespeak: "Ah, friend! too late you are!
 Use all your speed, your utmost efforts make,
 Those who have pass'd you cannot overtake!"

"Leave that to us," the stranger coolly said;
 "The madmen! to what purpose have they sped?
 For a few minutes thus to risk their lives!
 No more is gain'd by him who fastest drives!
 To Babylon all press with constant feet;
 In Babylon, at last, we all shall meet;
 This hour, or that, no matter, reach the goal,
 In linen tunic, or in purple stole,
 On camel, or on ass: then why repine,
 Though stately beast nor Tyrian robe be thine?"

Nay, on the road, why care you how you ride,
 So peace and pleasure to your breast betide?
 Besides, good traveller, a lowly state
 May sometimes save you from severer fate:
 If on a camel you had rid to-day,
 Might not your fall have mortal prov'd, I pray?"
 He stops: I sit, unable to reply,
 Yet still my bosom heaves a secret sigh.

Then, turning round, surpris'd, I see advance
 Myriads on foot, that laugh, and sing, and dance,
 Of women, children, men: some, as they pass,
 Skip with light feet along the tender grass;
 And though their backs with heavy burdens bow,
 Yet gaily on full cheerily they go.

Transported now beyond myself, I cry,
 "These go to Babylon as well as I!
 Do these rejoice? and is *my* bosom sad?"
 Light grows my heart, my rising soul is glad;
 Grief flies my breast, and false unreal pains;
 And gentle joy flows sweetly through my veins.

Mounting my ass again, I take my way,
 And Babylon I yet shall reach to-day:
 "Father," I say, to him that check'd my grief,
 "Those crowds on foot have giv'n my mind relief:
 I see myself not lowest; and, if they
 On foot, thus satisfied, can wend their way,
 Sure I without a camel may proceed,
 And ride contented with an ass's speed.

I see, that, though of camels unpossess'd,
 'Tis possible to be supremely blest:
 I learn my lot impartially to view,
 Nor always measure by the lofty few."

By this, the city's pompous domes arise,
 And turrets gilded by the western skies.

"Some paces more, and then, our journey done,
 We've far'd as well as if on camels borne!"
 What do I say? before us see the troop
 That glitter'd late so gay—a sumptuous group!

Alas!

Alas! alas! ere travers'd half the way,
 Thrown by their camels, on the earth they lay!
 Their march disorder'd, spiritless their pace,
 No longer first to reach the destin'd place:
 Their purple robes, their belts, and fringes gold,
 Besprent with diamonds, dazzling to behold,
 Despoil'd the splendour that I saw at first,
 Are cover'd o'er and mingled with the dust!

Then, then, I saw, O great ones of the earth!
 What human grandeur is, how little worth!
 Yet, its just value though my heart confess,
 You I condemn not, who the toy possess;
 Nor you, obscure, and strangers to renown,
 Who sigh to make the gaudy prize your own.

STENOGRAPHY.

[See Plate.]

So various are the uses, and so great the advantages attending a ready acquaintance with shorthand writing, that it is matter of surprise, as well as of regret, that it is not more generally taught in schools, or acquired, as it may easily be, by such as are about to launch into life.

This neglect can no otherwise be accounted for, than from the difficulty, not to say the absurdity of some schemes, and the endless variations which are made in the characters, merely to catch the public under the disguise of novelty. One system succeeds another, boasting improvements which neither do nor can exist to any material degree. BYROM laid down the principles of the art with certainty and precision; and though his characters were defective in easy union, neatness, and legibility, it is impossible to go beyond his general plan.

The

MAVOR'S UNIVERSAL STENOGRAPHY.

The ALPHABET with the Double and Triple Consonants.

Char.	Arb.	Abbrev.	D.C.&c.	Char.	Arb.	Abbrev.
'	a, an, <u>above</u>		cb	\	each, such	
c	be, by, because		sb	6	shall, she	
~	~		tb	\	that, they	
o	do did		tbr	9	therefore	
,	ever, every <u>mid</u>		str	9	strive, strong	
e	from, if		wb	~	who, which	
g	God, give, gives					
h	he, had, his					
,	I, eye, <u>below</u>					
\	king, know					
/	Lord, will, all					
^	me, my, most					
u	and, in, nature					
o	O, oh, owe, <u>above</u>					
p	people, peace					
u	ques. ^{tn} quantity					
/	or, are					
-	is, us, soon					
	the, to, it					
o	have, save					
.	you, view, <u>middle</u>					
/	we, with					
o	except, example					
.	ye, your, yes, <u>bel.</u>					
-	~					

Vowels Places.

a . e . i . o . u . y

b	e	g	c	r	e	c
d	o	o	o	o	o	o
f	e	e	e	e	e	e
g	e	e	e	e	e	e
h	r	r	r	r	r	r
k	\	\	\	\	\	\
l	r	r	r	r	r	r
m	o	o	o	o	o	o
n	u	u	u	u	u	u
p	p	p	p	p	p	p
q	u	u	u	u	u	u
s						
t						
v	o	o	o	o	o	o
w						
x	o	o	o	o	o	o

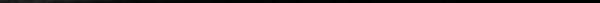
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The scheme of which we are permitted to present our readers with the outlines, bids as fair as any to be generally used. It is taught in schools of some eminence, if we are not misinformed; and has received a kind of classical establishment, by being adopted in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The characters are neat and easily joined; and from the novel mode of marking the vowels, it admits of a distinctness and legibility which no other system can boast.

It is evident that the vowel marks are only to be used at the beginning and end of words where the letters sound strong, and that they are wholly omitted in the middle. We give a specimen of the mode of spelling prescribed.

He who md us mst be etnrl, grt, nd mnptnt.
It is ur dty as rsnl bngs to frv, lo, nd oby hm.

With a little practice this will be read with as much facility, as when written according to the established orthography—*He who made us must be eternal, great, and omnipotent. It is our duty, as rational beings, to serve, love, and obey him.*

MEMOIRS OF DICK, THE LITTLE PONEY.

[Continued from page 206.]

IV. FARTHER DELINEATIONS OF THE ANTIQUATED VIRGIN—DICK IS GIVEN TO THE SON OF A GENTLEMAN WHO KEEPS HARRIERS—ACQUITS HIMSELF WITH CREDIT IN THE FIELD—REFLECTIONS ON HUNTING—WITH A QUOTATION FROM THOMSON.

MY old maid having taken care to fall soft, as the reader has already been informed, felt no personal

sonal injury beyond the alarm; and after cleaning herself and changing her dress, hastened to call on all her acquaintances, that she might have the pleasure of receiving their formal congratulations on her happy escape. The compliments paid her on this occasion, I have reason to think, were rather *affected* than *real*; for several came to pat and caress me for the exploit, and the laugh went heartily round at the expense of the vain ill-natured creature, whom I had left, as it was remarked, in the only situation fit for her, that was, on a dunghill.

However, her malice and rage at having such a scurvy trick played her, made the consequences no laughing matter to me. // She actually interdicted the servant from giving me any thing to eat, on pain of his being discharged; and for a part of a day and one entire night, I had nothing more than a wisp of hay, which humanity taught the poor fellow to bring in his pocket, when he found some plausible excuse to visit me. I was not ungrateful for his kindness; and from the general favour I had obtained by my late conduct, I foresaw that I should not be left long enough in the hands of my tabby, as I heard her called, to be quite starved, though I might suffer all that her cruelty could inflict on me.

Indeed the more she abused me, the more my fame was raised; and I verily believe had I broken her neck, I should have been considered as a benefactor, even by those who seemed to condole with her the most.

Next day a young gentleman desired to see me, and I immediately recognised him as the rider of the horse that had occasioned my running the race. It appeared he lived in the neighbourhood, was the

eldest son of a country squire who kept harriers, and was so pleased with my performance, that he obtained permission of his father to inquire if I were to be parted with. An intimate acquaintance subsisting between his family and that of my late dear mistress whom I had lost for ever, he was told, the old maid had declined using me any more, that he might have me and welcome, on condition that he would use me well, and never suffer me to go into improper hands. To all this he readily assented, and made the fairest protestations, with many thanks to my owner, and encomiums, as I heard, on myself; praising my spirit and my paces, and throwing all the blame on the awkwardness of my rider.

The youth having explained the cause of his errand, and finding my tabby heartily glad to get rid of me, I was delivered into his hands, with many cautions from my late rider to be on his guard, and some expressions of wonder, that his father should suffer him to mount such an untractable and vicious creature. All this weighed nothing with him. The more she said to disparage me, the more he admired me.

I was again put under a careful groom, well lodged, well fed, and well attended; and though the youth into whose hands I had fallen, loved to ride fast, in which I indulged him, he never used me ill, nor treated me capriciously. In a short time he returned to school, and left the most positive charge with the groom to get me in good condition for hunting, by his next holydays. This was punctually complied with: I had good living, and only gentle exercise; and began to long for the

pastime of the chase, of which I had heard so much, and which few such diminutive animals as myself are thought worthy to enjoy.

Christmas arrived. My young master came home, and visited me almost before he could pay his respects to his parents. He was perfectly satisfied with my appearance; and next morning I was taken into the field.

When the harriers set off in full cry, I confess I felt an animation equal to my rider, and kept up with the best and proudest steeds that were engaged in the same pursuit. The hunters had what they call a good day's sport, that is, they rode about a dozen miles, and killed two poor hares, led on by the dogs and a man in a green coat, who carried a horn, and appeared to be their general. I performed to admiration, and received compliments enough to make me vain. My master certainly was vain of me, and this gave me more sincere pleasure than any thing that could be said in my own favour.

To give satisfaction to others is the surest way to be happy ourselves: this maxim I early learned, though it must be allowed I was sometimes too inadvertent to practise it. Fortunate it is for those who learn it soon, and follow it long.

Again and again I was taken into the field; and though in proportion as the novelty of the scene wore off, the chase appeared less enchanting, I never felt it irksome, except when I was pushed too hard, or rode too long. I have often been surprised, however, that the sons of reason should be so much attached to a pastime which bids defiance to *reason*, and is not unattended with *crudelty*. The

pitcow

teous shriek of the hare has sometimes pierced my heart, and I have regretted that I was made an instrument, however humble, in a pursuit where pain was certainty inflicted, and so little advantage gained. Men, I know, live on animal food; but there are various more expeditious, more humane, and less expensive ways of obtaining it, than by pursuing it with horses and dogs. It seems some of the human race have too much sensibility and refinement to justify or practise hunting. I have heard a person of this character repeating the following lines, which have often occurred to me, during a warm chase:

“ Poor is the triumph o’er the timid hare!
 Scar’d from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir’d; the rushy fen, the ragged furze;
 Stretch’d o’er the stony heath, the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn, the thick entangled broom;
 Of the same friendly hue the wither’d fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o’er the mazes of the mountain brook:
 Vain is her best precaution, though she sits
 Conceal’d, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature form’d to take th’ horizon in,
 And head couch’d close between her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
 In scatter’d fullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze, she hears the coming storm;
 But nearer and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz’d, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once:
 The pack full opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,

Wild

Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout,
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy."

[To be continued.]

THE GOVERNESS.

ON FRATERNAL AND SISTERLY AFFECTION.

AMIDST the various duties which society has a right to claim, and amongst the many obligations which nature calls upon us to fulfil, few, it is presumed, can produce greater interest in the mind, than that which is to be the subject of the present chapter.

Scylurus the Scythian, says a respectable historian, had fourscore sons, whom he took pains to educate in love and harmony; and, in order to convince them of the necessity of adhering to each other, he took a bundle of javelins, and desired them to try and break them. The young men in vain exerted their force; the combined javelins resisted all their strength, and they returned the bundle into the hands of their father, declaring the task to be impracticable. The old man instantly untied the string, presented a javelin to each of his children, and beheld it shivered to pieces without exertion. "From this bundle of javelins," said the venerable Scylurus, "you may all derive an instructive lesson: whilst they were combined, they resisted your strength, but, when once separated, they were easily destroyed; whilst you remain in love and harmony, you will be invulnerable to all the attacks of

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will be easily

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The sorrow
whilst the h
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world, but, if your interests are divided, you
be easily overcome."

the observations of Scylurus may be generally
ed; for, where families are united in the bonds
fection, they are prepared to withstand every
it; and though envy or malevolence may slightly
d them, the balm of friendship provides a cure.
spatiating upon the advantages which result
unanimity, I shall slightly touch upon the
able situation of those who have never felt its
r, and, by drawing a comparison between the
situations, enforce the practice of this amiable

the interesting and affecting history of Joseph, as
tically described in the sacred writings, proves
distresses which may be naturally expected to
from want of tenderness; and the subsequent
fortunes which were attached to his wicked bre-
, were probably a punishment inflicted for that
A family united in the bonds of affection,
nes, in a certain degree, indifferent to the rest
ankind, their happiness is derived from their
social circle, and in that centres all their bliss.
shafts of adversity fly without their barb, and
fortune finds a certain solace in their amity.
sorrow that is divided, loses half its power,
the happiness that is shared, increases by par-
tion.

these advantages are allowed to result from
thing soft and tender sentiments, how weak
mpolitic must that mind be, which deprives
of such endearing gratifications, and, instead
eating an interest in the bosom of its family,
for friendship and happiness in an interested

world! Born of the same parents, educated in the same principles, and fostered with the same maternal care, how astonishing is it to see children of one family devoid of tenderness and destitute of affection! yet how gratifying is the sight even to an uninterested beholder, of a family dwelling in love and unity!

Emily Fitzhenry was the only daughter of a gentleman of large fortune, whose affection for this child of his hopes and expectations greatly exceeded that which he felt for the rest of his offspring. She lost her mother during her infancy, and received her education from the hands of a private governess, who, perceiving the excess of Mr. Fitzhenry's affection, seldom contradicted the inclination of her charge. Nature had been bountiful of her favours to this child; and to her person, at once lovely and attractive, was united a mind which indulgence could not taint. Her fondness for her father was tender and refined, and her affection for her brothers animated and sincere. Whenever they wished to receive an indulgence from their father, Emily was the source from whence it was to flow; and though they could not help observing her superior influence, they neither repined at nor envied the pre-eminence.

George Fitzhenry was remarkably volatile, and entered with such avidity into the gaieties of youth, that his father's indignation was aroused by his conduct; and finding that neither threats nor remonstrances could prevail, he at length resolved to disinherit him, and give that fortune which as an elder son he had reason to expect, to the darling object of his love and tenderness. A lawyer and friend

friend were summoned to his presence, and the fatal will was instantly executed; George was left only two hundred a year, whilst Emily was to possess eighty thousand pounds. Rumour, at length, circulated the tale, and Emily was made acquainted with her brother's misfortunes.

Shocked at hearing this proof of resentment, and agonized at the idea of injuring her brother, she instantly flew into her father's study, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, besought him not to draw down vengeance on his child. "What can this mean, my beloved Emily?" said the astonished father, whilst he pressed her with fondness to his bosom: "what can occasion this unusual perturbation? and how can I have injured or wounded my child?"—"Oh!" exclaimed the amiable generous girl, "let me not rob you of the affection of your son, let me not deprive my brother of a father! He is young, volatile, gay, and thoughtless, but I know his heart to be free from vice; take back the estate then, I conjure you, and do not let me appear as a traitor to my brother!"

"My generous Emily! my amiable child!" was all the agitated parent was capable of uttering; but, recovering from his surprise in a few moments, he thanked her for having restored him to his reason. "Resentment," said he, "had subdued nature; but you, my Emily, have restored her tender impulse. George must know to whom he is indebted for the restoration to my favour, that he may value your affection according to its desert." This amiable proof of sisterly affection, and this striking instance of disinterested regard, I shall now contrast with a different character; and whilst the amiable

amiable conduct of Emily Fitzhenry will long be remembered with admiration and applause, the contracted disposition of Eliza Jackson will justly create universal detestation.

Within a short distance of one of the largest sea-ports in England lived a gentleman of the name of Jackson, whose extensive knowledge in mercantile affairs rendered his success in the practice equal to his most sanguine expectations, and enabled him to vie with the first nobility in the kingdom in point of appearance, equipage, and expense. As money was the source whence his greatness flowed, it was the object on which his happiness was placed; and even his children were taught to appreciate the merit of their connexions according to the weight and solidity of their purses. Eliza, the elder of this hopeful family, from her infancy displayed so much of her father's temper, that she soon became the chief object of his tenderness; and by the early proofs she displayed of sordid selfishness, perverted his affection from the other children. To a mind only anxious to indulge its own gratifications, was united a temper unamiable and self-tormenting; and instead of conciliating the affections of her family, she was universally hated and abhorred by them. To her sisters she was imperious, to her brothers overbearing; and though none of the children were truly amiable, yet, in comparison with the heroine of this little history, they really might be considered as drawing near perfection. Mr. Jackson's partiality for his elder child made him guilty of great injustice towards his younger ones; and instead of making an equal distribution of his property, he left the bulk

of it to her, who was incapable of enjoying it. The rest of the family, exasperated by this circumstance, accused Eliza of having fraudulently obtained their portions; and so inveterate was the hatred which they felt towards her, that they resolved to attempt depriving her of the fortune. Lawyers of eminence were immediately employed, who encouraged the hopes they uniformly entertained; for, as their claim was founded upon pretence of a forged will, there was reason to believe the property would be refunded. Years passed away in lawsuits and litigations; and whilst this unhappy woman was defending her property, she found her peace and quiet totally destroyed. Her temper, which had always been fretful and discontented, became insupportable to herself and all her connexions; and before the affair was finally adjusted, grief and anxiety brought her to the grave. The fortune which had so long been an object of contention, she unforgivingly left to different charities; but, upon examining the will of her deceased father, it was found to devolve to the youngest children. The enormous expenses which had been incurred, greatly reduced this source of dissension; and when it was divided into five shares, it did not repay either the trouble or the anxiety; and the observations of Scylurus on the bundle of javelins were strongly exemplified in this disunited, and therefore miserable family.

FAMILIAR EXPLANATION OF THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

"Thy hand to comets mark'd th' eccentric track
Throughout the vast illimitable void,
Assign'd their periods, check'd their dire career,
While atheists learn to tremble and adore."

COMETS are a large and numerous class of planets, that perform their revolutions round the sun in figures extremely elliptical, sometimes approaching it much nearer than the orbit of Mercury, at other times proceeding far beyond that of Saturn; consequently at some periods they possess infinitely more light and heat than the nearest planets to the sun, and, at others, are proportionably more cold and dark than the most remote.

Yet, notwithstanding their prodigious eccentricity, and their power to sustain, without injury, the most violent extremes of heat and cold, they are by no means such large bodies as these circumstances, and their portentous appearance in the heavens, would persuade us; it is their tails that create the idea of their vast magnitude. The bulk of the largest comet is not supposed to be much greater than the moon, and some of them are calculated to be smaller.

Of these irregular and astonishing bodies, forty or fifty have been observed by astronomers in various periods of the world, all perpetually moving through millions of miles in infinite space, and appearing at uncertain times to the inhabitants of the earth, and it is at least very possible that there may be

many

many more existing in our system, which perform their vast and inconceivable revolutions, visible by other parts of the creation, though not by us.

Comets consist of a solid and opaque substance, as they have been discovered to shine only by the reflection of the sun, like the other planets. They are likewise of a much greater density than the earth; for some of them are heated in every period, when they approximate the sun, to such a degree, as would vitrify or dissipate any substance known to us. Sir Isaac Newton computed the heat of the comet which appeared in 1680, to be, when nearest the sun, 2000 times hotter than red-hot iron; and that, being thus heated, it would retain its heat until it appeared again to us, although the distance of time should be 20,000 years, whereas its computed period is only 575.

It was then 167 times nearer than the earth, and 65 times nearer than Mercury, to the sun. The light and heat, therefore, of the comet at that time, must have been at least 4000 times superior to those of Mercury, and no less than 28,000 times greater than in our torrid zone.

Leaving this contiguous situation, it took its course to the distance of 11,200 millions of miles from the sun, which is at least fourteen times farther from it than the orbit of the most remote planet Saturn, the boundary of the solar system; consequently, the light and heat of the comet at this time were near 200 times less than at Saturn, and above 17,000 times less than with us. Thus the light and heat of Saturn were much more intense, compared with the comet, than ours are, compared with Saturn.

The

The tail of a comet, which has vulgarly received that denomination, because it follows the body as an appendage to it, is a prodigious quantity of fume and vapour that flies off from the comet as it gradually becomes heated in its approach to the sun; and this evaporation is by no means wonderful, when it is considered, that a body which has been, during a considerable number of years, performing its dreary tour through the coldest regions, is by degrees so intensely heated.

These tails or trains proceeding from comets, always seem most splendid and extensive immediately after they leave the sun; because at that time the comets being most heated, emit the greatest quantity of vapour. The tail, likewise, is observed uniformly to issue from that part of the comet which is averted from the sun, and to lie towards those parts which the body leaves in its descent, agreeably to the nature of smoke and vapour. It appears broader, too, in its upper part, than near the comet; as all vapours, the higher they rise, are the more dilated. These cometary effluvia consist of a very fine and pellucid vapour, for the fixed stars are sometimes clearly visible through them: their length is immense, considering the comparatively small body from which they issue, some having been computed to be 80,000,000 of miles long.

Of all the comets, the periods only of three are known with any degree of certainty. The first of these appeared in the years 1531, 1607, 1682, 1758, and will appear every 75th year afterwards. The second of them appeared in 1532, 1661, and 1789, and may be expected every 129th year afterwards. The third having appeared last in 1680,

and its period being 575 years, cannot return till the year 2225.

Of what terrible consequence these stupendous phenomena might be to this, and most probably to other planets, without the providence of the Creator, may be conceived from this circumstance. Several comets have approached very near to the orbit of the earth, particularly that in 1680; which, on November 11th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, was at so small a distance, that had the earth been about that part of its orbit, the whole planet, and all its inhabitants, would have been consumed by fire. The excessive heat might probably have converted the matter of the present earth into a different kind of substance, and have rendered it an habitation adapted to beings of a nature totally different from us.

But although such an event is possible in nature, yet certain circumstances rest it on a mere and very unlikely chance, whether it ever will happen in any definite time; for the planes of all the cometary orbits are raised above those of the planets, so that there is but one particular place in the orbit of a comet, where its tail can pass over the orbits of the planets; and it is so many chances to one that a planet should be in this part of its orbit at that particular time, that there is but little reason to fear such a catastrophe.

The astonishing courses that the comets perform in empty space, and particularly that of 1680 (which in the part of its orbit nearest to the sun flies with the amazing swiftness of 880,000 miles an hour), suggest to our minds an idea of the vast distance between the sun and the nearest fixed

stars; of whose attractions all the comets must keep clear, in order to return periodically and move round the sun: and it likewise demonstrates, that the nearest fixed stars, which probably are those that seem the largest, are as big as our sun, and of the same nature with it; otherwise they could not appear so bright and large to us at so immense a distance.

Considering the awful and uncommon appearance of comets, that their periodical returns baffled all calculation, and were not reducible to any known laws which governed other celestial bodies, it is not wonderful that by the ancient world they were esteemed a sort of meteors in the air, portending some extraordinary or dreadful event.

But though subsequent improvements in philosophy have instructed us in the real nature of these prodigies, and have delivered us from the apprehensions of superstition; yet still are the most learned ignorant of the uses and designation of those few whose periods have been discovered. No information on this subject, even from those who, with the most successful eye, have viewed the secrets of creation, possesses any of the analogous reasoning that is used respecting the regular planets, and which affords a rational, and at least a plausible demonstration of their purposes. All is doubt, uncertainty, and conjecture; opinions of philosophers have been many and ingenious, yet still they are but conjecture. Some have supposed they are the means appointed by the Almighty for putting a period to the planetary world, either by involving every planet in their atmospheres of water, in their return from the cold regions, and thus over-

whelming

whelming it with the inhabitants in a second deluge, or by approaching so near as to inflame and consume it. Others have imagined, that comets, in their several revolutions, gradually approach the sun, till at last they fall into it, and become a supply of fuel, fire, and heat to that luminary; but how they should be adequate to this purpose, unless they consisted of a much larger bulk, and a more combustible substance, and made more frequent returns, is not very easy to conceive.

That the comets are inhabited by rational beings, or, indeed that it is possible for creatures, such as we can conceive, to exist in them, seems, on the first consideration, to be a position the least likely to be advanced or admitted. The extreme heat, the dense atmosphere, the gross vapours, and the chaotic state of these bodies, appear insuperable obstacles to such a purpose; for which reason, some of the learned world (particularly the celebrated Whiston, in his *Astronomical Principles of Religion*) are of opinion, that they are places of future punishment, for tormenting the damned with eternal vicissitudes of heat and cold; but when, on the other hand, we reflect on the infinite power and goodness of the Deity, the latter inclining, the former enabling him to make creatures suited to all states and circumstances; that matter exists only for the sake of intelligent beings; and that, wherever we find it, we always perceive it pregnant with life, or subservient to that purpose; when we consider the numberless species, the astonishing diversity of animals, in earth, air, water, and even on other animals; every blade of grass, every tender leaf, every natural fluid, swarm-

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ing with life, and every one of these enjoying such gratifications as the nature and state of each require; when we farther reflect, that some centuries ago a great part of the earth was judged uninhabitable, till experience undeceived us; the torrid zone, on account of excessive heat; and both the frigid zones, by reason of their extreme cold; it seems highly probable, that such numerous and large masses of durable matter as the comets, are not, however, dissimilar to our earth, destitute of beings capable of contemplating with wonder, and acknowledging with gratitude, the wisdom, symmetry, and beauty of the creation; which is more plainly to be observed in their extensive tour through the heavens, than in our confined circuit; yet, however difficult it may be for us, circumstanced as we are, to discover their particular designation, this is an undoubted truth, that wherever the Deity exerts his power, there also he manifests his wisdom and goodness.

It may not be unentertaining to the curious reader, to peruse a very remarkable passage translated from a work remaining of the heathen philosopher Seneca, on this most interesting subject; especially as it closes with a remark that, by the event, appears to have been written in the very spirit of prophecy.

“I cannot,” says this ancient and celebrated sage, “assent to our philosophers, in thinking that the comets are fires suddenly kindled, which appear for a time, and are then extinguished; on the contrary, I esteem them among the eternal works of nature. And why should we wonder that comets, which are so rare a spectacle in the world, are not yet restricted by certain laws? and that
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the times of their appearing and disappearing are unknown, considering the courses they take through such prodigious intervals of space? The time will come when the diligence of a future age shall discover those things which are now concealed.

"The day shall arrive in which posterity will be surprised that we were ignorant of matters, that to themselves are rendered so intelligible. *A person shall arise who will demonstrate into what regions the comets wander, why they move so separately from the rest of the planets, and what is their nature and magnitude.*"

When it is considered that none besides our immortal countryman sir ISAAC NEWTON, ever attempted this arduous and wonderful task, the concluding observation of the philosopher will be allowed, if not an actual prediction, to bear an intimate resemblance to one.

REVIEW

SCHOOL AND JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

NATURAL HISTORY, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS; founded on the Linnæan Arrangement of Animals; with popular Descriptions in the Manner of Goldsmith and Buffon. Illustrated by forty-six Copper-plates, representing one hundred and fifty of the most curious Objects. By William Mavor, L. L. D. Vicar of Hurley, Berkshire; Chaplain to the Earl of Dumfries; Author of the British Nepos, &c. &c. &c. 392 pages, 12mo. Price 4s. 6d. bound.

WHILE France and Germany overflow with elementary books on every branch of science, we have

have to regret; that in this country, where certainly learning is not only more cultivated, but more extensive than in any other, infinitely less attention is paid to furnish books of instruction than of amusement for young people. Whether this arises from a frivolous taste in the rising generation, or the culpable neglect of parents and tutors, we will not pretend to determine; but the fact is incontrovertible, and has long been lamented by the judicious and reflecting. The press teems with novels and tales, which, in general, convey little knowledge of human life, and less of science or erudition; while a book of real utility only appears at distant intervals, and perhaps is little regarded.

The public is therefore under considerable obligations to the author of this Natural History, who, on the present as well as various former occasions, has had the resolution to deviate from the beaten track, and to furnish youth with works of real utility, at the same time not forgetting to render them palatable to the juvenile taste, by a peculiarly pleasing mode of exhibition. His studies and acquirements have well fitted him for this task, and we are happy to find that "he means occasionally to avail himself of that favour which his previous labours have gained from an indulgent public, at once to display his gratitude for the past, and his zeal to distinguish himself still farther, in a very useful, though unassuming, department of literature." Though the Linnæan arrangement is almost universally adopted by naturalists, till the present work we have had no popular display of it in the English language; and it would be unjust to deny, that the plan pursued in this manual is as judicious,

as the execution is commendable. Constantly bearing in mind for whom his book was designed, he has combined delicacy with natural knowledge, and made his subject the vehicle of much moral and religious instruction.

On the uses and ends of natural history, we have the following just and apposite remarks, with which we conclude our critique:

"The object of all our physical studies ought to be our moral as well as intellectual improvement, by exalting our admiration and inflaming our love for the Architect of the universe, and the Creator of all being. To this end alone should our inquiries into nature be made conducive, and to this purpose chiefly and essentially applied. The proud philosopher, who notices effects without a reference to the FIRST CAUSE, will soon be perplexed and lost in a labyrinth of his own construction; but the devout mind, in tracing the visible energies of the Deity, learns to ascend by successive steps to the Fountain of illumination, of order, and of truth; and by catching an emanation of the Divinity, sees and determines with clearer vision."

Dr. Mavor has dedicated this volume to his son, labouring under ill health, in a strain of affectionate concern. We sympathize with him in his paternal feelings, and sincerely wish that a life so dear to him may be long preserved.

The plates are executed with great neatness, and considerably enhance the value of the work.

SOME HINTS TO YOUNG WOMEN, engaged in rearing Infants, or educating Children, either in private Families or Schools. 164 pages. 24to. Price 2s. half-bound. 1799.

So much depends on the early education of children, that every attempt to establish it on right principles,

principles, and to counteract absurd or pernicious habits, ought to be received with gratulation by the public. A knowledge of languages and sciences is the province of the grammar-school and the university; but on women it greatly depends whether the constitution shall be strong or valetudinary, whether the heart shall be right or depraved. This may safely be affirmed even in regard to boys; but the female character must be wholly formed by mothers and attendants; and in proportion as they act judiciously or otherwise, their rising charge will be amiable or perverse.

From some internal evidence we have reason to suppose that this little volume is the produce of lady Fenn's pen; and we are certain it is not the first time that the same virtuous and benevolent character has stood forward as an instructor of her sex, and of youth in general. So much good sense directed to the best ends cannot fail to do good; and from the following table of contents, it will be seen what a multiplicity of interesting subjects are handled, and we can confidently add, in such a manner, as entitles the author to unqualified praise. Early Education, including early Treatment—Cautions for the Preservation of Morals as well as Health—Directions for rearing Infants—Cautions for the second Period of Childhood—Rules for promoting Health—Management of an Infant newly born: including Bathing, Cradle, Swathing, Eyes, Teeth, Beds, Clothing, Crying, Requests, Accidents, Maxims, Obedience, Cautions—Early Education: including early Treatment—Exercises: including the Senses, nocturnal Amusements—Proper Station—Good Education: including Exercise, Liberty, Crying, Requests—Spoiled Child: includ-

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ing Infancy, Exercise, proper Management—Speech—Reading—Authors—Exercises—Choice of Books: including Natural History, Drawing—Hints to those who are engaged in teaching: including Exercise, Application—Benevolence—Religion—Motives to Action—Rewards—Punishments in Schools—Incentives: including Emulation—Education: including Temper, Heart, Mothers, Governess—Female Character—Female Tuition—On Schools: including Air in Schools, Bed-rooms, Sick-chamber—Exercise, Shape, Food, early Rising, Children and Remedy—Clothing—Defects and Remedies: including Stammering, Squinting, Twitchings—The Child's Library—The Youth's Library: including a miscellaneous Collection, Geography, Astronomy, &c. single Plays—The Youth's Library, continued: including History, ecclesiastical History, civil History, French.—For Ladies of all Ages—Sunday, Books for Teaching, Natural History, Natural Philosophy, &c.

It is needless to remark that elaborate discussions cannot be expected in such a small volume, embracing so many objects. The whole is delivered with brevity, and has the appearance of aphorisms which may easily be remembered and carried into practice.

At page 72 the amiable author pays a handsome compliment to our Magazine; and justly observes, that a general desire to render periodical publications rather popular by gratifying a false taste, than useful by circulating sound morals and solid learning, almost precluded her hopes that any work would appear on the plan of ours. Whatever ultimate success may attend our labours, we are proud of having such a testimony in our favour, and

and we assure lady Fenn, that we do not intend to forfeit her esteem by deserting the objects we had originally in view.

The frontispiece is a neat view of the Grove house, at Diss in Norfolk.

THE SPOILED CHILD; or, Indulgence Counteracted.
By Mrs. Pilkington. 178 pages, 24to. Price 1s. 6d. half-bound. 1799.

So prolific is the pen of Mrs. Pilkington, that if she goes on in the same career, she will soon form a juvenile library of her own composition. We confess we are not very fond of children's books which partake too much of the manner of the novellist; but Mrs. P. perhaps wisely for herself, consults the prevalent taste; and the principles she enforces are throughout so commendable, that we cannot deny her all the praise which is due to this species of writing. The Spoiled Child will be read with pleasure, and under proper guidance with advantage also.

THE HAPPY FAMILY AT EASON HOUSE. Exhibited in the amiable Conduct of the little Nelsons and their Parents. Interspersed with select Pieces of Poetry. 190 pages, 24to. Price 1s. 6d. half-bound. 1799.

As our principal happiness arises from domestic harmony, we approve of every design that has for its object to set it in an amiable light. In this respect we recommend the petty volume before us to our juvenile readers. The poetry is chaste, and well selected.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF DISCARDED H,
SHEWETH,

THAT many ladies and gentlemen, and likewise other persons of different occupations, trades, characters, and dispositions, to whom *b* used to have free access, have now either totally forsaken him, or associated him with a company of strangers, among whom he cuts a most ridiculous figure. A young lady, to the great mortification of *b*, was observing the other day, that *ill's* made a pretty contrast with the vallies below, that the *glades* were prettily interspersed among the woods: and that she was fond of *eating* the *bowls* in the evenings. She admires the *arbor* of Portsmouth; and is fond of riding on *orseback*; and is constantly shooting *barrows* at susceptible *arts*. In the middle of summer, she drinks *hale* at her meals, and *beats* *artichokes* without receiving any *arm* from them. She *ates-ot* weather, but likes a clear *eaven*: and yet I assure you she is a very *hamiable* young lady; she *as* fine *air*, sweet *hies*, quick *bears*, delicate *harms*, and a good *art*.

A *ansome usband*, *ealth*, and *appiness ere* and *ere-ster!* was a lady's wish the other night: and this morning meeting a gentleman lightly drest, she observed to him that he was very *hairy*; and he in return observed (stretching out his arms and yawning) that the *ours ung* very *easy* on his *ands*. In short, poor *b* is so frequently abused by people of all denominations, that he is obliged, in this public manner, most humbly to beg better usage for the future; and to remind those who thus wantonly injure him, that they cannot be *happy* without him.

NEGLECTED H.

CHARADE.

CHARADE.

BY A LADY.

WHILE to gay summer every lyre is strung,
 Winter's less blooming charms remain unsung;
 Yet 'mid the storm that shakes his leafless trees,
 Winter may surely boast some power to please,
 Though from the gay parterre and verdant lawn
 The vivid tints of nature are withdrawn;
 Yet, light descending from its native sky,
 My beauteous **FIRST** may well their place supply:
 O'er the dark heath it throws a friendly veil,
 While embryo flowers its kindly influence hail;
 Brilliant it glitters in the noontide ray,
 And lends a lustre to declining day.

'Tis true the day is short—but the long night
 Gives to the happy young a scene more bright;
 'Tis then my **LAST**, with fascinating power,
 Extends its influence o'er the midnight hour,
 Bids graceful Beauty wake to Pleasure's call,
 And fills with sprightly notes the echoing hall.

Nor with inferior joy, though less refin'd,
 Does winter fill the playful schoolboy's mind;
 When from his daring hand my **WHOLE** he sends,
 And the loud laugh its sportive course attends.

THE
YOUNG GENTLEMAN's and LADY's
MAGAZINE.

NUMBER XI. VOLUME II.

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Embellished with a beautiful coloured Plate of the BULL-FINCH,
and a duplicate Plate of the same, also a plain Engraving of
the GREEN PARROT, both intended as an Exercise for the juve-
nile Pencil, and a MAP of DERBYSHIRE, to illustrate a geogra-
phical Description of the Counties of England and Wales, in-
tended to be continued in this Work.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communications of the Rev. J. G. are always distinguished by elegance and ingenuity, and will at all times be acceptable. His promised favour will be an acquisition.

WINTON is extremely well meant; but we mean to consider education in the abstract, not as conducted in particular seminaries.

The encomiums of BRISTOLIENSIS are grateful to our hearts. The applause of the wise and the good have animated our endeavours; and though it might have conducted to our success to have been less scrupulous in our selections, we have always disregarded what militated against our judgment and our duty.

Though it may appear to favour of vanity and ostentation, we cannot refrain from referring our patrons to that respectable work, the BRITISH CRITIC, for last month, for a favourable opinion of our labours.

Several articles which came too late, will have a place in next number.

An *additional plate* of the LITTLE GREEN PARROT is given in this number as an exercise for the juvenile pencil. The method of colouring it is so well known, that directions for the purpose might have been deemed superfluous; we have therefore appropriated the space it would have occupied in our number, to the insertion of an article of more consequence to the rising generation.





The Parrot.

WALKS BY THE SEA SIDE.

NO. IV.

I CANNOT refrain from noting down in my journal, some extracts from a sermon by bishop Horne, written at Brighthelmston. They are perfectly in unison with my sentiments, and illustrate them better than any original reflections of my own could do.

WONDERFUL as the sea is in itself, and beneficial as it is to the sons of men, all its wonders and all its benefits reflect glory and honour on Him who formed it, and poured it abroad. "The sea is his, and he made it." Such an object, continually before our eyes, invites and demands our attention; and religion calls upon us to search out the riches of divine power and goodness contained in it. When we place ourselves upon the shore, and from thence behold that immense body of waters, stretching away on all sides, far as the eye can reach; and when we consider how large a portion of the globe is covered in like manner; what a noble idea are we enabled to form of that Being, who weighs the mountains in a balance, who takes up the sea in his hand; in whose sight the hills are but as dust, the ocean is no more than a drop! The immeasurable breadth of the sea may remind us of God's boundless mercy: its unfathomable depth holds forth an image of his unsearchable judgments. When we see a mass of water rising up by a gradual ascent; all the sky seems to descend and close upon it, a thought immediately strikes us: what is it which prevents these waters from breaking in upon, and

overflowing the land, since they appear in heaps so much above it? What but that unseen Power which keeps them in their proper place? When he gives the word, plain sand is a sufficient barrier. The obedient waves bow down their heads, and retire.

Hear attentively the *noise* of the sea. How grand and awful the sound; even as the voice of the Almighty when he speaketh! Praise the Lord, they say; praise him with your voices, as we do with ours. I heard as it were the voice of many people in heaven, and the voice of many *waters*, and the voice of many thunderings, saying, "Hallelujah!" Pleasing is the variety of prospects which the sea at times affords us. For one while, like the conscience of a good man, calm and unruffled, it reflects a bright and beautiful image of the light which shineth upon it from above; at another, like the heart of the wicked, it is dark and tempestuous, cloudy and stormy, agitated from the very bottom, and its restless waters cast up mire and dirt.

To behold the ebbing and flowing of the tide is an amusement ever new. By this contrivance of infinite wisdom, the whole mass of sea-water is kept in continual motion, which, together with the salt contained in it, preserves it from corrupting (as it would do if stagnant), and poisoning the world. At one part of the day the ocean seems to be leaving us, and going to other more favoured coasts; but, at the stated period, as if it had only paused to recover itself, it returns again by gradual advances, till it be arrived at its former height. There is an ebb and flow in all human affairs, and a turn of events may render him happy who is now miserable;

erable; the vessel which is stranded, may be borne up yet on the waters, may put out again to sea, and be blessed with a prosperous voyage.—Nor is the sea more wonderful in itself, than it is beneficial to mankind.

From its surface, vapours are continually arising, drawn upwards by the heat of the sun, which, by degrees formed into clouds, drop fatness on our fields and gardens, causing even the wilderness to smile, and the vallies to be covered with corn. Thus the prayers of the faithful servants of God daily arising from all parts of the earth, return in large effusions of grace and blessing from Heaven. There are also many springs which have their origin from the great deep beneath, with which the sea communicates. These arising in vapour through the lower parts of the earth, break forth and issue in streams, many of which joined, form rivers, and so go back to the sea, whence they came; as the blood in the human body flows in streams from the heart through the arteries, and returns to it again in rivers by the veins, which last grow larger as they approach, and are about to empty themselves into the great reservoir. In the greater, as well as the lesser world, there is a constant circulation maintained; the income is proportioned to the expense, and nothing is wasted. “All rivers,” saith Solomon, “run to the sea; yet the sea is not full, or does not overflow: to the place from whence the rivers come, thither do they return again;” yet not till, by their innumerable windings, they have refreshed and enriched large tracks of country. Thus divine grace springs up in the heart of a Christian, as water doth in a fountain, supplied

from an invisible and inexhaustible store-house. It flows forth in his words and actions, doing good to all around in its course, and is finally swallowed up and lost, in the boundless ocean of infinite perfection. Barren and desolate as the sea appears to those who only look upon it, and search not into it, yet within its bosom are contained creatures exceeding in number those that walk and creep upon the land; insomuch that, in the sacred language, they have their name from a word which signifies to *multiply*. The ingenuity and industry of man have found means to draw forth these inhabitants of the waters from their deepest recesses; and while they afford to some an agreeable variety of wholesome food, they support multitudes of others, whose employment it is to procure them: an employment healthy, honest, simple; carried on in peace and quietness, without tumult, noise, or bloodshed or strife; affording continual opportunities to those who are engaged in it, of beholding the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. Persons of this occupation, men of plain sense, and good hearts, were chosen by our blessed Lord, to preach the word of life to the nations, to cast abroad the evangelical net, and to become, as he himself expresses it, "fishers of men."

By the invention of shipping, and the art of navigation, the sea is made in reality to join those nations, which it appears to divide; the communication being often far more easy and expeditious by water, than it would have been by land. The riches of both the Indies are wafted to our shores; we sit at home, and feast upon the productions of every country under heaven; while the superfluity of our own commodities

It is disposed of to advantage abroad. A friendly-intercourse is opened between the most distant islands. Savages are humanized, and become professors in the arts and sciences. The gospel is preached among them, and the light of truth made to shine upon those who sat in darkness. They are taught the art of arts, and the science of sciences, the art of holy living, and the science of salvation. A large vessel, with all its conveniences, constructed in such a manner as to go on the surface of the water, to carry hundreds of men, and the value of time, to the distance of thousands of miles, is perhaps the masterpiece of human contrivance; and the Psalmist, when contemplating the wonders of the ocean, cries out in admiration, as if placed in a situation like ours, "There go the ships."—But let the medicinal and salutary virtues with which the Almighty hath endued the waters of the sea, be always had in remembrance by those who have happily experienced them; and may it lead them to a recollection of that mercy which heals their minds! The last use I shall mention, which we are to make of the sea, is that which the Holy Spirit himself hath so frequently made of it in the scriptures, viz. to consider it as an emblem of the world, and of what is passing therein. Under a smiling, deceitful surface, both conceal dangerous rocks and quicksands, on which the unskilful mariner will strike and be lost. Both abound with creatures pursuing and devouring one another, the small and weak becoming a prey to the great and powerful: while in both there is a grand destroyer, a leviathan, taking his pastime, and seeking the perdition of all. In the voyage of life we may set
out

out with a still sea and a fair sky; but ere long cares and sorrows, the storms of affliction, shall overtake us. At God's word either to punish us or to prove us, from some quarter or another, whence perhaps we least expected it, the wind ariseth and lifteth up the waves. We are carried sometimes up to heaven with hope, sometimes down to the deep with despair. Then do we know how helpless we are; and tribulation becomes the parent of devotion. If, with the disciples of the gospel, we cry, "Lord save us, we perish!" he will, as he did then, arise, and rebuke the winds and the sea; and there will be a great calm, and we shall reach our haven in safety. We shall so pass the waves of this troublesome life, that finally we may come to the land of everlasting life, where the tossings and agitations of human affairs shall cease, or, as St. John expresses it, "there shall be no more sea."

SOME PARTICULARS OF A REIN-DEER.

IT has long been a received opinion, that the reindeer can only exist in those frigid climates to which it owes its birth, and that, though several attempts have been made to familiarize it to a more genial soil, the experiment has always proved abortive.

Though this idea is in a general sense just, yet there have been exceptions to the rule, and as one of them has occurred within my own knowledge, I beg leave to notice it for the information of the naturalist.

Mr. Heyde, a merchant residing at Homerton, kept one of these valuable and curious animals upwards

wards of *three* years, during which period it enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health, and even on the day preceding its death appeared perfectly free from every complaint. The animal ranged in a small paddock, the grass of which was remarkably rich, which he fed upon indiscriminately throughout the year, though he showed a much greater fondness for his favourite lichen*, which was procured for him from Norway. His temper was remarkably gentle, and he appeared neither shy nor timid even to strangers, whom he would approach without fear, if they invited his affection by holding out his natural food; and would suffer himself to be handled, stroked, and caressed, by those of the family to whom he was accustomed.

OBSERVATOR.

 AN HYMN.

“ But the thunder of his power who can understand ? ”

JOB, XXVI. 34.

T WAS God that tun'd the rolling spheres,
 And stretch'd the winding skies;
 That form'd the plan of endless years,
 And bade the ages rise.

From everlasting is his might,
 Unbounded, unconfin'd;
 He pierces through the realms of light,
 And rides upon the wind.

He darts along the burning skies;
 Loud thunders round him roar;
 All heaven attends him as he flies;
 All earth proclaims his power.

* The LICHEN RANGIFERINUS of LINNÆUS.

The

The sun shrinks back as he appears;
 The moon forgets to shine;
 And every fading star declares
 His majesty divine.

He speaks; great Nature's wheels stand still,
 And cease their wonted round:
 The mountains melt; each trembling hill
 Forfakes its ancient bound.

He scatters nations with his breath;
 The scatter'd nations fly:
 His fiat gives or life or death,
 Defeat or victory.

Ye works of every living thing,
 Fulfil his dread command!
 Pay dutious homage to your King,
 And own his ruling hand!

But oh! my muse, forbear the theme,
 Since thus th' Almighty says:
 "What tongue is equal to my name?
 Or who can trace my ways?" K.

THE GOVERNESS.

ON THE ADVANTAGES WHICH ARE TO BE DERIVED FROM
 CHERISHING DOMESTIC AFFECTION.

TENDERNESS and affection are sensations which Nature has so strongly interwoven with existence, that it seems intended by her they should never have been separated; but that they should have acted as a solace to us under affliction, as a soother under pain, and as an antidote against the severest misfortunes.

To cherish these benign and amiable sentiments, is perhaps one of the most pleasing employments the

the youthful mind can practise; though to turn them into their proper sphere of action, requires the aid of reason, and of years.

A justly admired and elegant writer * observes, that "youth is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connexions begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore ought not to be discouraged, though at the same time it must be regulated with much circumspection and great care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are nothing more than combinations in pleasure; they begin in dissipation, and they terminate in disgust. Sometimes they are the effect of an interested complaisance on the one side, and of a credulous fondness on the other; and they are often founded on capricious likings suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved."

This description of youthful friendship, though uninviting, is by no means rare, and it is to be ascribed to that eager ardency and want of reflection which naturally characterizes the early period of existence. The specious is admired and loved; and the heart of youth often makes a surrender of its affection without consulting the judgment.

The friendships of the world again are too frequently formed upon the basis of self-interest, or the prospects of ambition; fortune may be increased, fame acquired; or the very honour that is attached to an intimacy with a person of distinction, imparts a kind of borrowed lustre to the friend, which com-

* Doctor Blair.

pensates both the want of virtue and sincerity. But, in the attachments which are formed, and the tenderesses which exist between the offspring of one common parent, no such degrading principles are found; one heart, one soul, one interest, seems to bind them.

A family united in the bonds of affection, has resources in itself to which apathy is a stranger. Misfortune but increases their stock of tenderness; and each, in attempting to sooth the affliction of the other, loses the remembrance of his own share.

A merchant of respectability in the city of London, as eminent for generosity as for rectitude, was solicited by a friend on whose honour he relied, to accept bills to the amount of several thousand pounds; and judging of the probity of his disposition by the equity of his own, unfortunately became the dupe of fraud and deception.

Deceived by the man on whom he had placed confidence, and shocked at the injury his family must sustain, the amiable victim of ill-placed generosity found his health sinking under the weight of the misfortune, and in less than a twelvemonth after it had occurred, fell a sacrifice to the iniquity of a pretended friend.

His children, who had been educated in elegance and ease, found themselves unexpectedly reduced to a state of poverty; and instead of possessing independent fortunes, learnt that their father had not left them enough for a decent competency.

The loss of a parent, however, on whom they fondly doated, was the severest affliction their bosoms could sustain; and though they could not help regretting

greeting a diminution of fortune, yet it appeared trifling when contrasted with this privation.

The benevolence of Mr. Pemberton's heart, and the respectability of his character, had gained him the esteem of several families of distinction, who, anxious to testify their respect and regard for his memory, were warm in their offers of protection to his children; the eldest of whom entered her nineteenth year on the day she was deprived of her beloved protector.

In the person of Selina Pemberton was united all that was engaging, lovely, and attractive; and to the most insinuating manners, and conciliating disposition, was added a mind that rose above misfortune. Happy in the bosom of her own family, and ever anxious to contribute to their felicity, she neither sought for amusement in the vortex of dissipation, nor sighed for pleasures but when her sisters shared them. At the age of fourteen she had the misfortune to lose her mother, and the task of instructing the younger branches then devolved upon her; and it would have been impossible for the most tender and attached parent to have fulfilled the trust with more fondness and felicitude.

Though Selina had apprehended that her father was in danger, yet she had not conceived that his dissolution was near; and her mind was so completely unprepared for the stroke, that for many days it was thought she would sink under it. Her sisters, who were both much younger than herself, felt their mutual loss with less severity, whilst Henry their brother, who was aware of the extent of their misfortunes, tenderly concealed his own afflictions, for fear of adding to those of a beloved sister.

The idea of being dependant upon the bounty of friends, was an humiliation which Selina could but ill sustain; yet aware that the interest of the little stock they had left would be insufficient to support them with the utmost economy, there was no resource but that, or going out into the world. Her talents and accomplishments would have qualified her for governess, and her manners, had she been friendless, would have carried a letter of recommendation; but, to obtain that employment, she must leave her sisters, who lived but in the smiles of her tenderness.

The sufferings of this amiable and attached family at the prospect of being compelled to submit to a separation, were at length alleviated by a proposal of Henry's, who, previous to the death of his amiable father, had been placed under the protection of a gentleman in the Temple. As this gentleman was a man of liberality and good nature, his clerks were not too closely confined to business; and as Henry was allowed the evening to himself, he resolved to turn this indulgence to his sisters' advantage. For this purpose, he undertook to write for the press; and with the emolument he derived from this employment he was enabled to hire a comfortable habitation. To the abode of fraternal affection this united family all retired; and, in the mutual interchange of acts of tenderness, they soon lost the sense of their sorrows and misfortunes. At six o'clock every evening Henry arrived from the office, and as soon as they had partaken of a frugal repast, which Selina and their only domestic had jointly prepared, Henry sat down to an avocation he considered delightful (as it enabled him to pro-

note the happiness of those whom he tenderly loved), and remaining at it about three hours, then retired to enjoy the blessing of repose.

Whilst Henry was thus devoting his time and application to the happiness of sisters so deserving his affection, they were likewise contributing to their mutual support by an equal exertion of their different talents. Selina's attention was devoted to translating the German language, whilst Sophia's was directed towards the French; and Lucy was occupied in painting flowers.

Their friends, who at first had opposed their plan, imagining it had originated in pride and independence, soon approved and applauded them for it; and were so delighted at beholding their harmony and affection, that they held them up as patterns to their own children.

Three happy years flew rapidly away, and each day seemed to add to their felicity, when Henry received an unexpected summons to attend a gentleman just arrived from India, who was thought to be dying.

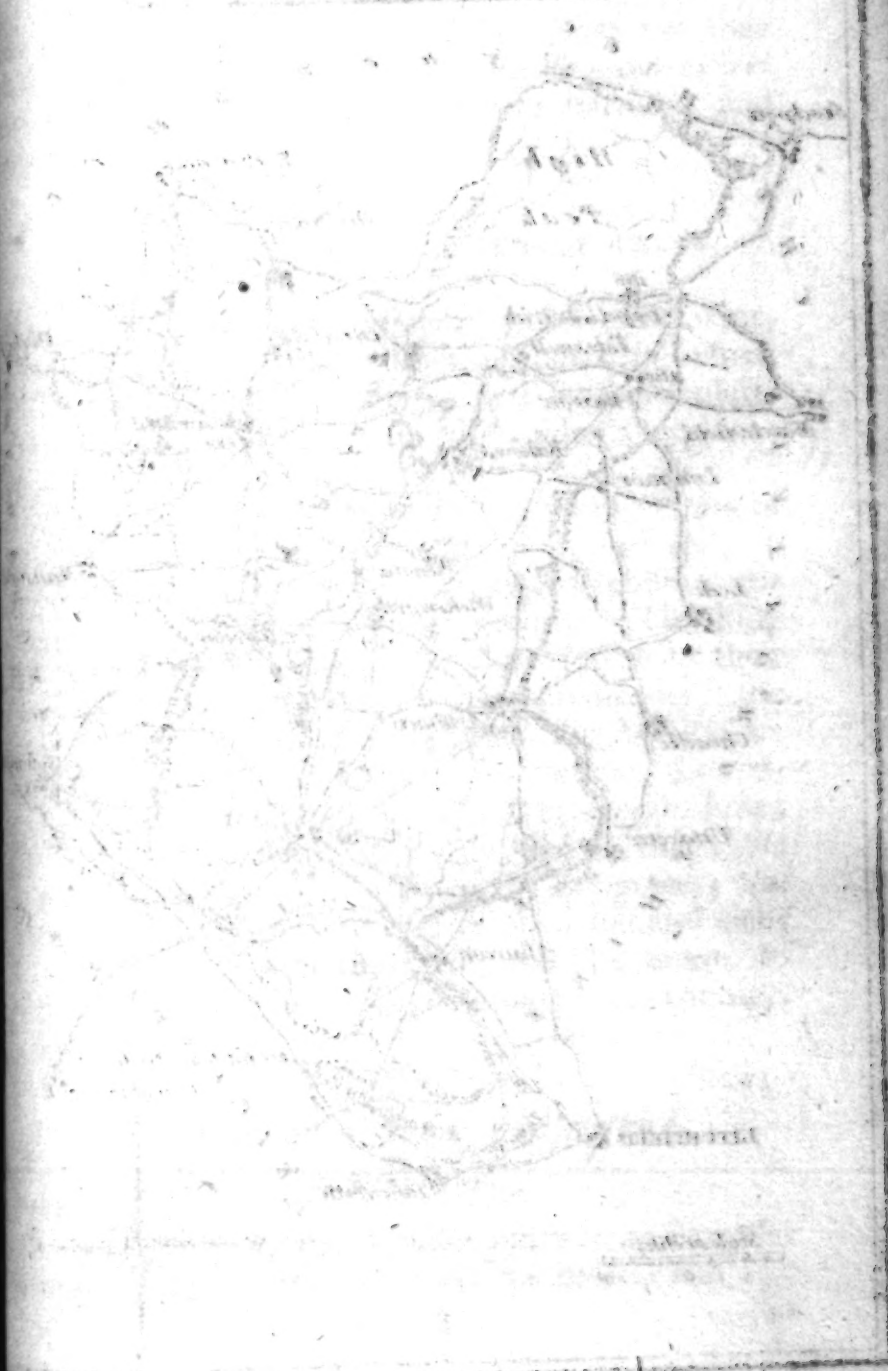
Though Henry was astonished at so extraordinary a request from a person who had not even sent his name, yet he immediately prepared to attend it, conceiving that his presence must be required upon a matter of business, and that the stranger wished to settle his affairs. Full of this idea, he arrived at the hotel, and was instantly shown into the sick man's chamber; when, judge of his astonishment at beholding the treacherous author of his father's ruin.

Various were the emotions which agitated his generous mind; but the debilitated state of the ob-

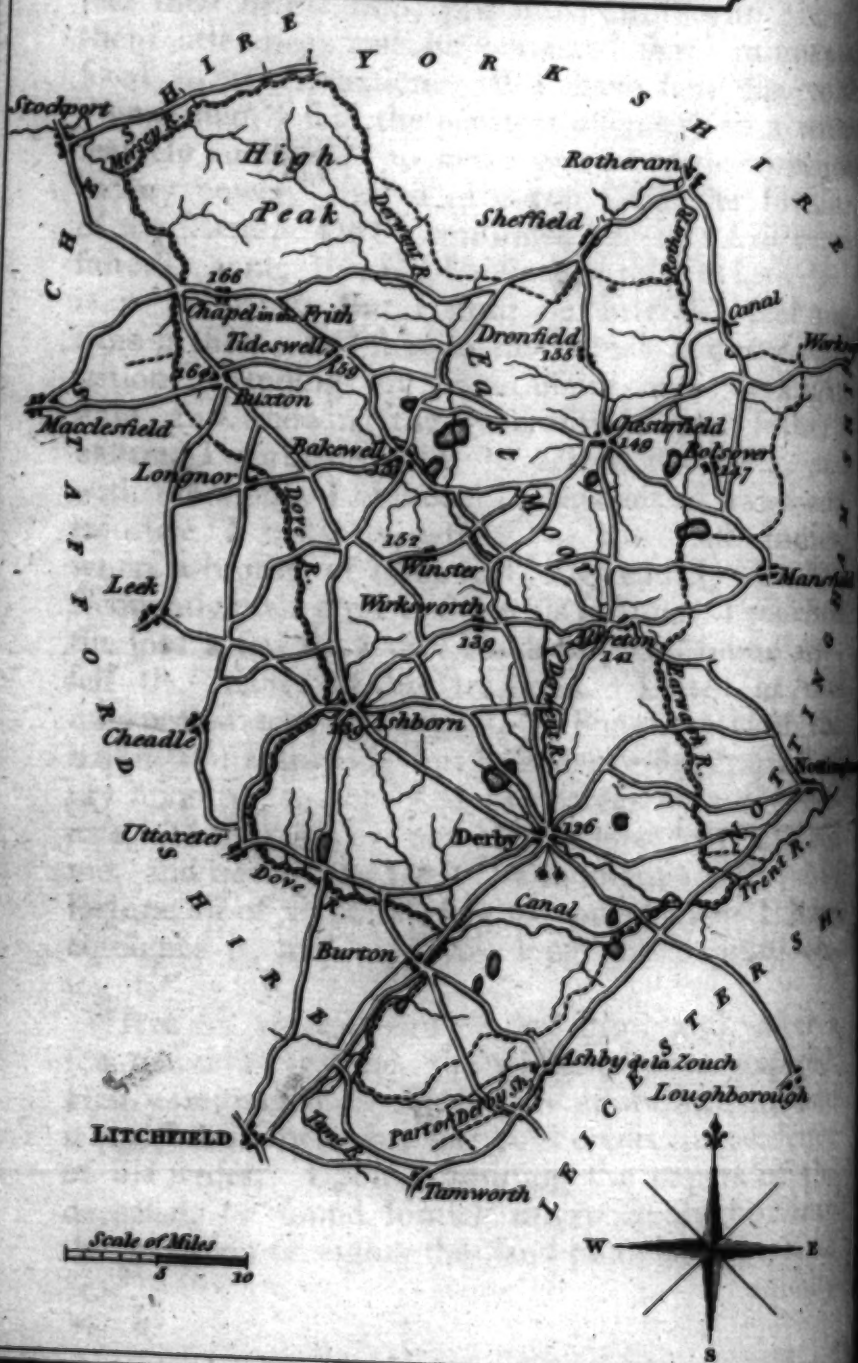
ject then before him, prevented him from giving them utterance, and he remained some moments fixed in consternation. "I have sent for you, young man," said the penitent offender, in a voice scarcely audible, "to make you every recompence in my power, and to give you back the fortune of my friend. Oh!" continued he, in a still more faltering tone, "could I restore it to him! Alas! it is too late! But I must be brief; I feel my time is short; so listen to my crimes and my contrition. Finding my own affairs in a deranged state, and knowing the generosity of your father's nature, I persuaded him to accept my bills, and with the money I obtained by this act of fraud and injustice I instantly set off to the East Indies, where a brother of mine had long resided, who had frequently invited me to share his fortune. I reached the spot a few days after his death, and found myself the master of his treasures. Elated at this unexpected turn of fortune, I thought myself the happiest of mankind; but Providence soon punished my iniquity, and checked my career by a dire disease. Three years are now elapsed since first it seized me, and never have I felt one moment's ease. My fortune all of right belongs to you, to you I have consigned it, and may you long and happily enjoy it!"

Here his voice entirely failed him, and, after a few convulsive groans, the wretched man expired. Henry remained petrified with astonishment, and it was some time before he could credit the evidence of his senses. Upon examining the papers of the deceased, he found himself unexpectedly put into the possession of eighty thousand pounds, which he
equally

Map of the State of New York



DERBYSHIRE



equally divided with his amiable sisters; yet they still continued to form only one family, and to live in the same uninterrupted state of harmony and affection.

NEW APPLICATION OF A PACK OF CARDS.

THE Cards spiritualized," in last Magazine, reminds me of various other purposes to which they may be applied; though, in a few particulars, there is a coincidence with the soldier's explanation.

The four suits correspond to the four quarters of the year, and the number of cards in each suit, to the weeks in a quarter. The twelve court cards intimate the twelve calendar months. The king and queen remind me of the duty I owe to their majesties; the ten, of the commandments; the nine, of the muses; the eight, of the beatitudes; the seven, of the wonders of the world; the six, to work six days, and to keep the seventh holy; the five, of the senses given by God to man; the four, of the seasons; the three, of the graces; the two, of the contrary principles of virtue and vice; the ace, of one supreme God; and the knave, of him who is a foe to the constitution of his country.

Norwich.

OUTLINES OF BRITISH GEOGRAPHY.

DERBYSHIRE.

THE general figure of this county is an irregular triangle. It is 55 miles long, 34 broad, and 175

in circumference, containing 988 square miles; and is divided into 6 hundreds and 106 parishes. There are 10 market-towns—Derby, Chesterfield, Wirksworth, Bakewell, Ashborne, Bolsover, Alfreton, Chapel in Frith, Dronfield, and Tideswell.

Derbyshire is bounded by Cheshire and Yorkshire on the north; on the east by the county of Nottingham; on the south by Leicestershire and Staffordshire; and on the west by Stafford and Cheshire. The Goyt and Dove, indeed, form a kind of natural limit on this side.

A chain of hills proceeding from the north terminates in Derbyshire, and gives it a rugged and romantic aspect. To this circumstance, and the mineral treasures its mountains contain, it is indebted for no small share of celebrity. The Peak and its various wonders are universally known by report, and are more generally visited by natives as well as foreigners, than almost any other natural scenes in this kingdom. The caverns, perforations, and subterraneous rivers, which the Peak presents to the contemplation of the curious, can only be named in this place. For a description of them we must refer to the *British Tourists*, where satisfactory information will be obtained in regard to the principal beauties and curiosities of these islands, and Derbyshire in particular.

In the hilly tract of Derbyshire, however, it is not only a barren curiosity that may be gratified. The mines are objects of value as well as of wonder. Lead, calamine, coals, marble, gypsum, and spars of uncommon elegance and beauty, are among the mineral productions of this district.

But though hills are the prominent feature of a
Derby-

Derbyshire landscape, there are several champaign and well-cultivated tracts, which yield abundant harvests. Pasturage, however, prevails, and many horned cattle and sheep are bred here.

The principal river of this county is the Derwent, which, rising in the highest part of the Peak, washes Derby, and afterwards falls into the Trent.

The romantic Dove holds almost a parallel course, and empties itself into the same river. The Trent may be considered rather as a visitor than a native stream; but, by the communication it opens with distant parts, through the intervention of canals, it is a valuable acquisition.

DERBY, the county town, is handsome, populous, and extensive. In its vicinity is the first silk-mill erected in this kingdom, whose powers and operations do honour to mechanical ingenuity. It was taken from an Italian model by sir Thomas Lombe.

Besides a manufactory of silk, cotton, and fine worsted stockings, Derby has a fabric of porcelain, and several hands are employed in the lapidary business.

In point of trade and opulence CHESTERFIELD ranks next. It has several manufactories within itself, and in the neighbourhood are large iron-foundries. The canal from this town to the Trent is of the utmost consequence to its prosperity.

ASHBORNE, on the Dove, is more distinguished for its situation than any internal advantages. DOVE-DALE is one of the most romantic spots in Great Britain; and the lover of nature never fails to eye it with a fond enthusiasm.

BAKEWELL is one of the best towns on the north-

north-west side of the Peak, and from some altars dug up here, is supposed to have been a Roman station.

The other towns of Derbyshire possess little remarkable; but several of the villages deserve to be noticed.

At CROMFORD are some extensive cotton-mills, on Arkwright's principle, which simplify and facilitate the cotton-manufacture, while they furnish subsistence to numbers of all ages.

BUXTON is celebrated for its warm springs, which have been found of sovereign efficacy in rheumatic complaints. The resort of company here is considerable, and numerous buildings are erected for their accommodation.

MATLOCK is also distinguished for its warm bath; but still more on account of the highly picturesque scenes with which it is surrounded.

Other mineral waters are found at KEDDLESTON and QUARNDON: the former are sulphureous, the latter chalybeate.

THE BULL-FINCH—PYRRHULA.

THIS bird belongs to the genus *loxia*, in the Linnaean arrangement, and the order of *passeres*, or sparrows. It is well known in this island; and, though its wild note is destitute of melody, such is its docility, that it may be taught to whistle any tune with astonishing precision, and even to speak, which latter quality is the less remarkable, as its bill strongly resembles that of the parrot kind.

When caged, as it frequently is, for its beauty and

would give us pleasure to know that the daughters of Salency are still found deserving of the crown of roses.

“There is still a part of the world,” says this female writer, “where simple genuine virtue is endowed with public honours.—It is in a village of Picardy, a place far distant from the politeness and luxury of great cities: there an affecting ceremony, which draws tears from the spectators, is observed; a solemnity awful, from its venerable antiquity and salutary influence, and which has been preserved, notwithstanding the revolution of twelve centuries: there the simple lustre of flowers, with which innocence is annually crowned, is at once the reward, the encouragement, and the emblem. Here, indeed, ambition preys upon the young heart; but it is a gentle ambition; the valued prize is a *bat*, decorated with wreaths of *roses*.—The preparations for the public decision; the pomp of the festival; the concourse of people which it assembles; their attention fixed upon modesty, which does itself honour by its own blushes; the simplicity of the reward, an emblem of those *virtues* by which it is obtained; the affectionate friendship of the rivals, who, in heightening the triumph of their queen, conceal in the bottom of their worthy hearts the timid hope of reigning in their turn; all these circumstances united give a pleasing and affecting pomp to this singular ceremony, which causes every heart to palpitate, every eye to sparkle with tears of true delight, and makes wisdom the object of passion.—To be irreproachable is not sufficient; there is a kind of nobleness, of which proofs are required; a nobleness, not of rank and dignity, but of *worth*
and

and *innocence*. These proofs must include several generations, both on the father's and mother's side; so that a whole family is crowned upon the head of one, and the triumph of one is the glory of the whole. Example, powerful example, acts even at a distance; there the bud of worthy actions is unfolded, and the traveller, on approaching this territory, perceives, before he enters it, that he is not far distant from Salency.

“By this interesting practice, emulation becomes general; every one dreads, by an indelicate action, to injure or dethrone a sister or a daughter.—The crown of roses, which is promised to the most *prudent*, is expected with emotion, and distributed with justice, and is the means of establishing goodness, rectitude, and morality, in every family: it attaches the best people to the most peaceable residence.

“This affecting and valuable festival has been transmitted from the fifth century to the present day. To this rose is united a purity of morals, which, from time immemorial, has never suffered the slightest blemish: and to this interesting flower is attached the happiness, peace, and glory of the *Salencians*.”

THE

THE VIRTUOSO BROKER*: A DRAMATIC PROVERB.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men. TRIMTRAM, the Broker—YOUNG TRIMTRAM—MR. NOBLE—
FIDELE, a Frenchman.

Women. MISS CURIOUS—MISS LOVELY—BETTY.

Servants.

SCENE I.—*Opens, and discovers Trimtram and his Son.*

Old Trimtram.

AND so, Bobby, Mr. Type will have the bills ready directly?

Y. Trim. He promised, papa, that you should have them before any virtuoso in London had opened his eyes.

O. Trim. Ha! they seldom open their eyes to see clearly—so much the better; and when they use

* Dramatic proverbs are a species of interlude that can scarcely be said to be naturalized in this country. In France, however, they were formerly in vogue, though the dreadful revolution that has taken place there leaves us much reason to doubt if such elegant amusements are now pursued. It was customary in families of rank and taste to perform little dramas of this kind to entertain their guests after dinner. As they were always formed on some well-known proverb, it exercised the ingenuity of the company, who were not in the secret, to discover what was most applicable to the plot. We trust, in like manner, our young readers will be gratified with the specimen we have been induced to lay before them, and favour us with the English proverb, intended to be illustrated in the *Virtuoso Broker*.

This piece is also calculated to answer another purpose. It ridicules a frivolous taste for trifles, and exposes the deceptions that are sometimes actually practised on collectors of curiosities, who have more money than judgment.

glasses, it is only to darken the subject. I never observed one of them employing magnifiers without magnifying the price of my commodity. Whim, fancy, folly, have made my fortune; and when I retire I'll erect a temple in my garden to their joint honour.

Y. Trim. I think, papa, you might as well have kept on shop till you could have afforded to have founded an hospital for decayed virtuosi.

O. Trim. The whole world is an hospital for them—they are all turned loose as incurables; but I have made my fortune. To-day I hope to wind up my business; and to-morrow I shall commence gentleman, Bobby.

SCENE II.—*Enter a Servant, with the Bills of the Day's Sale.*

Servant. Sir, Mr. Type has sent you these, with his service.

O. Trim. Very well! we shall not want any more bills. Here—take these, and stand at the shop-door, and distribute them. [*Exit Servant.*]

O. Trim. (To his Son.) Read over this bill, Bobby, to see if all is right.

(Reads.) "POSITIVELY THE LAST DAY'S SALE, To be sold this day ——— by hand, the remaining stock of Griskin Trimtram, leaving off trade, at his shop, Oxford Road, consisting of the following superlatively elegant, curious, rare, rich, unrivalled, unique, antique, and undescribable articles, fit for the cabinets of the curious, the drawing-rooms of the polite, and the libraries of the learned."

O. Trim. Very well, Bobby.

(Reads)

(*Reads on.*) "I. The slough of the serpent that tempted Eve, cast the following spring."

Y. Trim. Did you not say you had sold this some time since to Mrs. Gadabout, who reduced it to powder in carrying it home?

O. Trim. Never mind that—you don't understand trade. The name of one thing we have not, frequently afflicts to sell what we have. Go on.

"II. A miniature picture set in brilliants, supposed to be painted by Apelles, and to represent the Grecian Venus."

Y. Trim. La, papa, I should like to see this.

O. Trim. Go on, I say.

"III. A bolt from Noah's ark, proving that the antediluvians knew the use of iron."

O. Trim. I bought that for a penny of a fisherman at Deal, who picked it out of a wreck.

Y. Trim. Dear papa, how can you—

O. Trim. Read on, or company will be here before I am ready.

"IV. The tongs with which St. Dunstan pinched the d—l's nose, as fit for use as ever."

"V. Pope Joan's toe-nail. N. B. The mark of the kisses upon it."

O. Trim. A rare article this for a Catholic!

"VI. Homer's Advice to Washerwomen. Not to be found in any library."

O. Trim. The printer has spoiled the sale of that article by dropping the Greek name. Though I could not read it, I thought Mr. Type might.

"VII. An elegant table-clock that will save the world and all in time, as it never goes except when wound up."

O. Trim. What, what is this?

Y. Trim. It is as I read it, papa.

O. Trim. Aye, aye, the more nonsense, perhaps, the better. We must have something to suit every capacity.

"VIII. The diamond-necklace of the late beautiful and unfortunate queen of France, fit for any sovereign princess to wear.

"IX. One of Louis XVI.'s sleeve-buttons, which he wore at the time of his execution.

"X. The ogling-glass of an old beau, which he used at the opera, seven years after he had lost the sight of both his eyes. With an infinite variety of other curious articles, too numerous to specify in a bill."

Y. Trim. Dear, dear papa, I never heard of half these articles before.

O. Trim. Nor I either. Some I have already sold under such descriptions—some I never had—and none are really what they are represented to be. Oh! you know not the powers of fancy. They beat reality hollow.

Y. Trim. But how will you manage if any lot is inquired after that you have not got?

O. Trim. Tell them that it is just gone, that twenty people have been asking for it before, and offer something that is left.

Y. Trim. Well, I wish you had taken me into the shop, that I might have had some insight into the business before you left off.

O. Trim. No, no, Bobby, I did not wish it. Necessity drove me to invention; but I begin to be ashamed of it myself, and your fortune will set you above the meanness of deception. I must now go and see that things are in order in the shop.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE III.—*The Shop.**Enter Fidele, an Emigrant.*

Fidele. Monsieur, me wants to look at de—de—
de king of France.

O. Trim. I am sorry, sir, I have not got him,
He would be a precious lot.

Fidele. Votre bill, monsieur. (*Points to the lot
in the bill.*)

O. Trim. O! I understand you, sir, the sleeve-
buttons.

Fidele. Oui, monsieur, the slave-boutons.

O. Trim. There they are; I bought them of one
of your countrymen.

Fidele. Helas! un democrat sell them.

O. Trim. He did not tell me his name, Sir, and
I did not ask it.

Fidele. Vell, monsieur, qui conte, vat price?

O. Trim. I never tell what price I pay.

Fidele. Non, non, vat ask?

O. Trim. Five guineas: they are unique. The
others were lost in the crowd.

Fidele. Faive guinea? Me no faive guinea.

O. Trim. Then you can't have them. No abate-
ment—no credit at my shop. Besides, now I re-
collect, they are engaged already to the marquis
of what d'ye call him. He bid me not part with
them till he had seen them.

Fidele. J'en suis bien fâché. I loved de king,
dis souvenir—vat call—remember—would me please.
Mais de king repose ici. (*Laying his hand on his
heart.*)

O. Trim. You seem an honest gentleman; I love
my own king, and I respect your principle. Take
them.

them, fir, at your own price. The marquis should have been here before.

Fidele. Tank you, tank you, monsieur. (*Pulls out his purse.*) Von guinea—ce tout.

O. Trim. Take them, fir, you are welcome.

Fidele. Je suis obligé à vous, monsieur. [*Exit.*]

O. Trim. (Solus.) I could have almost found in my heart to have made this poor fellow a present of the buttons. A Frenchman who loves any one but himself, is not every day to be seen in the streets of London. For aught I know, they might have belonged to a king or a cobbler; but, a *fleur de lis* on gold was a much better conjectural reason for assigning them to the king of France, than many learned men have plumed themselves on advancing, on more important subjects.

SCENE IV.—*Enter Miss Curious and Miss Lovely.*

O. Trim. Your seryant, ladies; a fine morning for walking.

Miss C. We heard of your sale, and wished to be here early. I hope we can at least have a sight of some of the curiosities mentioned in this day's bill.

O. Trim. I am much obliged to you, ladies: some of the curious articles are gone. Indeed, I have had so many applications this morning already, that I could have sold most of them ten times over.

Miss L. La! we thought we should have been first. Well, let us look at something however, since we are come. These are very pretty tweezers.

O. Trim. They are, and very curious too. They ought to have been specified in the bill. Why, they are the very tweezers that the last inca of Peru used to pluck out his beard with. You know the Americans

Americans have no beards, they pull them out before they grow.

Both Ladies. Ha! ha! he!

Miss C. We are not much acquainted with the Americans; but think what you observe rather remarkable.

O. Trim. No less remarkable than true, I assure you, ladies.

Miss L. Well! we do not want the tweezers; let us look at that large tooth-pick case: what is its history?

O. Trim. Why, madam, it was made before the most ancient history commences; and therefore I can give no certain account of it. But if we may judge from the size, some antediluvian giant before the creation of the world carried his tooth-picks in it.

Miss L. (To Miss C.) What an impudent fellow! I wish Mr. Curious were here. He thinks we know nothing, and romances away as fast as his tongue can run.

Miss C. I think you would prefer Mr. Noble's company before my brother's; but I wish we had one of them with us.

Miss C. (To O. Trim.) Well, the price of this unaccountable tooth-pick case? I have a brother who may think it a curiosity.

O. Trim. Three guineas. To a gentleman of taste, it is worth three times the money.

Miss C. If that is the lowest price, here it is.

O. Trim. Thank you, madam.

Miss C. Can you show us the serpent's slough that tempted Eve. Is it scarlet, or what colour?

O. Trim. It is just gone, madam. A rare article,

ele, truly. It was become rather brown with age; but I think it must have been a very beautiful scar-let indeed before it was cast.

Miss C. Have you got pope Joan's toe-nail?

O. Trim. It was the first article that went; I sold it for the use of a new Catholic chapel: fifty guineas was the price, and cheap as cow's-horn.

Miss C. Can you favour us with a sight of the queen of France's diamond-necklace?

O. Trim. I am not quite at liberty in that respect, madam. A certain great personage, you understand me, madam, sent another great personage to look at it, and that great personage wished the other great personage to see it; and so I delivered it, taking a note for the value. I doubt not it is sold; I offered it vastly cheap.

Miss C. We are very unfortunate: every thing seems gone that is worthy of notice. Can you show us the Grecian Venus?

O. Trim. Yes, madam, fortunately I can: but you will not buy it; it is a gentleman's object.

Miss C. I don't know that; let us look at it, however.

[Trimtram produces the picture of Miss Lovely.]

Miss L. (In astonishment.) Lord, sir, this is my picture. How came you by this?

O. Trim. Ha! ha! your picture, madam! Impossible! It was painted centuries before you was born; when the only painting known in this island, was painting the skin to save the expense of clothes.

Miss C. Miss Lovely! you are joking with Mr. Trimtram. To be sure you are handsome enough;

but

but I thought you had not the vanity to suppose that Venus could be mistaken for you.

Miss L. (To Miss Curious.) If I had much vanity, here it has met with a sufficient mortification.

Miss C. What does the girl mean? Come, let us look at it; it is indeed very like. This is extraordinary. Mr. Trimtram, did you ever see the original Grecian Venus? Here she stands.

O. Trim. I hope the lady will be satisfied, however strong the likeness, that it could not be intended for her. I have done wrong, I fear, in producing it, as the gentleman who pawned it, said he would redeem it in a short time.—I must try to come off as well as I can. (*Aside.*)

Miss L. Alas! I cannot be deceived.

O. Trim. Why, madam, you have a small patch on your cheek; you see there is none in the picture. Your hair is dressed quite different. The picture is done in the exact Grecian style. You, madam, are modern all over.

Miss L. That does not signify; it pleases me.

O. Trim. I am sorry for it.

Miss L. Sorry for it! If I give you your price, how can my fancy concern you?

O. Trim. To tell you the truth, madam, it is bespoke by a gentleman, a great virtuoso.

Miss L. I should rather suppose it had been sold to you by a gentleman, who is no virtuoso.

Miss C. Come, come, Mr. Trimtram, this is trifling with the lady. The gentleman who bespoke it may have only the curiosity to see it. Name your price.

SCENE

SCENE V.—*Enter Betty with a Letter to Mr. Trimtram.*

Betty. Sir, my master sent me with this, and desires an answer.

O. Trim. (Reads.) “Sir, please to send me per bearer the Grecian Venus, and the lowest price, together with any other curious articles not yet disposed of; and you will oblige,

“Your humble servant,

“ANTONY ANTIQUE.”

There, ladies, you see it bespoke; I am sorry I cannot oblige you. The first person who applies, you know, must always have the preference.

Miss L. Then I was the first. I claim the preference from your own words.

O. Trim. Indeed I cannot part with it; I wish I could.

Miss L. Will you name no price?

O. Trim. The price, madam, will be very high. A painting by Apelles is not every day to be met with.

Miss L. Apelles, indeed! No more of your invention; it was painted by Mr. Carmine.

O. Trim. What, madam, when Mr. Antique, the prince of virtuosi and cognoscenti, sets such a value upon it, do you think it could be done by a common modern dauber?

Miss C. Well, this is the most extraordinary sale I ever attended. Come, fix your price, and let the lady have the preference.

Miss L. It shall not go, I am determined, till I have had the first offer, as I applied first; or, at least,

least, till Mr. Trimtram will satisfactorily inform me how he came by it.

O. Trim. I wish I had bought it out and out; I could have sold it rarely. (*Aside.*)—What can I do, madam? You have not indeed the first claim; but, to oblige you, I will say five hundred guineas.

Miss L. A modest demand for what cost only fifty; but I must ask some more questions.

SCENE VI.—*Enter a Servant.*

Servant. Master, a gentleman wants to speak with you directly. He is come, he says, to fetch some picture.

O. Trim. The gentleman, I dare say, who pawned the Venus. (*Aside.*)—Tell the gentleman I hope he will excuse me for a few minutes; I have some customers to serve.

Servant. He says he cannot wait a moment. Oh, here he comes already. [*Exit Servant.*]

SCENE VII.—*Enter Mr. Noble.*

Mr. N. Well, Mr. Trimtram, I hope you did not mean to sell the picture I was lately under the necessity of raising a little money on. I trust it is not your Grecian Venus set in brilliants. I am come to redeem it: here is your money—where is the miniature?

O. Trim. With concern I say it, I showed it to these ladies; and one of them will have it *volens*.

[*Mr. Noble observes Miss Lovely, and starts.*]

Miss G. O Mr. Noble, I thought you had loved the Grecian Venus too well to part with her picture even for a moment.

Betty.

Betty. (*Falls on her knees to Mr. Noble.*) O Mr. Noble! is it you? my best, my only benefactor! How can I sufficiently thank you for your goodness to my poor mother and her helpless children? but I hope she will live to thank you herself. Your charity has saved them from distress, from utter ruin; I hope they will yet do well.

Mr. N. Then I am amply rewarded. Rise, be a good girl, and I will still be a friend to your family.—(*To Miss Lovely.*) Dear madam, this is not a place for explanations; but were I conscious of having intended any disrespect to you, by parting with your picture even for an hour, I should feel a confusion that would condemn me. This poor girl, for some little services I did her family, has been the fortunate means of freeing me from the imputation. You know I am not very rich. I found an opportunity of doing good; but had no money at the time. To make your picture the temporary means of relieving distress, of promoting happiness; I thought would, if possible, endear you to me the more; and I hope by this action (which, however, I wished you never to know), I have forfeited no part of your esteem; which, next to the approbation of my own mind, will ever be dearest to me.

Miss L. Appearances were against you, I confess; but the distress I felt is turned into joy. I am happy to think that my representation was the means of doing good.

Miss C. There's a generous girl! I believe, Mr. Noble, she would have insisted on purchasing her own picture at any rate, had you not so critically

arrived, though Mr. Trimtram assured her it was engaged.

O. Trim. Yes, sir, I assured the lady it was engaged; had it not, I never turn away the first customer; and I hope you will excuse the liberty I took in showing it.

Mr. N. I know not that I ought; but I will not argue with you.

O. Trim. Indeed, sir, I did not suppose it would have been seen by any person who knew it; and being so beautiful, I thought its insertion in my bill would help the day's sale. I humbly beg all your pardons for my freedom.

Miss L. You have mine; and I trust Mr. Noble will think no more about it. I resign the picture to him alone. Come, let us go.

Mr. N. Dear miss Lovely, I thank you, and will take your advice.—(*To Betty.*) Remember, be a good girl, but say nothing of what has past here; and if you, Mr. Trimtram, wish for my forgiveness, you will be equally silent.

O. Trim. Rely on my prudence, sir; I am heartily sorry for the trouble I have given both you and myself: this moment I shut up shop for ever.

[*Exeunt Mr. Noble and the Ladies.*]
(*To Betty.*) My service to Mr. Antique, and tell him I will wait on him directly with all the curiosities I have left; and what he does not choose to buy, will form a small cabinet for myself, till my grandchildren want them for playthings.

[*Exit Betty.*]
(*Solus.*) After all, I regret I did not sell the Venus at once. Five hundred guineas have I lost by conscience! What had I to do with honesty! To

take the first good offer was the old established maxim of my shop, and I ought to have left off with it.

This *faux pas* with Venus discredits my wiles;
But wiser than I have been caught in her toils.

WILLIAM AND FANNY: A TALE.

FOUNDED ON THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF A YOUNG MAN BEING
PRESSED FOR A SAILOR, WITHIN A FEW DAYS OF HIS IN-
TENDED MARRIAGE.

STILL was the solemn hour of night,
And silent as the grave,
When FANNY wander'd to the height
Which frowns o'er Lippen's wave.

Her golden tresses loosely play'd,
Dishevell'd by the gale,
Save some which wantonly had stray'd,
To deck her breast so pale.

A deadly white those cheeks o'ercast,
Where erst the rose-bud glow'd;
And livid were those ruby lips,
Whence melting music flow'd.

Full oft the raging wave she view'd,
Which ne'er was seen to rest;

"Ah! such," she cries, "the piercing grief
Which rages in my breast.

"Oh, WILLIAM! WILLIAM! couldst thou see
Thy FANNY thus forlorn—"

When, lo! before her languid eyes
Her WILLIAM's shade was borne.

"Weep, weep no more," he cried, "for me;
My woes are gone and past:

What mortal can avoid his fate,
Or fly misfortune's blast?

"Torn

" Torn from my FANNY's circling arms,
And fore'd by ruffian hands,
To pass my life in war's alarms,
Or pine in foreign lands:

" Without one tender, last farewell
To sooth distraction's smart,
I left each blissful scene behind,
My friends, my love, my heart.

" But soon rough Boreas blows aloud,
The foaming billows rise;
The pealing thunder deeply roars,
And vivid lightning flies.

" Confusion, terror, fear, dismay,
The seaman's bosom swell;
When, splitting on the fatal rock,
Our ship in shivers fell.

" 'Twas vain to seek the wish'd-for shore,
No friendly hand was near;
The briny sea-weed was my shroud,
A coral-bed my bier."

He spoke, and quickly from her sight
The dear-lov'd phantom flew:
A trembling seiz'd the luckless maid,
The maid who lov'd so true.

In pensive agony she saw
The waters rolling by;
And while their murmurs eas'd her pain,
Repaid them with a sigh.

Till, frantic with despair and grief,
She rais'd her languid eyes,
And, looking wildly at the flood,
" My love, I come," she cries.

When, oh! with pain my muse relates,
Down from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide she plung'd,
And sought the realms of night.

STEPHANUS.

A NEW AND SUPERIOR METHOD OF MAKING
BLACK WRITING INK.

CHEMISTRY, which is of so much importance in the concerns of life, has lately been cultivated with a success unknown in former ages; and the discoveries which have been made, have led to the most valuable improvements in arts, manufactures, and medicine.

Among other recent discoveries in this branch of science, we particularize one which tends to a very useful purpose, and is daily and universally applicable to the occasions of mankind. Various have been the receipts given for making that necessary fluid called ink; but, as they have seldom been founded on any just principles of combination, they have frequently failed to produce a good and permanent ink for writing.

The following, by C. Van Mons, we are assured is a real improvement, and may be easily tried.

Take best galls, 4 ounces; sulphat of iron calcined till it becomes white, 2½ ounces; and a quart of water. Infuse cold for 24 hours, and then add rather more than an ounce of gum-arabic. Preserve the fluid in a stone jar, slightly covered with paper.

TOM RESTLESS: A STORY.

FROM DR. MAYOR'S GIFT TO HIS CHILDREN.*

“**A** FLITTING stone gathers no moss;” so says the proverb, and it is true. Activity is not suffi-

* See our Review for September.

cient

cient to ensure success, unless it be directed to one invariable end. The desultory bustle of unsteady minds is only labour in vain. The path that leads to respectability and wealth, must be pursued through all its asperities and obliquities, if you wish to reach the object in view. The traveller who turns aside to gather every flower, or who sometimes hurries and sometimes loiters, will find himself distanced at last by those who calmly pace on, and are neither diverted by difficulties, nor attracted by every casual appearance of temporary pleasure.

TOM RESTLESS was one of the cleverest boys at the school where he was brought up. He outstripped his companions, whenever he gave himself the trouble to enter into competition with them. At play, learning, every pursuit he engaged in, he carried away the palm of superiority: but all his motions were irregular; and long-continued application to any business was his aversion and contempt.

From school he was removed into the counting-house of a West India merchant. His relations augured well to his success in commerce, from his known talents and activity. In any situation he might have shone; but he chose rather to dazzle for a moment, than to preserve a clear and steady light. He became master of all the routine of the counting-house in less than twelve months.

Why, thought our hero, should he be longer confined to ledgers and waste-books? Here he had nothing more to learn. His solicitations to be permitted to take a trading voyage for the benefit of his employer, overcame both the merchant and his own relations. He was soon equipped, and set sail

for the West Indies, in raptures at the idea of seeing the world. A storm which he had to encounter before clearing the channel, gave Tom no very favourable opinion of the felicity of a sailor's life; but the storm vanished, and, with it, his sense of danger and uneasiness. The remainder of the voyage was barren of occurrences. He landed in due time on the island of Jamaica, to which the vessel was bound; and in consequence of his eagerness to visit the new scenes which presented themselves, his hurry, and his neglect of proper precautions, he soon fell sick of the endemial fever of the West Indies; and with difficulty escaped with his life. Our adventurer now began to reflect on his imprudence; regretted his having left the counting-house to encounter useless dangers; and began to form resolutions of checking his natural propensity for change. The vow formed in illness, and under restraint, is seldom observed when health and liberty return. Tom felt all the vagaries of his natural disposition as soon as he recovered. He made himself speedily acquainted with the management of sugar plantations, and with the West India trade in general. But, as he had a heart of benevolence and not of stone, the task-master met with his unqualified detestation, the situation of the slave awakened his most generous feelings.

He soon became disgusted with a traffic in which blood was shed without pity, and whips were the reward of toil. He saw the ship freighted with pleasure, and bid adieu to these islands without regret. He had a pleasant voyage, returned full of information, and had obtained the credit of prudent and dexterous conduct; but he was sick of
what

what he had seen; and for once goodness of principle united with versatility of disposition, to make him relinquish this branch of commerce at least. But there were numerous other avenues to wealth in the mercantile profession. True, had not Tom been tired of the whole, he might have selected parts, that would have suited almost any taste.

For some time, however, he had set his heart on being a soldier. When his connexions found that his resolution in this respect could not be shaken, they procured a liberation from his original engagements, and purchased a pair of colours for him. He joined his regiment, which was quartered in the country, strutted in a laced coat and cockade, and thought himself the happiest fellow alive. So he was for a few weeks; but here he found that he had little to learn, and less to practise; and his mind revolted at the idea of quiet. Tom was ever impatient of inactivity; he found it necessary to be doing something; and, in conformity to this principle, though against the remonstrances of his friends, he exchanged into a regiment just about to sail for the East Indies.

A new scene, and a new quarter of the globe, again pleased and attracted his fancy. He anticipated the greatest felicity in prospect from this new change; but fortune determined otherwise. The ship in which he had embarked was wrecked on the Maldivia islands. He preserved life by swimming; but could save few of those accommodations that render it delightful. As he hated idleness as much as he disliked any constant employ, he set about providing the means of subsistence with all possible diligence, ingratiated himself with the natives,

natives, and became a mighty favourite with their chief: had not the thought of being cut off from polished society disturbed him, he might have been happy still. For a short space he did not form any particular plan for effecting his deliverance. He, indeed, kept a good look-out for any ship that might pass; but such a chance was rare. At last he bethought himself of attempting something. He persuaded the Maldivians that he could teach them to build ships. The bait took; in a few weeks the first vessel was constructed: she was strong, but of rude formation; and all were eager to see her launched, and to try her on the waves. Tom selected the best mariners, as well as those whom he thought most friendly, to have the honour of this experiment. He had fortunately saved a compass, and some other necessities, from the wreck; and had privately laid in a small stock of provisions. The vessel sailed to a miracle: all were delighted with this nautic excursion; and by degrees they lost sight of land. Now was the critical moment! His associates wished to return; he distributed some liquors among them, and made a feint to tack about; but the wind being pretty high, and blowing off the shore, this could not be effected. He veered on another tack with no better success, as he wished it to be believed. At length, no person except himself knew the direction of the shore they had left.

Night coming on, he steered by the compass, and kept his companions in good humour by telling them there was no danger of their landing next morning. In the mean while he made the best of the wind and the time; and as no one could pre-

sume

same to direct the course of the vessel but himself, all were fearful of interfering, and on the third day he providentially landed near Cape Comorin.

From thence our hero undertook a long journey to Fort St. George, where he was soon replaced in his rank; and sent with a detachment against one of the country powers who had just revolted. Captain Restless, as we should now call him, behaved with abundant resolution: success crowned the endeavours of his country; and he was rapidly rising in his new profession, when he once more became dissatisfied and disgusted with it; because he was confined to a garrison, while the range of the whole peninsula would scarcely have gratified his roving ambition.

As he had behaved with bravery, and evinced a fertility of resources on every emergency, he was allowed to sell out, though with concern for his loss; and, on the very next day, he entered on board a ship bound to China, with no other view than to ascertain whether the Chinese women have smaller feet than the Europeans, from nature or art; and to drink tea, as he termed it, at the fountain-head.

He had no sooner arrived in China, than he wished to survey the country, but he had nearly forfeited his life by the attempt. A country not to be seen, had no charms for captain Restless, and he returned in an India ship which was sailing for Europe, as wise as he went; but with a very unfavourable opinion of Chinese hospitality, though he ought to have done justice to its policy. On reaching the Cape of Good Hope, he determined to proceed no farther, till he had visited the Hottentots,

tots, and ascertained some facts in their natural history.

It would be endless to enumerate all his adventures in this quarter of the globe. Sometimes he was reduced to the greatest distress; but his ingenuity always brought him off. At last he landed in England, found his father was no more, and, in consequence, took possession of his patrimony.

It might have been supposed his adventures would now have terminated, and that he would have been happy in the enjoyment of that quiet which fortune allowed him to possess. No such thing: he had never made the tour of Europe; and he was determined not to sit down as a country gentleman, till he had visited the continent. He soon reached Paris: here he began to display his usual activity; he could neither be idle, nor usefully employed. He began with uttering some speculative opinions, by the adoption of which, he conceived that the French government might be vastly improved, and the country made one of the most desirable in the world. For these, he was speedily rewarded with a lodging in the Bastille. After a close confinement of five years, he was liberated; but the hardships he had undergone ruined his health, and he died at Paris, in a few weeks after he had recovered his liberty.

REFLECTIONS.

The heedless career of Tom Restless will, I hope, instruct the young never to give way to a roving and unsettled turn of mind. He might have been happy, he might have been honoured in any situation, had he stuck to it; but he rendered himself

miserable

miserable by a romantic search; after he did not know what.

Never, on slight grounds, relinquish the station in which you are first placed. If you once deviate from the track intended for you, it is no easy matter to recover it. It is therefore wise to oppose the first irregular sallies of the mind. The road of life will be easy, when once you have obtained a mastery over yourself.

LINES SENT TO A LADY ADDICTED TO FASHION-
ABLE HOURS, WITH A VIOLET.

DID you but know, when bath'd in dew,
How sweet this little violet grew,
Beside the thorny brake;
How fragrant blew the morning air
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillow you'd forsake.
Paler than the autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining Grief,
The cheek of Sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
Nature's own favourite tints recall,
If once you let them go.

LOUISA.

ESSAY ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE
THISTLE.

THE thistle, though one of the most despised, is one of the most useful and admirable of plants. It is the nurse of vegetation. I suppose a plat of
steril

steril earth; and if we consider some of the causes of its sterility, we shall presently discover how perfectly adapted to the purposes of fertilizing it, is the strong and spreading thistle. If the steril earth of which we speak is composed of light loose sand, delicate vegetables can seldom acquire sufficient strength for resistance, before winds drive them away with unsettled mould in which they have struck root; or, if they escape the power of the wind, rains frequently bury them, or wash them from their hold. The effects of a heavy descent of water upon tender plants, no doubt, have often fallen under the eye of the reader; but he may be less accustomed to witness the devastations of the wind upon vegetables that are on a level with the earth, because populous neighbourhoods are sheltered by buildings and trees, which, while they are themselves exposed to its fury, are the protectors of the circumjacent parts. The effects of the wind, however, and the consequent barrenness, I have witnessed upon the hills near Bridgnorth, in Shropshire. The dry madhesive sand permitted my feet to sink to the depth of several inches. All around, at a little distance, a brown dreary waste presented itself; yet, in several places, upon close examination, a fine young grass was to be found: here, just rising from the seed; there, grown to the height of an inch, and half lost in sand; and, in other places, on removing its covering, grass was to be found, entirely overwhelmed, and rotting. These evils however are partially remedied by the sturdy, penetrating, and extensive roots of the thistle, which keep the earth together. If the soil again is of a stiff, heavy nature, the same roots,

by dividing and loosening it, enable plants of less strength to insert their delicate fibres, and procure nourishment.

So far, I have spoken principally of the subterranean uses of the thistle: but there are other coincident causes of sterility; and these the thistle is wonderfully contrived to obviate. It is a law universally prevalent, both in the natural and moral worlds, that bad shall degenerate into worse, and good become still better. Nothing is stationary; that which is fertile, becomes every day more fertile; and that which is barren, is continually becoming more barren: so, in the career of knowledge, or of virtue, the acquisition of to-day assists the progress of to-morrow; and so, likewise, alas! in the retrograde paths of ignorance and vice, the falling back of one hour produces the bankruptcy of the next. This uniform operation of the same causes in the seemingly dissimilar departments of creation, is a strong and beautiful proof, that the whole is the result of one magnificent design. Thus, in the vegetable world, the plants which a spot of earth produces, contribute, by attracting the nitrous vapours of the air, and by screening it from the exhaling power of the sun, to increase the richness of the soil that gives them birth. The reverse is obvious: the earth that is unsheltered, receives but little nourishment, for want of the attractive power which vegetables possess (an admirable precaution this, of Providence, to prevent that food of plants which is diffused through the whole atmosphere, in saline vapours, from being consumed uselessly); and is exposed to the rays of the sun, which draw up all its moisture, and dissipate its

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volatile salts. Now, shade is so necessary to fattening the earth, and enabling plants to grow, that I apprehend this to be the grand desideratum of the vast desert of Arabia, and the primary cause of its barrenness. I conclude, that, if it were possible to screen this immense tract of land from the too great power of the sun, it would become fruitful, like the rest of the world. The thing is impossible; and though that district may appear to narrow observation as useless and unprofitable, I doubt not but that it serves purposes as important, and is as much the result of the wisdom and goodness of God, as are the fruitful vallies of Cashmere, or as that Arabia which we style the Blest.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ON FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

[Continued from page 253.]

SIMILE.

A SIMILE or comparison is when the resemblance between two objects is expressed in form, and usually pursued to a greater length than the nature of a metaphor admits: as when we say, "The actions of princes are like those great rivers, the course of which every one beholds, but their springs have been seen by few." This short illustration will show, that a fortunate comparison is a sort of sparkling ornament, which adds dignity and beauty to language.

Comparisons may be reduced under two heads: those which explain, and those which embellish. For when a writer compares the object of which

he treats with any other thing, it always is, or ought to be with a view to make us understand it more clearly, or to render it more pleasing. Even the most abstract reasoning admits of explaining comparisons. For instance, the distinction between the powers of sense and imagination in the human mind, is thus beautifully delineated in Harris's *Hermes*: "As wax would not be adequate to the purpose of signature, if it had not the power to retain as well as to receive the impression, the same holds of the soul with respect to sense and imagination. Sense is its receptive power, and imagination its retentive. Had it sense without imagination, it would not be as wax but as water; where, though all impressions be instantly made, yet, as soon as they are made, they are instantly lost." Perspicuity and use are chiefly to be studied in comparisons of this kind.

But *similes* which embellish are the most frequent. Resemblance, it has been observed, is the foundation of this figure; yet resemblance must not be taken in too strict a sense, for actual similitude or likeness of appearance. Two distinct objects may raise a train of similar or concordant ideas in the mind; as when *Ossian* describes the nature of soft and melancholy music, he says, "The music of *Carryl* was, like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul." This is just and beautiful; and yet no kind of music bears any resemblance to a feeling of the mind.

Considerable taste is necessary in the proper application of *similes*. Since they are the language of imagination rather than of passion, an author can hardly be guilty of a greater fault than to in-

roduce them in the midst of passion. Our writers of tragedy are frequently culpable in this respect.

But though comparison be not the style of strong passion, so neither, when designed as an embellishment, is it the language of a mind totally unmoved. Being a figure of dignity, it always demands some elevation in the subject to make it proper. It supposes the imagination to be enlivened, though the heart be not agitated. The language of simile seems to lie between the highly pathetic and the very humble style, at an equal distance from each. Similes should, even in poetry, be employed with moderation; but, in prose, much more so.

Let us now consider the nature of those objects from which comparisons should be drawn.

In the first place, they must not be drawn from those things which have too intimate and obvious a resemblance to the object with which they are compared.

Secondly, they ought not to be founded on those which are too faint or distant; for such, instead of assisting, strain the fancy to comprehend them.

In the third place, similes should be drawn from well-known objects, which the generality of readers have either seen, or can strongly conceive.

Lastly, in compositions of a grave or elevated nature, similes should never be taken from low or mean objects.

These would degrade and vilify, where they ought to embellish or dignify. Unless in burlesque writings, or where an object is meant to be diminished, low ideas should never be employed.

MEMOIRS OF DICK, THE LITTLE PONEY.

[Continued from page 263.]

IV. A FOX-CHASE DESCRIBED. — DICK, ALMOST BROKEN DOWN, AND TURNED TO GRASS. — SOME SAGE REFLECTIONS FOR A HORSE.

BY degrees I was cured of that miserable passion of ambition which had induced me to show my fleetness at the expense of my ease; but I had not yet sufficiently smarted for it. I had gained the character of being one of the swiftest and safest ponies that ever followed a pack of harriers; but though this might flatter my vanity, I soon found that it exposed me to a train of evils which I could not have expected as its consequences.

The young squire, every time he returned from school, became heavier and heavier; yet, instead of allowing me to go more gently, he took a pride in often wantonly riding me at the most furious rate, merely to try what I could perform, and to boast of the exploit. I had every inclination to gratify all his *reasonable* wishes, because I was satisfied that the heedless impetuosity of youth, not any depravity of heart, made him try me beyond my strength and my powers; but I soon found that the more studious I was to oblige, the more I was put upon, and that I only gained credit for ability, instead of being praised for exerted services which I was not formed to bear. I called up all my resolution to support my reputation in the face of the world; but my heart was full of dismay when I reflected how much more I might have to endure.

The second winter after I fell into the hands of

this

this young gentleman, another scene was opened. Weary of the dull routine, as he termed it, of hare-hunting, he aspired to nobler game, and I was taken to a fox-chase. The company here appeared to me to be of a higher order than what I had been accustomed to see when I attended the harriers; the horses and dogs were also larger and finer; and the leader of the pack, or the huntsman, had an assistant, as he is called, to bring up the rear.

From the preparation that was made to take the field, and the anxiety that was shown on breaking cover, I vainly imagined that some formidable animal was to be started, and that a prize worthy of such expensive parade was to be won. Judge then what was my surprise, when I heard the most violent shouts of triumph from the hunters, and saw only a poor little creature with a long tail, flying from the pursuit of about twenty couple of hounds, and as many men and horses! Surely, thought I, there must be some important value in this diminutive animal—perhaps it might furnish the substance that is used to fill a purse, perhaps it might be a feast for an epicure; or, if of less consequence in itself, I imagined, at least, that its death was a public benefit, and its life one of the most destructive nuisances to the human race.

Gentle reader! you will smile at my simplicity in forming such extravagant ideas; but if Dick may be allowed to speak his mind, he has more reason to smile at the egregious folly of man.

I carried my rider with great spirit, that I might see the event of this singular pursuit. By good fortune I was in at the death, and I was all attention to witness the catastrophe, which, I confess, baffled

all

all my surmises and conjectures. The dogs having worried the wretched object of pursuit with savage joy, the huntsman immediately alighted, cut off the tail, or the brush, as I heard it termed, and handing it to one of the sportsmen, he came up and smeared my young master's face with the bloody stump, and then gave him the lacerated member to stick in his hat, to carry home as a trophy of victory.

At first I fancied the hunters meant to insult my rider, and I was shy of suffering them to approach him; but when I found he was pleased with the compliment of a bloody face and a brush in his hat, I began to alter my opinion, and concluded there must be some magic in the ceremony, and that he was now invested with a talisman against every future ill.

On this head I never could obtain any satisfactory information. Though I had frequently the honour of joining in a fox-chase, its object and its end were never explained to my comprehension: the brush seemed the sole object of ambition, and the only reward of victory. The dogs generally mangled the carcase, and the company returned, as far as I could learn, just as wise and rich as they went, except that they had fatigued themselves and their horses.

The hare, I believe, is eaten by men; but the fox seems fit only for dogs; yet he is pursued, or rather persecuted, with an animosity that is really astonishing; and men and horses often risque their lives in a furious contention who shall be present when the brush is to be amputated. I have been told that this disgusting appendage to the rump of the fox is frequently

frequently dipped into the jovial bowl that crowns the feats of the day, probably to heighten its flavour: be this as it may, from every testimony, as well as from ocular proofs, the brush is the only prize that is thought worth carrying away.

Whatever credit I had gained at first by my performance in the field, I soon found it impossible to preserve it, even with my most anxious endeavours. In proportion as my master gained strength I lost the ability to carry him to his wishes. He became sensible of this; and, after almost breaking me down, by which he revenged the tumble I gave my tabby rider, though without intending it, and made me pay very dearly for my pride in running a race; I was turned into a paddock to recover my strength and freshness, and he mounted a taller and stouter steed in my room.

Notwithstanding I had reason to rejoice at my emancipation, I felt some mortification at being superseded. I idly regretted that I was not made as large and as strong as the noblest animals of my species; not considering that merit does not consist in superior power or appearance, but in a faithful discharge of those duties for which we are fitted by the Parent of all. I had found that I was not useless in the scale of being; and this ought to have satisfied me, without aspiring to distinctions for which I was never designed, and to offices which I could neither fill with pleasure to myself or advantage to others.

This dissatisfaction, however, with our allotments, I apprehend, runs through all nature. I have heard a groom murmuring because he was not a squire, to ride about and take his pleasure; and a
footman,

bootman, that he was obliged to wait on his master at table, when he was hungry himself, and wished to sit down and eat. These considerations soon restored me to myself; and I learned to enjoy the relaxation which I had gained from toil, without embittering my present bliss by vain retrospects, or useless anticipations. To what trials I might be next exposed it was impossible for me to guess. I experienced no diminution of attention on the part of my master, and I hoped the best as to my future destiny.

VI. DICK PHILOSOPHIZES AGAIN—IS PUT IN TRAINING—PITTED AGAINST OTHER PONIES TO RUN A RACE—FALLS IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY, AS OTHER HEROES HAVE SOMETIMES DONE.

SPRING had now renovated the earth for the seventh time since I first opened my eyes on Hounslow heath, and became a partaker of existence. I had already gone, as the reader will perceive, through many vicissitudes of fortune, and at times had cause to complain of her unkindness; but on the whole I must confess I had as much to be thankful for as other animals, many of which come into the world only to be reared, and then eaten by men. Other services are exacted of our race; and if our labour is sometimes hard, the privilege of life is seldom denied us as long as we are able to work. On a comparison, therefore, of the fate of horses, with that of other domestic animals, the advantage seems to be on our side, particularly in this respect. I am grateful on this account that I was made a horse rather than a cow or a sheep; but perhaps it is difficult to estimate the blessings or the ills we cannot personally feel; and certainly it is wisdom to be content

content with the station for which each individual was born.

The enjoyment of ease and plenty of pasture soon restored me to strength and spirits, and I felt myself more vigorous than ever. I frequently galloped round the enclosure by way of exercise; and when my master came to visit me, I generally gave him a specimen of my fleetness. Whether my own folly suggested the idea, or whether his vanity was the prime mover of what happened in the sequel, I cannot tell; but, after getting into high condition, I was suddenly taken from the verdant field, in which I had been allowed to range without control, cooped up again in a stable, and forced to swallow something which made me very sick, and reduced my size nearly to what it was when I was dismissed from the toils of hunting. During the operation of repeated doses of the nauseous draughts that were forcibly crammed down my throat, because I was not silly enough to run the risk of being poisoned voluntarily; the groom rode me out every day, and kept me at a very short allowance of food and water.

From these preparations, I began to suspect that fresh adventures awaited me; that I was doomed to carry my master in pursuit of some other kind of game, which I had never yet seen; or that I was to be sent to catch it myself. This incertitude occasionally disturbed my rest; but, finding that I was again liberally fed, and carefully dressed, I did not suffer anxiety to depress my spirits, or lessen my gratifications.

The groom having performed his part of the business, my master, who had now grown a tall stripling, frequently exercised me himself, trying how

fast

last I could go for a short distance, and then a longer one, pressing me with such vivacity, that I could not forbear fancying he was training me to outstrip the winged inhabitants of the air. Every time I got to the end of the space in which he rode me, he pulled something very pretty out of his pocket, and, as far as I can judge, it told him how far I had gone in a certain time. I have heard this toy called a watch, and, as time is so valuable to mankind, they seem universally to wear it, and, no doubt, use it to warn them against the misapplication of the most precious of all things; yet, without any trouble or expense, the rising of the sun might tell them when to commence the duties of the day, and its setting, to retire to rest. For my own part, I wanted no other monitor; but the human race appear to be governed by other maxims, or to be inevitably subject to other laws: many of them never stir abroad till the splendid orb, that lights the earth, has reached the meridian, nor seek repose till the noon of night.

But I am wasting time, which is of such inestimable value, by descanting on the manners of men, when I ought to be pursuing my own narrative.

It is probable I gave my rider complete satisfaction, for, after trying my speed a few days, he ordered the groom to lead me, one evening, to a certain place in the vicinity of an extensive velvet plain, and to take good care of me till he arrived next morning. My heart now misgave me; but I was passive to his commands.

In the same stable where I was obliged to pass the night, I found other little animals of my own stamp, apparently assembled for the same purpose. Each

Each had an attendant; and, from their conversation, it was not long before I received some intimation of the business that had occasioned our being brought together.

It appeared that my young master, proud of my fleetness and of his own horsemanship, had betted a certain sum with three of his juvenile companions, that he would ride me a certain distance against any ponies they could produce. It seems this is a fashionable amusement among persons who have a *full purse* and an *empty head*; but, if I mistake not, the *heart* must likewise be wrong, to strain poor dumb animals to the utmost, merely to profit by their pains, or to boast of reaching a certain spot a few minutes before their competitors in the race can come up.

Soon as the morning dawned, all the grooms were busily employed in dressing and feeding their respective charges; and, in due time, we were led to the scene of action, where a vast concourse of people was assembled, full of eager expectation, as if the fate of nations had been to be decided by the event of the day.

At this sight, I felt inspired with resolution to acquit myself with credit, and to strain every nerve to win the prize. All eyes were upon us, and various opinions were given by the spectators on our supposed abilities: I had the satisfaction to find that I was a general favourite, though less than any of my rivals.

After a short interval of suspense, each young gentleman mounted his own poney, and, at a signal given, we set out. The impetuosity of my rider had almost thrown me down at the commencement of the

Each

the

the race; but I endeavoured, as well as possible, to rectify his mistakes; and, though he spurred and whipped me in the most unmerciful manner, I reflected that this was not a time to flinch, or to show resentment.

Sometimes I was before, sometimes a little behind, my competitors, but commonly kept nearly in a line with them. Their superior strength evidently gave them some advantages, after we had galloped with the utmost speed for some considerable way; one of the riders, however, by a sudden jerk, brought himself and his horse to the ground. I availed myself of the confusion this occasioned, to take the lead, which I retained for some distance; but, finding myself exhausted, my rivals were rapidly gaining on me, and I verily believe that, had the course been much longer, I must have given in. Just, however, as one of my rivals had reached my neck, I made a last effort to disappoint him, and, with a kind of desperation, took a sudden spring as I was passing a white post, and not being able to recover myself, fell flat on the ground beyond it, and rolled over my rider. Shouts and huzzas proclaimed me victor, and, though my master was seriously bruised, and the blood streamed from his nose, the triumph he had won, in the very moment when it was about to be snatched from his grasp, consoled him so much, that he seemed insensible to his sufferings.

His father, who had rather weakly permitted than sanctioned this gambling and dangerous pastime, now came up, and affectionately descanting on his son's narrow escape from destruction, insisted on it, that he should never ride another race, nor

use me again in any form, as my strength was evidently not equal to his weight. "One act of folly," said he, "and not to pay too dearly for its consequences, ought to be enough. The bet you have won shall be distributed among our poor in bread; for I would disown a son who was mean enough to put money in his pocket, gained by such disreputable means."

[To be concluded in our next.]

At the request of several of our subscribers, the favourite MEMOIRS OF LITTLE DICK are now printing, in a small volume, with additions and corrections, and will be ready on Saturday, the 14th of December: an elegant FRONTIS-PIECE, taken from an interesting scene, will embellish the work.

DE ORIGINE VITÆ ET MORTIS; OR, THE ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Qu a d tr fu str
os nguis irus isti de nere avit.
H fa m Chr vul l

TRANSLATION.

cur f w d dif and pain;
A fed iend rought eath ease
blef fr b br and again.

REVIEW

REVIEW

OF

SCHOOL AND JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

JAMES MANNERS, LITTLE JOHN, AND THEIR DOG
BLUFF. By Elizabeth Helme, Jun. 137 pages. 24to.
Price 2s. half-bound. 1799.

TO the *false indulgence* of children is owing half the misery and the crimes of our species, and this parental weakness cannot be too severely reprobated or exposed.

Parents cannot be too fond of their children, or too anxious for their welfare; but the misfortune is, that they generally think they are showing indulgence, where they are only laying the foundation of wretchedness both to themselves and their offspring. It is a fact, that children who have been indulged in folly or vicious habits never respect the authors of their being, when they grow up, and smart for the consequences of the mistaken levity that has involved them in so many calamities; whereas, on the contrary, those who have had pains taken to inspire them with proper notions of their duty to God, their parents, their fellow-men, and themselves, seldom fail to show a filial regard to the guides of their youth; and to the ties of natural affection superadd the lasting obligations of friendship, veneration, and love.

The contrast between James Manners, the spoiled child, and Little John, who was taught his duty, is strongly marked, and must be felt by every parent

and every child who is induced to peruse this little volume; and we heartily recommend it to their attention.

The story of Lubin and his dog Tray, introduced here, though we have seen it before, is so plaintively beautiful, that we should deprive our readers of an exquisite pleasure did we not give it a place in our miscellany.

THE BUDGET: or, Moral and entertaining Fragments; representing the Punishment of Vice, and the Reward of Virtue. 175 pages. 24to. Price 1s. 6d. half-bound. 1799.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE following pieces (excepting the story of JULIET, which is written by a gentleman, whose productions for the rising generation have been respectably received) are the first literary efforts of a young author, and were the mere amusement of his leisure hours. From the scrutinizing eye of criticism, he therefore hopes some little allowance will be made. He will only further say, that the object he had in view, was to inculcate the maxims of VIRTUE, and defeat the inroads of VICE, in which, if he has succeeded in a few instances only, his time will not have been mispent."

Such are the modest and ingenuous terms in which the author of the *Budget* introduces himself to the public; and though the title is rather an unpopular one, the reader will not find an eighteen-penny tax ill levied or applied. The story of Juliet reads such an awful lesson to meddlers and mischief-makers, and appears so happily calculated to curb a most disgraceful reigning propensity, that we are tempted to give it entire. It is but justice, how-

ever,

ver, to observe, that the other tales, eleven in number, are not ill conducted, and each impresses some useful moral on the heart.

JULIET.

"A tale-bearer sets all the world on fire. Juliet was beautiful, and possessed of every accomplishment; but she employed her wit in repeating, with additions, whatever she heard that was in the least degree ridiculous; or whatever one person said to the disadvantage of another. While she was yet a child, her father took her on his knee, and said: 'What will be the consequence of this habit of yours? You will be hated by all the world; every one will avoid you as a pestilence; and with good reason; for you will cause more evil than that frightful disease.'

"Juliet, who had no vicious intention, promised to reform herself; but unfortunately, her father died, and she forgot his lessons.

"What he had prophesied came to pass; Juliet was hated by every body. All hid themselves from her; whispered in her presence; and were afraid to go where she was invited. The habit grew upon her, and she practised it without knowing that she did so. She condescended to be a perpetual spy upon the servants; if she was in a garden she would pretend to sleep, in order to overhear the discourse of those who were walking; and this she would afterwards commit to paper; but, as several, sometimes, spoke at once, and she had not sufficient memory to be particular as to which person said this, or that; she misplaced the words, giving to one what another had uttered; or, she wrote the beginning of a conversation, without having heard the end; or, the end, without knowing any thing of the beginning. Scarce a week passed in which she did not involve the whole neighbourhood in a hundred quarrels; and when the reports in which they originated were traced to Juliet, they were generally found to have been the consequence of falsehood,

hood, or, at best, mistake. She embroiled her mother with all her friends; and was the cause of four or five duels.

"One day, while this unfortunate girl was busily occupied in misrepresenting a domestic circumstance on paper, a sudden consternation appalled her senses, and looking up, she beheld the Genius of Truth!

" 'I am about to show you,' said the awful visitor, 'the miseries of which you are the cause!'

"Terrified as Juliet was, she had no adequate idea of the horrid spectacle she was to behold.

"The Genius, in silence, placed a capacious mirror before her eyes; she had not power to turn them away: she saw a man followed by three children, who, with their father, begged for bread.

" 'I know not this man,' cried Juliet, recovering the use of her speech; for she reassumed a degree of confidence on beholding a scene which she imagined could reflect no disgrace upon herself; 'I know not this man: what evil can I have done him?'

" 'This man,' said the Genius, 'was a rich merchant; his warehouses were filled with goods; but he stood in need of ready money. This man came to your father to borrow, in order to discharge a bill; you listened at the door of your father's study; and you spoke of the circumstance to many persons to whom he was in debt; this destroyed his credit; every body ran to be paid; and lawsuits taking place, the poor man and his children have been beggars these nine years.'

" 'Ah, gracious power!' cried Juliet, 'what a wretch am I to have committed this crime! But I am rich; I will repair the injury I have done, by restoring to him the wealth which he has lost by my imprudence.'

" 'While you speak,' cries the Genius, 'the old man sinks with sorrow into the grave!'

"The scene changes, and in the corner of a dreary room, the windows of which are crossed with iron bars, Juliet sees a beautiful woman, stretched upon a pallet, having

having beside her a pitcher of water and a morsel of bread; her black hair falls over her shoulders, and her face is bathed in tears. 'O my God!' cries Juliet, 'I know that lady! her husband carried her to France six years ago; and he has written that she died; is it possible that I am the cause of the dreadful situation in which she is here represented?'

" 'Yes,' answered the Genius, 'and more than this; you are the cause of the death of a man whom the husband of this lady has killed. You must remember, that, one evening, being on a seat in the garden, you pretended to sleep, that you might hear the discourse of two persons; you imagined from their conversation that they loved each other; and you spread your opinion through all the vicinity. The rumour reached the ears of the husband of this lady, who is a man of a jealous turn of mind; he killed the chevalier, and carried his wife to France, where having reported that she is dead, he has put her into this situation. The lady is innocent; the gentleman talked of the affection he bore to one of her cousins, whom he wished to marry; but, as he spoke in a low tone of voice, you heard only half the conversation: this you wrote; and this caused the dreadful calamities.'

" 'Ah!' cried Juliet, 'I am a wretch indeed! I do not deserve to see the day.'

" 'Wait your sentence,' said the Genius, 'till you know the sum of your crimes! Look at that man who is lying in a dungeon loaded with chains; you have reported a conversation, in itself innocent, which is the cause of his present situation.'

" 'After this, the Genius brought before the eyes of Juliet a multitude of servants in distress, in want of food; of quarrelling friends; of separated husbands and wives; of children driven away and disinherited by their parents; all owing their misfortunes to her conduct. Juliet is overwhelmed with grief; and promises to correct herself.

" 'It is only under certain conditions,' replies the Genius,

Genius, 'that you will be enabled to prevent yourself from falling into errors which you have practised so long. Are you willing to become blind, deaf, and dumb, for the period of six years; and to pass all that time in reflecting upon the miseries you have caused?'

"Juliet had not courage sufficient for undertaking a penance which appeared to her so terrible; she promises, however, to spare no pains in checking her tongue; but the Genius disappeared, disdaining to listen to these promises.

"Detested by every body who knew her, notwithstanding her wit, her beauty, and her accomplishments, she resolved to retire into another country. She went to reside in a large city; the inhabitants of which were immediately charmed with her. Many persons of distinction sought her in marriage; and she gave her hand to one whom she passionately loved. She lived during a year perfectly happy. As this neighbourhood was extensive, it was not so soon discovered that she was in the habit of tale-bearing; because she mingled with many persons who were not acquainted with each other. One evening, after supper, her husband talked of various persons, and happened to say that such a nobleman was not an honest man, for that he had done such and such bad actions.

Two or three days after this, Juliet went to a masquerade. A mask invited her to dance, and seated himself beside her. As she had a facility of speech, the mask was much amused by her conversation; and the more so, perhaps, as it was full of the scandal of the town, which she recited with much wit. The wife of the nobleman of whom Juliet's husband had spoke, rose to dance; and Juliet said to the mask, 'This is a very elegant woman; it is a pity that her husband is so bad a man.'

"'Do you know her husband then?' said the mask.

"'No,' replied Juliet; 'but my husband, who knows him perfectly well, has told me many infamous stories concerning him;' and having said this, she immediately related all she had heard, considerably augmenting it, according

According to her own evil habit, in order to give scope to her wit. The mask listened to her with great attention; and Juliet was much gratified by this, because she attributed it to his admiration of her abilities.

"When she had finished, the mask rose; and a quarter of an hour afterward, Juliet was told that her husband was dying of a wound which he had received in a duel with a nobleman whose reputation he had injured. In tears, Juliet hastened to the spot where her beloved husband lay; but, before she could arrive, he expired. Distracted by his loss, and unable to bear the remorseful tortures of her mind; feeling now in all its force the enormous and wide-spread mischief of her behaviour; and maddening under the reflection that the life she had destroyed it was impossible to restore, she wildly rushed on her husband's sword, and died upon his corpse."

LUBIN AND HIS DOG TRAY.

YOUNG LUBIN was a shepherd boy,
Who watch'd a rigid master's sheep,
And many a night was heard to sigh,
And many a day was seen to weep.
For not a lambkin e'er was lost,
Or wether stray'd to field remote;
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.
Yet not a trustier lad was known
To climb the promontory's brow,
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat
Beside the brook in vale below.
From him stern winter's drifting snow,
Its pelting fleet, or frost severe,
Or scorching summer's sultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur or a tear.

For,

For, ah! the varying seasons had
 To ev'ry hardship form'd his frame,
 Though still his tender, feeling heart,
 By nature nurs'd, remain'd the same.

But whither shall the orphan fly,
 To meet protection's fostering power?
 Oppression waits the future day,
 When mis'ry marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor LUBIN was,
 No friend, no relative had he!
 His happiest hour was dash'd with woe;
 His mildest treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundless heath,
 One winter day, his flocks had spread,
 By hunger urg'd, to seek the blade
 That lurks beneath its snowy bed.

And hous'd, at eve, his fleecy charge,
 He, sorrowing, miss'd a fav'rite lamb,
 That shunn'd the long-persisting search,
 Nor answer'd to its bleating dam.

With heavy heart he shap'd his way,
 And told so true, so sad a tale,
 That almost pierc'd the marble breast
 Of ruthless RUFUS of the vale.

Poor LUBIN own'd his flocks had stray'd,
 Own'd he had suffer'd them to go;
 Yes, he had learn'd to pity them,
 For often he had hunger'd too.

And had he to their pinching wants,
 The unripp'd neighb'ring bound denied,
 They sure had dropp'd—as surely too,
 The pitying shepherd boy had died.

“Then die!” th' unfeeling master said,
 And spurn'd him from his closing door,
 Which, till he found his fav'rite lamb,
 He vow'd should ne'er admit him more.

Dark

Dark was the night, and o'er the waste
 The whistling winds did fiercely blow,
 And 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
 With arrowy keenness, came the snow.

Yet thus he left his master's house,
 And shap'd his sad, uncertain way;
 By man unnotic'd and forsook,
 And follow'd but by trusty TRAY.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
 Who separate in fortune's blast;
 They still were near when fair the sky,
 But nearer still when overcast.

When LUBIN's random step involv'd
 His body 'neath the drifted snow,
 TRAY help'd him forth; and, when TRAY fell,
 Poor LUBIN dragg'd him from below.

Benumb'd, at length, his stiff'ning joints,
 His tongue to TRAY could scarcely speak;
 His tears congeal'd to icicles,
 His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainst his cheek.

As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
 Give omen of approaching death,
 AURORA, from her eastern hills,
 Rush'd forth, and staid his fleeting breath;

And show'd to his imperfect sight
 The harmless cause of all his woe,
 His little lambkin, cold and stiff,
 Stretch'd on its bed of glist'ning snow.

" 'Tis just," he said, " that where thou liest,
 The careless shepherd boy should lie;
 Thou diedst, poor fool! for want of food;
 I fall for suffering thee to die.

" But, oh! my master!" broken—short—
 Was ev'ry half-word now he spoke;
 " Severe has been thy constant will,
 And galling sure thy heavy yoke.

" A warmer couch hast thou to press,
Secure from cramping frosts thy feet;
And couldst thou boast so free a breast,
Thou yet might'st die a death so sweet.

" My trusty dog—that wistful look
Is all that makes my poor heart heave:
But hie thee home, proclaim me dead,
Forget to think, and cease to grieve."

So saying, shrunk the hapless youth
Beneath the chilling grasp of death;
And, clasping poor TRAY'S shaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!

His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his master's clay;
And many a moan the creature made,
And many a thing he strove to say.

But not a sign of lurking life
Through all his frame he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his master did not sleep.

Great grief assail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid its victim low!
His master's cheek his pillow cold,
Their common bed the colder snow!

SELF-CONSEQUENCE ABASHED BY SIMPLICITY.

A SIMPLE rustic boy trudging along with a loaf of bread under each arm, met the squire of the parish, who, being offended at the want of an obeisance, sternly said, "Sirrah! I think you might move your hat."—"So I wull," replied the boy, "if you will hold one of my loaves the while."

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN's and LADY's MAGAZINE.

NUMBER XII. VOLUME II.

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embellished with a beautiful coloured Plate of the GOLDEN-
CRESTED WREN, beautifully coloured from NATURE, a plain
Duplicate, as an Exercise for the juvenile Pencil, and a MAP of
ENGLAND and WALES.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE lines communicated by a FRIEND, on the "Death of a young Gentleman, aged seven Years," he will perceive are inserted in our present number; and should the plan we have proposed on this month's cover be adopted, his further favours will be an acquisition.

We are gratified in the extreme, that our plan has hitherto met with such universal approbation. The encomiums of J. G. S. S. and TYRO, are such, as might have induced us to persevere, had we not been so strongly solicited to alter our mode of publication.

The Plate from Mr. HORNSEY's Drawing graces our present number. Our thanks are due to that gentleman for his indefatigable attention to our interests; and it is hoped he will receive *the parcel*, which has been sent agreeably to his directions.

FAMILIAR EXPLANATION OF THE PLANETARY
SYSTEM.

THE FIXED STARS,

"Bright worlds in worlds, immeasurably spread
In boundless space, immensity profound,
Own thy creative power and skill divine."

THE lucid orbs which irradiate the azure cope of heaven (excepting the planets), are called fixed stars. They are so denominated, because they have been generally observed to appear at the same distances from each other; whereas the apparent situation of the planets continually varies.

To the naked eye they appear of a sensible magnitude, because the retina is affected not only by the rays of light which are emitted directly from them, but by many thousands more; which, falling on our eyelids, and upon the aerial particles about us, are reflected into our eyes so strongly, as to excite vibrations, not only in those points of the retina where the real images of the stars are formed, but also in other points at some distance round the former. This makes us imagine the stars to be much larger than they would appear, if we saw them only by means of the few rays which come directly from them, so as to enter our eyes without being intermixed with others. Any one may be sensible of this fact, by looking at a star of the first magnitude through a long narrow tube, which, though it comprehends as much of the sky as would contain a thousand such stars, scarcely renders that one visible.

The more a telescope magnifies, the smaller is the aperture through which the star is seen; and, consequently, the fewer rays it admits into the eye. Now, since the stars appear less in a telescope which magnifies two hundred times, than they do to the naked eye (insomuch that they seem to be mere points), it is evident from hence, that the stars are at immense distances from us, and that they shine by their own light. If they shone by borrowed light, they would be as invisible without telescopes, as the satellites of Jupiter; for these satellites appear bigger when viewed with a good telescope than the largest fixed stars.

The number of stars discoverable in either hemisphere, by the naked eye, is not more than a thousand. This, at first, may appear incredible, because they seem to be without number; but the deception arises from our looking confusedly on them, without endeavouring to reduce them into any order. For if we look steadfastly on a considerable portion of the sky, and count the number of stars which appear in it, we shall be surprised to find them so few. Moreover, if one considers how seldom the moon meets with any stars in her way (though there are as many about her path as in other parts of the heaven), he will soon be convinced that the stars are much thinner sown than he was aware of. The British catalogue (which, besides the stars visible to the naked eye, includes a great number that cannot be seen without the assistance of a telescope) contains no more than 3000 in both hemispheres: yet the number of stars existing through all the extent of universal space, is undoubtedly infinite;

finite; and to the perfect knowledge of these perhaps human sagacity will never arrive.

As we have incomparably more light from the moon than from all the stars together, it seems absurd to imagine that they were created for no other purpose than to cast a faint light on the earth; especially, as many more require the assistance of a good telescope to be discovered, than are visible without that instrument. Our sun is surrounded by a system of planets and comets, all of which would be invisible from the nearest fixed star; and from what we already know of the immense distance of the stars, the nearest may be computed at 32,000 millions of miles from us, which is farther than a cannon bullet would fly in seven millions of years. Hence, it is easy to prove that the sun, seen from such a distance, would appear no bigger than a star of the largest apparent magnitude. From all this, it is highly probable, that each star is a sun to a system of worlds moving round it, though unseen by us; especially as the doctrine of a plurality of worlds is rational, and gloriously manifests the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great Creator.

The principal arguments on which this doctrine of solar stars is founded, are, that they all shine by their own light, a property that belongs only to a sun; that they are of a vast magnitude like our sun, or they could not be seen at so immense a distance; that they are placed at an almost infinite distance from each other, as far, at least, as our sun is from them; that were we removed to the distance of the nearest of them, our sun would seem no larger than a star, and would appear as such amongst the rest;

that,

that, at the distance of the stars, our system of planets would be invisible (even Jupiter himself), on account of their smallness, and feebly reflected light; that God has made nothing in vain, therefore not the stars, which constitute almost the whole universe, but they fulfil some great and glorious purpose, unknown to us; that new stars have been occasionally observed, which are supposed to be the suns of systems recently created: thus, our sun, at the Mosaic creation, might appear as a new star to others; and that some stars have decayed, and become quite extinguished, which probably were the ruins of old systems, which had existed during their appointed time: a change that our sun will probably undergo in time.

The first of these new stars, that we have any good account of, appeared in November 1572: it was exceedingly large and bright, and was seen for sixteen months successively; it decayed gradually both in magnitude and lustre till March 1573, when it became invisible. The next was discovered in August 1596; and from its unaccountable appearances, was denominated the Wonderful star: it is found to appear and disappear periodically, seven times in six years, continuing in the greatest lustre for fifteen days together, and is never quite extinguished.

In the year 1600, a changeable star was discovered, which gradually became so small as to be supposed to have entirely disappeared, till the years 1657, 1658, and 1659, when it recovered its former lustre and magnitude, but soon decayed, and is now of the smallest size.

Another new star appeared in the year 1604, so extremely

extremely bright and sparkling as to exceed all that the astronomers of that day had before seen; every moment changing into some of the colours of the rainbow, except when it was near the horizon, at which time it generally was white. It disappeared between October 1605, and the following February, and has not been seen since that time.

In July 1670, a new star was observed, which, in October, was so decayed as to be scarcely perceptible: in the following April it regained its lustre, but wholly disappeared in August.

In 1686, another new star was discovered, which is visible periodically every 404 days.

It is needless to mention the Georgium Sidus, discovered by Dr. Herschell, which is now universally allowed to be a planet.

Many stars, besides these, have been observed to change their magnitudes; and, as none of them could ever be perceived to have tails, it is plain they could not be comets. Perhaps these periodical stars have vast clusters of dark spots, and revolve very slowly on their axes, by which means they must disappear when the side covered with spots is turned towards us; and as for those which break out on a sudden with such lustre, it is by no means improbable that they are suns whose fuel is almost consumed, being again supplied by some of their comets falling on them, and occasioning an uncommon blaze and splendour for some time. The celebrated Maupertuis is of opinion, that some stars, by their prodigiously quick rotations on their axes, may be reduced to flat circular planes (the shape of a mill-stone), so thin as to be invisible when their edges are turned towards us; as Saturn's ring is in such positions; on which account

account they will, in certain parts of their orbits, appear more or less large and luminous, as their broad sides are more or less turned towards us; and thus he imagines we may account for the apparent changes of magnitude and lustre in those stars, and likewise for their appearing and disappearing. It is remarkable, that, in the northern part of the heaven, more than in any other, the new stars are first seen, as well as extinguished.

The stars, on account of their apparently various magnitudes, have been distributed into several classes. Those which appear largest are called stars of the first magnitude; the next to them in lustre, stars of the second magnitude; and so on to the sixth, which are the smallest that are visible to the naked eye. This distribution having been made long before the invention of telescopes, the stars which cannot be seen without the assistance of any of those instruments, are distinguished by the name of telescopic stars.

The ancients divided the stars into systems and constellations, according as they lay near each other, so as to occupy those spaces which the figures of different sorts of animals or things would fill, if they were there delineated; and those stars which could not be brought into any particular constellation, were called unformed stars.

There is also a division of the heaven, into three parts: 1. the Zodiac, from the Greek word *Zodion*, an animal; because most of the constellations it contains, consist of the figures of animals. This zodiac quite surrounds the heaven, comprehending the orbits of all the planets, as well as that of the moon. Along the middle of this imaginary zone, is the ecliptic, or circle, that the earth describes an-

nually, as seen from the sun; and which the sun appears to describe, as seen from the earth. 2. All that region of the heaven, which is on the northern side of the zodiac, and contains twenty-one constellations. 3. The region on the southern side, which contains fifteen constellations.

History informs us, that the ancients divided the zodiac into these twelve constellations, by the following contrivance: they took a vessel with a small hole at the bottom, and having filled it with water, suffered the same to distil, drop by drop, into another vessel placed beneath to receive it, beginning at the moment when some star rose, and continuing till it appeared the next night. The water fallen into the receiver they divided into twelve equal parts; and having two other small vessels in readiness, each calculated to contain one part, they again poured all the water into the upper vessel, and observing the rising of some star in the zodiac, they at the same moment suffered the water to drop into one of the small vessels, and as soon as it was full, shifted it, and set an empty one in its place. When each vessel was full, they took notice what star of the zodiac rose; and though this could not be done in one night, yet, in many, they observed the rising of twelve stars, by which they divided the zodiac into twelve parts.

There is a remarkable track round the heaven, called the milky way, from its peculiar whiteness, which is supposed by some modern philosophers to be formed by a numerous assemblage of very small stars; but as nothing of this sort appears from the most minute examination, with the very best telescope, the whiteness must of necessity proceed from some other cause. This track appears single in some parts, in others double.

Various

Various small lucid spots likewise appear in the heaven, which seem magnified and more luminous when viewed through telescopes, yet have no stars in them.

Nebulous stars are so called from their misty appearance. Of these, only six are now visible, though it is evident from their ancient appellation, the Pleiads, or seven stars, that there were more. They suffered this diminution at an uncertain period before the time of Christ; because Ovid, who was contemporary with our Saviour, remarks it in his *Fasti*. They are compound stars, formed by a multitude of small ones; and in some of these constellations appears a luminous part, in which several stars are visible, as from a white cloud; and these have been esteemed to be regions of a peculiar nature, which enjoy a native light, and an uninterrupted everlasting day. Being very lucid near the middle, but faint and ill-defined about the edges, they look like an opening in the sky, forming the entrance to a place of superior brightness. Though most of these places are very inconsiderable in their apparent breadth, yet, since they are amongst the fixed stars, they must be spaces, larger than the whole that is occupied by our solar system; and in which perpetual light seems to shine throughout numberless worlds, that no human art can possibly discover.

It is very easy for the most unlearned spectator to discern the difference between a planet and a fixed star, either with a telescope, or the naked eye: the planets appear with a steady uniform light, the stars continually scintillate or twinkle; this is occasioned by the former being so extremely near to

us, in comparison with the stars, that the agitation of the intermediate particles of air is too inconsiderable to produce any occultation of their bodies; whereas the latter are so immensely distant, that the vast body of air floating between them and the earth, suffers a continual agitation, which in some degree perpetually obscures or dims the luminous appearance of those apparently small points.

There is a manifest difference in the colours of the stars, some appearing red, others pale: this must arise, not merely from the effect of the intermediate atmosphere, and the infinite and uncertain reflections and refractions of light affecting them on all sides, but from the nature of the material of which they are framed, and the luminous quality they possess.

Some of the stars (particularly the polar star, visible in the northern pole of the heaven) have been observed to change their places, though very inconsiderably, with respect to others. To determine whether this mutation be owing to any real motion in the stars themselves, must require the observation of many ages. If our solar system change its situation with respect to absolute space, this must, in process of time, occasion an apparent change in the distances of the stars from each other; and in such case, the places of the nearest stars to us being more affected than those which are very remote, their relative positions must seem to be altered, though the stars themselves should be really immoveable. The polar star, for instance, though now nearly in the northern point of the world, has such a motion round a certain part of the heaven, as will in time make it circulate through the several parts of the heaven,

heaven, like the other stars. And in the space of 12,960 years (should this planet exist for so long a period) this northern star will be southward of us; for in double that time, viz. 25,920 years, it makes one revolution, which is called the great or Platonian year, from the philosopher Plato; who, with others amongst the ancients, supposed that after this period, all worldly changes would return in the same manner and order as before. On the other hand, if our own system be at rest, and any of the stars are in real motion, this must vary their positions; and the more so, the nearer they are to us, the swifter their revolutions, or the more the direction of their motions is calculated for our perception.

The ecliptic is found to be much less oblique to the equator, now than formerly. If we consider that the earth is not a sphere, but an oblate spheroid, the axis of which is shorter than its equatorial diameter, and that the sun and moon are constantly acting obliquely on the greater quantity of matter about the equator, violently attracting it towards a nearer coincidence with the ecliptic, it will not appear wonderful, that this united action should gradually approximate them to each other; nor is it less probable, that the mutual attraction of all the planets should have a tendency to bring their orbits to a coincidence; but this change is too small to become perceptible in the lapse of many ages.

ATHEISM SCARCELY KNOWN, EVEN AMONG
SAVAGES.

CERTAIN savage tribes have been adduced, as affording examples of atheism, and every sequestered corner

corner of the globe has been for this purpose explored. But obscure remote tribes were no more intended to serve as an example to the human race, than certain mean and obscure families, among ourselves, could be proposed as proper models to the nation; especially, when the professed object is to support, by authority, an opinion which is necessarily subversive of all society. Besides, such assertions are absolutely false; I have read the history of the voyages from which they are extracted; the travellers acknowledge, that they had but a transient view of those people, and that they were totally unacquainted with their languages. They took it for granted, that there could be no religion among them, because they saw no temples; as if any other temple were necessary to a belief in God, than the temple of nature! These same travellers likewise contradict themselves; for they relate, that those nations whom they elsewhere represent as destitute of all religion, make obeisance to the moon; that they pay respect to the memory of their forefathers, and place viands on their tombs. The immortality of the soul, admitted in whatever manner you will, necessarily supposes the existence of God.

But if the first of all truths stood in need of testimony from men, we could collect that of the whole human race, from geniuses the most exalted, down to the lowest state of ignorance. This unanimity of testimony is of irresistible weight; for it is impossible that such a thing should exist on the earth as universal error. See what the sage *Socrates* said to *Euthydemus*, who expressed a wish to have a complete assurance that the Gods existed*.

* *Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates*, book iv.

Newton, who pursued his researches into the laws of nature so profoundly, never pronounced the name of God without moving his hat. A poor Arabian of the desert, ignorant, as most of the Arabians are, was one day asked, how he came to be assured that there was a God? "In the same way," replied he, "that I am able to tell by the print impressed on the sand, whether it was a man or a beast which passed that way*."

It is impossible for man, as has been said, to imagine any form, or to produce a single idea of which the model is not in nature. He expands his reason only on the reasons which nature has supplied. God must therefore necessarily exist, were it but for this, that man has an idea of him. But if we attentively consider, that every thing necessary to man exists in a most wonderful adaptation to his necessities, for the strongest of all reasons, God likewise must exist, He who is the universal adaptation of all the societies of the human race.—*St. Pierre's Studies of Nature.*

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

BY DR. MAJOR.

SEQUESTER'D far from public life,
 From giddy mirth and noisy strife;
 From headstrong passions, vain desires;
 From envy, pride, and guilty fires;
 From cares and fears for ever free,
 O sweet CONTENTMENT, let me live with thee!
 Thine are the joys that never fail;
 Thine is the placid constant gale,

* Travels through Arabia, by Mons. d'Arvieux.

That

That bids us smile at frequent shocks
 Of dangerous fyrts and latent rocks;
 And since I crave thy smiles alone,
 Come, in my breast erect thy lucid throne!
 GOLCONDA's gems, and flaming mines,
 Where, deep from day, the diamond shines;
 PERUVIAN mountains' richest ore,
 And treasures of the golden shore,
 Afford no blifs, devoid of thee,
 At best more fair, more splendid misery.

The palace deck'd with regal state,
 The gay parade of all the great,
 The laurel wreath, the sounding name,
 Ambition's wish, and deathless fame,
 Without thee as a constant guest,
 Leave their possessors joyless and unblest.

What's thy delight, CONTENTMENT, say?
 With what condition wilt thou stay?
 If grandeur often woos in vain,
 Wilt thou adorn the rural plain?
 Wilt thou vouchsafe to gild the cot
 Where poverty maintains its still unenvied lot?

'T is here I see thy splendours beam;
 'T is here thou roll'st thy clearest stream
 'T is here thou sheddest, in disguise,
 The purest joys beneath the skies;
 And from thy liberal hands here flow
 Such sweets as sceptred monarchs never know.

Come, then, instruct me how to steer
 Through smiling fortune, and severe!
 With thee, the rarf-built cot would please,
 The flow'ry banks, and shady trees;
 And for thy smiles, thou nymph divine!
 I'd high pursuits, without a sigh, resign.

THE ARAB'S FONDNESS FOR HIS HORSES.

THE Arabs extend their humanity to the very horses; they never beat them; they manage them by means of kindness and caresses, and render them so docile, that there are no animals of the kind, in the whole world, to be compared with them in beauty and in goodness. They do not fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitation, to which they come running, the moment that they hear the sound of the master's voice. Those tractable animals resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without ever hurting them in the slightest degree. If the rider happens to fall while coursing, his horse stands still instantly, and never stirs till he has mounted again. These people, by means of the irresistible influence of a mild education, have acquired the art of rendering their horses the first coursers of the universe.

It is impossible to read, without being melted into tears, what is related on this subject, by the virtuous consul *d'Hervey*, in his Journey to Mount Lebanon. The whole stock of a poor Arabian of the desert consisted of a most beautiful mare. The French-consul at Said offered to purchase her, with an intention to send her to his master, Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum, which he named. The consul, not daring, without instructions, to give so high a price, wrote to Versailles for permission to close the bargain on the terms stipulated. Louis XIV. gave orders to pay the money. The consul immediately

immediately sent notice to the Arab, who soon after made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courser, and the gold which he had demanded was paid down to him. The Arab, covered with a miserable rug, dismounts, looks at the money; then, turning his eyes to the mare, he sighs, and thus accosts her: "To whom am I going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable: return with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced these words, he sprung upon her back, and scampered off toward the desert.—*St. Pierre's Studies of Nature.*

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

CRYSTAL.

CRYSTAL is a perfectly colourless, transparent, and very hard stone, which generally grows from the rocks in a pyramidal form, though it is sometimes found to resemble pebbles, as the Brazil pebble, &c.

AGATE.

Agate, which is for the most part opaque, and variegated in a curious and irregular manner, has also been ranked among precious stones, though it is perhaps too common a fossil to merit the appellation.

JASPER.

Jasper is found in the form of a flint or pebble; and, when wrought, appears of a beautiful green, sometimes

sometimes spotted with white clouds; but it is scarcely pellucid, unless when very thin.

EMERALD.

The emerald is sometimes found in the shape of a pebble, and at others, like crystal: both sorts, when polished, appear of the finest green in all its different shades: those of the pebble kind are very bright and transparent, but they are less glossy than the crystallines.

CARNELIAN.

The carnelian, sarda, or sardius, are all names of the same gem; which is found in the different shapes of pebbles, and, when polished, appears of a flesh colour: though some carnelians are whitish, others blood-red, and some beautifully variegated, and veined with pale red and white.

ONYX.

The onyx is a precious stone, or gem, partly transparent, formed in zones about a central body, and is not inferior to other semi-opaque gems, either in lustre or brightness. The rings or zones add a discriminating beauty to this stone, which admits of a very high polish.

SARDONYX.

The sardonyx is a semi-transparent gem, which partakes of the nature of the sardius in its flesh colour, and of the onyx in its zoned and tabulated form, being distinguished into species, according to its great variety of tinges, zones, and other phenomena.

TOPAZ.

The topaz, which is always found in an oblong pebble

pebble form, was anciently called the chrysolite, because of its golden colour, in which it excels every other gem; it has all the different tinges from deep to pale; and is esteemed so valuable, that the Great Mogul possesses a single topaz worth twenty thousand pounds.

SAPPHIRE.

The sapphire is the most singular and beautiful of all gems, for its noble azure or sky-coloured blue. Sapphires are sometimes found in the shape of pebbles, and at others, in that of columnar crystals, with short pyramidal tops: they are from the palest tinge of sky-blue, to the deepest indigo. The pebble sort, in particular, are exceedingly valuable.

RUBY.

The ruby is a beautiful gem, remarkable for its fine glowing red colour and hardness: it is always found in the shape of small, oblong, flattish pebbles. A ruby of ten carats, if of the best sort and colour, is worth upwards of two hundred guineas. These gems have frequently so perfect a native polish, as not to stand in need of the smallest assistance from the lapidary's art.

CARBUNCLE.

The carbuncle, so called, because, when held up to the sun, it resembles, in colour, a glowing charcoal, is nothing more than a species of the ruby.

BERYL.

The beryl is a finer sort of columnar crystal: it is, however, sometimes found in pebbles, but it is then of an inferior quality; and is remarkable for a fine blueish

bluish green colour, which it never in the slightest degree loses.

JACINTH.

The jacinth, or hyacinth, is a pellucid gem, of a red colour, with a mixture of yellow; and, like most other gems of this sort, is found in the form of a pebble, or of columnar crystal, having a great variety in its tinges, from the colour of the ruby, to that of amber.

AMETHYST.

The amethyst is a stone of a beautiful colour, being a mixture of red and blue, comprehending all the degrees of a purple hue, and is found in the form of pebbles and crystal.

GARNET.

The garnet is a gem of a deep red colour, with a cast of blue, but variable in its tinges, down to a flesh colour. Though garnets are extremely subject to flaws and blemishes, they do not, like most other gems, lose their colour in the fire. Garnets are always found in the pebble form.

DIAMOND.

The adamant or diamond, which is the principal of all precious stones, excels every other body in two essential qualities; first, in hardness; and secondly, in its power of refracting light. The diamond is incapable of being cut or polished by any other substance, except its own when reduced to a fine powder; and it exceeds the power of refracting light in glass or crystal, nearly in the proportion of five to one and a half, or often to three. No wonder, then, that this astonishing power of refraction should

should make it so brilliant and sparkling, and that its manifest superiority should render it of such prodigious value. The Great Mogul is said to be possessed of the largest diamond in the world, weighing two hundred and seventy-nine carats, or two ounces and a quarter, worth 779,244*l*. Diamonds are found in various forms of crystal and crystalline pebbles, with several irregular sides or faces, which have often a native polish; and the heat of common fire has no effect on them. This most precious article is the produce of the East Indies, and other parts of the torrid zone.

There are many other stones of great note and use in medicine, arts, and trades; among which are the lapis lazuli, which is used to make that finest of all blue colours, called ultramarine; the turquoise stone, sometimes, though improperly, reckoned a gem; and bismuth, and zinc, much used in soldering gold and silver.

SONNET TO CHARITY.

DAUGHTER of heav'n sublime! thou ray of God!
 Pure essence! sprung from pure celestial love!
 Rich is the bosom grac'd with thy abode,
 And poor the wretch thy spirit fails to move.
 O fill my heart—each thought, each word control,
 And fix th' ETERNAL's stamp—his image on my soul!
 Teach me to look with Candour's modest eye—
 Prone to absolve, while still the last to blame:
 Teach me to heave the sympathetic sigh,
 And spare "the blushes of ingenuous shame."

To

To think no ill—to dare no cruel deed—
 In one wide circle to embrace mankind,
 Be this my study, this my glorious meed,
 And HEAVEN must view, well pleas'd, its own reflected
 MIND. M.

GEOGRAPHICAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL DIVISIONS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

ENGLAND is divided into forty counties or provinces, distributed, according to their relative situations, into what are called the northern, eastern, southern, western, and midland counties.

The political and civil distribution is into six circuits, which are thus arranged:

1. **HOME CIRCUIT.**—Including Essex, Hertford, Kent, Surry, and Sussex.
2. **NORFOLK CIRCUIT.**—Bucks, Bedford, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Suffolk, and Norfolk.
3. **OXFORD CIRCUIT.**—Oxon, Berks, Gloucester, Worcester, Monmouth, Hereford, Salop, and Stafford.
4. **MIDLAND CIRCUIT.**—Warwick, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, Rutland, and Northampton.
5. **WESTERN CIRCUIT.**—Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall.
6. **NORTHERN CIRCUIT** *.—York, Durham, Northumberland, Lancaster, Westmorland, and Cumberland.

* In the Lent or spring assizes, the northern circuits extend only to York and Lancaster; the assizes at Durham, Newcastle, Appleby, and Carlisle, being held only in the autumn, and are distinguished by the appellation of the *long circuit*.

Middle-

Middlesex being the regular seat of the courts of justice, is not included; and Cheshire is a county palatine of itself, and enjoys its own municipal laws and privileges.

WALES, which consists of twelve counties, is naturally divided into north and south. It has four circuits:

NORTH-EAST CIRCUIT.—Including Flint, Denbigh, and Montgomery.

NORTH-WEST CIRCUIT.—Anglesey and Caernarvon.

SOUTH-EAST CIRCUIT.—Merioneth, Radnor, Brecon, and Glamorgan.

SOUTH-WEST CIRCUIT.—Pembroke, Cardigan, and Caermarthen.

In the British parliament, England is represented as follows:

40 Counties, two members each	- - -	80
25 Cities (Ely none, London four)	- - -	50
167 Boroughs, two each	- - -	334
5 Boroughs, one each	- - -	5
2 Universities, two each	- - -	4
8 Cinque ports, two each	- - -	16
		<u>489</u>

Wales sends one member for each county . . . 12

And for twelve boroughs (Pembroke two, Merioneth none), one each - - - 12

24

Scotland sends thirty members for its counties, and fifteen for its cities and boroughs - 45

Total number of representatives for England, Wales, and Scotland - - - 558

GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN—*MOTACILLA REGULUS*.

THIS is the smallest, and, perhaps, the most elegant of all British birds, weighing no more than twenty-six grains. It is about three inches and a half in length; and the expansion of the wings is five inches. It is easily distinguished from other birds, not only by its size, but also by the beautiful scarlet mark on its head, bounded on each side by a fine yellow line. The bill is dusky; the feathers of the forehead are green; and a narrow white line extends from the bill to the eyes. The hind part of the neck and back are of a dull green colour; the coverts of the wings are dusky, edged with green, and tipped with white; the quill-feathers and the tail are dusky, edged with pale green; the throat and belly are white, tinged with green; the legs are of a dull yellow hue, and the claws are extremely long in proportion to the size.

This bird frequents woods, and is usually seen perched on oak-trees. Its note does not materially differ from that of the common wren. It continues in this island the whole year; and, though a weak and minute creature, seems capable of supporting the rigour of our severest winters.

A WINTER'S EVENING.

“It is wisdom to be content with our respective situations; and to balance the advantages and disadvantages of the different classes of society, will infallibly tend to make us so.”

“**D**EAR mamma, how comfortable we are!” said Mary Anne to her mother, as they were sitting one winter’s evening in a warm room with a good fire; “I wonder why any one should dislike winter: is not this very pleasant?”—“It is pleasant to me, my dear child,” answered her mother, “to find your disposition such, as will make each season agreeable. In our situation it would be wrong to complain; and the blessings we enjoy, should make us feel for those who have fewer. You shall now read to me, what will convince you that our chief and permanent happiness depends on ourselves, and that no enjoyment can be found in pleasures which are selfish: therefore, when we see distress, it is wrong to fly from it; for though at the moment we may feel unhappy, our endeavour to relieve it gives comfort to the sufferer, as well as satisfaction to ourselves.” Mary Anne took the book her mother offered, and with great attention read as follows:

“The fine lady who shivers at a breeze, even in the height of summer, knows not the miseries of winter; those she calls such, are nothing. Take a survey of her house—a fire in every room, a carpet on every floor, and all the various contrivances to keep from her the least breath of air.”—“Can she feel winter?” asked Mary Anne: “how happy is her situation! much more so than ours! Just at present

sent we are warm, but if we were to move out of this room——” “Read on,” interrupted her mother; “let not what I intended should make you happier, render you discontented. Hear how this lady enjoys the blessing she possesses; I say blessing, because it is only that of warmth she feels.” Mary Anne continued: “When necessity obliges her to go out, for such she calls an invitation to a rout or ball, her carriage is matted for her feet, her pelice is lined with wool; yet her head is dressed, and she cannot cover that, as the flowers or feathers with which it is adorned may be injured; and this is to her a source of trouble. While her maid is dressing her, she sits as near to the fire as her looking-glass will permit, and her comforts are all forgot, at the reflection of the inconvenience in being so much dressed. She is sure she shall take cold, yet what can she do? To go into company unlike other people is shocking. Then the art of the waiting-maid is called forth, and she expatiates on the elegance and fashion always displayed by her lady in every thing she wears: this has the desired effect; the lady smiles, looks in the glass, smiles again, and hurries to her carriage, determined not to let the fear of cold prevent her from ‘looking charmingly;’ which is the last and favourite compliment of her woman, who has studied her mistress’s temper, and knows flattery alone will keep her in good humour.” —“Is the lady to be envied now?” asked Mrs. Wilmot. —“Ah no, mamma,” said Mary Anne: “if flattery alone will put her in good humour, she cannot be often so, for who would take the pains to be always finding out some fancied perfection in her?” —“Many would,” replied her mother,

mother, "not from a wish to please her, but that she would otherwise spoil their enjoyments by her ill temper. Her maid, for instance—she knows the only way to prevent her mistress from quarrelling with her dress, is to admire it herself: thus you see how dependant a fine lady is. The humour she is in, is influenced by the slightest circumstance; for, if the meanest even of those she would wish to think beneath her notice does not admire her, it is enough to make her dissatisfied with every thing else."—"Yet she might be happy if she would," returned Mary Anne, after considering what her mother had said, "with so many comforts."—"And even these," resumed Mrs. Wilmot, "only render her more dependant: she cannot leave her bed in the morning till her maid chooses, because the fire is not lighted in her chamber; nor can she go from one room to another, without first ringing the bell, to know if the doors are all shut, or if the fire has been attended to; and should either of her domestics, through carelessness or disinclination to please, neglect any one of these things, it is enough to make her miserable for the whole day."—"But now let us view the poor, mamma," said Mary Anne: "if this lady, with all the comforts I have read of, is not happy, what must those feel, who scarcely possess the necessaries of life? I will read on."

"We will not follow the fine lady to her rout, but turn our eyes where *she* would suppose misery ever dwelt. Behold that cottage on the moor; its outside is not promising; the thatch is in many places blown off, and the windows are broken; no shutter is necessary: the inhabitants feel too severely, that there is nothing beneath their roof to tempt

the robber, and from that circumstance they derive security at least. We will go nearer, and enter with the man, who has been employed, perhaps, some miles distant. He is just returned from his work. Is there one face expressive of infelicity in the whole group? See! the very infant lying in the lap of one a few years older, knows its father's approach, and stretches out its little hands to welcome him; the mother leaves the clothes she was mending for her child, to prepare the table, and rouse the sleeping embers, round which her children had been sitting, that her husband may have his supper comfortably. The elder girls bring from their small cupboard all its contents; little else than a brown loaf, with hard unsavoury cheese."—"Can this be comfortable?" said Mary Anne: "poor creatures! how I pity them."—"They are not so unhappy," observed Mrs. Wilnot, "as the lady you felt disposed to envy; you know the proverb says, 'A contented mind is a continual feast,' and here you find it amply verified; but continue."—"They feel not the wind which whistles through their broken casement; and unless it deprives them of the light afforded by their small candle, do not think of stopping it. The father kisses his little darling, who, though clad in rags, and disfigured with dirt, is by him beloved with more tenderness than many a fine lady feels for her helpless offspring. His sons now enter from their different occupations; and, with cheerful countenances, this united family sit down to their scanty meal. The boys recount the labours and engagements of the day; one has earned sixpence, which is deposited with his very small stock, till he has gained enough to buy him a new pair

pair of shoes; another has seen his brother or sister, who are out at service, and received from them a trifling mark of the affection they feel for their parents, with hearty wishes it had been more. The happy mother feels doubly grateful, and blesses Providence for giving her such affectionate children. Without that comfort, little would they have to render life supportable; and with it, they have greater reason to rejoice than many in a more elevated situation."—"This makes my observation good," said Mrs. Wilmot, "that there is no gratification in selfish pleasures: but let us hear more;" and her daughter continued:

"Let us leave these contented cottagers, and review the middle station of life, where there is 'neither poverty nor riches.' Observe yonder neat house encircled with trees; there dwells an amiable family; let us hasten to their sitting-room: behold the mother with her children, and observe their employment. Two of the girls are making clothes for the poor; another is knitting worsted stockings for an old and valued domestic; the eldest is reading to the rest: what is the subject? She speaks of winter:

"I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening knows.—
How calm is my recess! and how the frost
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The silence, and the warmth enjoy'd within!"

"Oh, mamma, how pretty this is!" exclaimed Mary Anne: "I wonder what book she is reading; how

how I should like to be there to hear her!"—"You may read it yourself," answered her mother: "these extracts are from Cowper's Task. To-morrow night I will read part of it to you; it is a charming poem." "But will you read it now, mamma?" interrupted Mary Anne. "By no means," answered Mrs. Wilmot; "you must first finish what you are engaged in. You forget it is not my method to fly from one book to another; we should gain no advantage from that."—"I have nearly read all that there is on this subject," said Mary Anne: "it is concluded in the following page;" and she read on:

"See how the attentive listeners seem to feel the poet's words; they draw nearer the fire, and with an affectionate smile congratulate each other on the comforts they possess; but when their eye is cast on their work, and they recollect the state of those for whom they are working, the needle flies swifter through their fingers, and a conscious pleasure brightens in their countenance, while they determine to procure for others, the blessings so thankfully enjoyed by themselves. In another hour the circle is enlarged; their father and their brothers enter; each takes a seat by the cheerful fire; and the former, with pleasure, surveys his family so laudably employed. He has brought the newspaper from a neighbouring town:

——— Happy work!

Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention while he reads."

When this folio of four pages has been fully discussed, the work is put away, and the supper crowns the board—a simple repast, but enjoyed by all; for health and peace of mind enable them to find
happiness

happinefs in every scene. Their affectionate father listens to their playful conversation; and when he thinks they wish it changed, makes the well-known signal for the dance to begin. The table is removed, the mother fits down to the instrument with double pleasure, because it adds to that of her children, and rejoices it is in her power to promote their innocent enjoyments; she plays their favourite reels, and, till the time of repose, they trip it merrily away; while the happy father smiles to see his young ones happy, and talks of the time when he also made one in such a party. Thus ends their winter's evening; and far happier is this domestic ball, than any of the splendid entertainments diffipation can boast."

ELEGY ON A VERY PROMISING YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO DIED IN THE SEVENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THEN is he gone? Sweet innocence! no more.
 Shall I behold his willing eye trace o'er
 Th' instructive page, no longer shall I stand
 To see the top spring from his little hand.

Ah! cruel Atropus, in early hour
 Thy fatal scissars cropt this tender flow'r;
 Scarce had its op'ning beauties yet begun
 To feel the pleasures of the rising sun,
 Ere thy rough hand had left the fruitless void,
 And every promis'd bud of hope destroy'd.

Sweet little prattler! all thy task is done,
 Thy lesson finish'd, and thy race is run!
 What though no solemn hearse, with pompous show
 Of stately pride and artificial woe,

Shall

Shall mock thy youth, yet fond remembrance bears
 A grateful tribute to thy tender years;
 Thy little friends will circle round, turn pale,
 Then wipe their eyes and tell the mournful tale;
 Nor I, nor all who knew thee shall forbear
 To kindly drop a sympathetic tear.

If Nature proves this little tribute due,
 Dear honour'd parents, what remains for you?
 You, who with joy could view this fair design,
 And each exclaim, "The little prize is mine:"
 I feel your loss, yet why should I renew
 The tender pang? I feel your blessing too.
 Past vulgar bounds his little voice was rais'd,
 Angels o'erheard it, and with wonder gaz'd!
 "Behold," they cried, "in yonder earthly sphere,
 A sweet companion for our concert here!
 Let us cajole those giddy sons of strife,
 And kindly snatch him from the ills of life."
 The destin'd powers hear the firm decree,
 Strike the rude mass, and set the pris'ner free!!
 Swift as the light his little spirit flies,
 And takes possession of its native skies;
 With pleasure smiles at Death's unerring blow;
 And looks with pity on the world below.

Nov. 12, 1799.

A FRIEND.

ESSAY ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE THISTLE.

[Concluded from page 338.]

THIS overshadowing of desert regions that I speak of as impracticable by human means, and upon a scale so vast, is effected every day in miniature by the thistle. Its large spreading leaves gather the nutritive and humid particles of the air, and, by means of the circulation of sap, convey them

them into the foil: the same canopy prevents the rays of the sun from falling directly upon the earth; and, besides, detains those exhalations which the warmth of the air incites. Beneath this rich coverture, grass and other small plants are nourished and protected. To understand this subject completely, it should be remembered, that vegetables require an atmosphere directly contrary to that which is necessary for the health of animal life. That corrupt, highly impregnated air, which to us is poison, constitutes the essential food of plants.

The air so detained, however, by the leaves of the thistle, would, were the detention carried to excess, become absolutely deleterious; and the plants thus covered, if entirely shut out from the day, instead of thriving, would wear that yellow sickly aspect which may be observed in those vegetables which chance has placed in situations too much sheltered, or too warm and confined. The leaves of the thistle, therefore, are serrated, or notched, and thus afford various apertures, both for the passage of the air, and for admitting those plants into the light which have grown sufficiently tall. The same indentures are also necessary, in order to permit rain-water to reach the roots of the far-spreading thistle, and its nursing plants. For the conveyance of water, however, there are other means provided; which it would extend this paper to too great a length to enumerate. I shall conclude therefore with one observation or two, respecting its general port or structure.

On this subject, I shall suggest that, by its height, it is well calculated for intercepting the floating vapours of the air, and for dispersing its feathered seeds

seeds to sufficient distances upon the wings of the wind. I am led also to remark, of all plants which, like the thistle, elevate their seeds on tall footstalks; that, by this mean, their ripening is facilitated by being exposed on all sides to the sun, and held at a distance from the moist neighbourhood of the leaves; and it is worthy of notice, that the bud, which includes the blossom, and the seeds already formed, is detained at a low height, and surrounded by foliage, while moisture is necessary to its development: for no plant rears its lofty and isolated spikes till just before it is ready to flower. Of the situation of the leaves of the thistle, in tiers, one above another, we may observe, that this disposition is the best possible for producing the effects intended. Were the awning composed of one ample leaf, or one tier of leaves, the shade would be at the same time less complete, and yet produce the worst consequences of excessive shade. It would be less complete, because the heat of the sun would presently penetrate through this single covering; itself would lose its crispness, and lie languid on the earth; and it would be destructive, because no plants could possibly grow beneath. We could expect to find nothing under it, except a black soil, with some slight appearance of a green moss, such as appears on the surface of the over-watered and little-ventilated earth of a garden-pot. But the leaves, by being raised one above another, protect each by turns from the power of the sun; suffer the breeze to pass through the whole fabric of the plant; and by the cooling air that is passing under them, they are preserved crisp, notwithstanding the heat with which the sun assails them from above: thus a perfect

fect shade and shelter are produced, without either of their concomitant disadvantages. Toward a view of the resemblance which exists between the multifarious parts of nature, it is farther worthy of notice, that the arrangement of the leaves of plants bears some analogy to that of the scales of fishes, the feathers of birds, and the hair of quadrupeds: all these coatings are formed of separate pieces, which lie over each other; which are capable of greater and less degrees of separation, as occasion may require; and which are well calculated for regulating the temperature of the bodies that they clothe.

E. A. K.

MODESTY AND LEARNING.

WHEN the most amiable modesty is united with the greatest talents, they form an irresistible charm, which wins on every heart.

Ælian informs us, that, when Plato had arrived at Olympia, to see the Olympic games, he put up at an inn with strangers, by whom he was equally unknown. The sweetness of his manners, however, and his conversation, free from all affectation of superior wisdom, so charmed his companions, that they congratulated themselves in their fortuitous acquaintance with such a man. Not a word respecting the Academy or Socrates escaped his lips: he only mentioned that his name was Plato.

The games being finished, the philosopher returned to Athens with his new friends, and treated them with the greatest hospitality.

"Come," said they, "show us now your namesake,

fake, the disciple of Socrates, whose fame is so widely blazoned. Conduct us to the Academy, that we may reap some advantage from his conversation."

"Behold," replied he, with a gentle smile, "I am the man." His guests were astonished that they could have been so long in the society of the real Plato without knowing it; and they felt how strongly he was capable of engaging the affections of those with whom he was conversant, even without entering on his customary philosophical discourses, for which he was so illustrious.

THE CHEAT DETECTED; OR, THE HAUNTED
HOUSE:—A DRAMATIC PROVERB.

Honesty is the best Policy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Squire ALLWORTHY—Mr. SCENTWELL, his Nephew—SUPPLE,
Bailiff—TOM CURRY, Stable Boy.

Scene, Squire Allworthy's House.

SCENE I.—*A Room; Squire Allworthy and Mr. Scentwell.*

Allworthy.

MY dear Mr. Scentwell, I am happy to see you; you have visited me at a very critical time indeed.

Scent. A critical time, my dear uncle! you are not going to be married I hope?

All. No, no; my wish has always been to live in peace, and yet I cannot.

Scent. Why, if you think peace is connected with celibacy,

celibacy, and don't intend to alter your condition; what can disturb you?

All. That I can't tell, I want to find it out.

Scent. Hyp'd, my dear uncle by living alone, I'll lay a wager. I have heard of a man who fancied three campaigns were carried on in his head between the French and the English; he would sometimes rave like a madman, swearing that their great guns distracted him. Sometimes the French fled, and the English pursued; sometimes it was a drawn battle, at others a complete victory; but till the enemy were incapable of rallying (in his wise noddle at least), and peace was supposed to be proclaimed, he talked of nothing but battles, and sieges, and ambuscades, and general *This*, and colonel *That*. In fact, his brain seemed as broad as the continent, and as restless too.

All. Go on, sir; you are merry.

Scent. Well, if you think I have discovered your disorder, I'll give you another curious instance of its effects. It was of a—I don't know whether it was man or woman, who fancied the centre of gravity was converted into glass, and did not sit down for two whole years, for fear of cracking it.

All. Ha! ha! ha! you seem to have been studying physic since I had the pleasure of seeing you last; and wish to display your skill in describing symptoms; but you have not hit my case: thank Heaven, my frame is sound, and my conscience at ease. I have always felt a pleasure in doing all the good in my power; my friends have never found me insincere, nor my enemies capable of the meanness of revenge; and yet—to let you into the secret at once—my sleep is nightly disturbed by unknown noises, my house

is haunted by thieves, or I cannot tell what, and my property is daily wasting, without my being able to detect the offender. Were it not for the fidelity of one honest domestic, old Supple, who has long lived with me, I should scarcely have had a moveable left.

Scent. Hem! hem! Noises, thieves! Why not ghosts? But, hang it, I believe ghosts never steal; therefore it cannot be laid to their charge.

All. My ignorant, but well-meaning servants, however, have got this idea. They think the house is haunted, and that evil spirits do all the mischief. Indeed I must change my residence; my bailiff alone will consent to live any longer with me here.

Scent. Courage, courage! I rejoice that I have arrived to your relief. While enchanted castles remain, the age of chivalry cannot be past; and though you have no fair ladies to rescue, I shall be happy to become knight-errant for your sake, my dear uncle.

All. What will you do? will you watch with Mr. Supple the bailiff?

Scent. Yes! and perhaps I may watch him too.

All. Watch him! Had it not been for him, I should have had little left to watch. Here he comes.

SCENE II.—*Enter Supple bowing.*

All. Supple, I have just been describing to my nephew here, our unpleasant situation of late; I have owned my obligations to you, for they are great. Look at him, nephew; he does not seem as if he had slept sound for this month; he swells all over with waking and watching; see how round he is.

Sup. Please your honour, if I could procure you
sound

found sleep, I do not mind myself. While you rest, I cannot hurt.

All. I know, and value, your fidelity. Tell us what you observed last night; my nephew will watch with you to-night: he does not seem to be afraid.

Sup. I'd sooner fight ten devils than have his assistance; but I'll cool his courage. (*Aside*).—Sir, sir, the young gentleman does not know how terrible it is; it makes the very hair of my wig stand on end to think of it.

Scent. Your wig, my friend, does look as if it had been frightened. But do frights make people fat? I have a mind to try.

All. Proceed, Supple; what new terrors did you encounter last night? If the thieves live in this neighbourhood, they will soon be detected.

Sup. Thieves! Lord have mercy on us! I wish I could see nothing worse. First, the great bell at the gate rang, please your honour, as if it would have pulled down the tower; I peeped over the wall: thinks I, I have you now.

All. Well!

Sup. In a trice the gate flew open; Mungo, the house-dog, howled dreadfully, and I am sure saw something. I could not stand it any longer. Away I ran to see what was become of Betty Collop and Curry; found them both fainting; locked them up, that they might be safe: smash went the windows of your study; and in an instant I heard the sound of guineas rattling. I thought it had rained money in the court; but when I felt for it, I picked up a halter.

Scent. O! how you delight me with the description of your nocturnal revels! Faith, many
JHEVIOI M M 2 a man

a man has picked up worse than a halter in the dark. Uncle! have you searched your study to-day? I hope you will find out of this shower of guineas, enough to make up for all your losses.

All. I have not seen Supple till now, therefore did not think of looking into the study.

Scent. Then do. If you find more guineas than belong to you, remember your humble servant out of the surplus.

Sup. I don't like that young gentleman; he seems to fear neither man nor d—I. (*Aside.*)

All. I fear I shall not have that pleasure, nephew. Every thing becomes more mysterious: I heard the ringing at the bell myself, but supposed it might be Curry who had been locked out, or Betty Collop's sweetheart wanting to be let in, and did not think any more about it; we will see what can be done to-night. Good Supple, go and have some rest first; you look wild.

Scent. And then I'll see what I can pick up. As Supple has found the halter, if I can find the thief, for once I could find in my heart to turn executioner.

Sup. 'Tis a wicked neighbourhood, to be sure; master knows I never gave any body in it a good word: but we have to do with worse than human beings.

Scent. Human beings are the only bad beings I ever yet met with. I know not what I may.

Sup. Mercy on me, sir; how you talk! My dear master, pray for him and me. I fear I had never more occasion for it.—A thought strikes me. (*Aside.*) [Exit.

Scent. I'll keep an eye on that good and faithful servant

servant of yours, uncle. To tell you the truth, I do not like the cut of his wig, nor the cant of his tongue. An honest man thinks charitably, and never founds his own praise on depreciating others.

All. Ah, well! all my wish is to live in peace. Come, we'll go to supper. [*Lixout.*]

SCENE III.—*Supple meeting Curry, who appears half drunk.*

Sup. Curry, it was you I wanted. Was you not sadly frightened last night? I was very sorry for Betty Collop and you; but obliged to leave you; locked you up though, that the evil spirits might not hurt you.

Curry. Thank you, master Supple; as they are playing their pranks out of doors every night, I was determined to have some of a better sort in doors; and so d'ye see, master Supple, I have been swallowing a pint of brandy; and I'll have a little more before it grows dark. When do you expect the noise to begin? (*Reels.*)

Sup. Ah! it was monstrous dreadful last night. Master's nephew intends to watch with me to-night: I wish you would supply my place for two or three hours; master wishes me to take a little rest.

Curry. That I will, to oblige thee; but I will not go too near it, if any thing should appear.

Sup. No, no, I would not have you, for the world.

Curry. I have already said my prayers, and two or three more g'asses of brandy will steady my hand. Ah! I wish Michaelmas were come, I do not like to leave my master till my time is up.

Sup. (*Hesitating.*) I have been thinking, Curry; suppose

suppose now—I say, suppose we were to play Mr. Scentwell that's come, a trick. Can you be trusted?

Curry. Trusted! Close as wax; I can swallow any thing; but nothing that's good ever comes up again.

Sup. Then d'ye see, this young gentleman, Mr. Scentwell I mean, seems to fear nothing; and as evil spirits, you know, are acquainted with every thing, perhaps they will not choose to come to be baited by him; and so d'ye see, he will laugh at us, and say we are cowards, and I know not what besides.

Curry. May be so; I should not like to be called coward neither. Who's afraid? I'm afraid of nothing that looks like earthly. But I cannot stand spirits, except brandy spirits; and now I should totter, did not they back me. (*Staggers.*)

Sup. You seem in the right cue, my man: dress yourself up then in the most frightful form you can, but all snug between you and I only; make all the noise you can with hands and heels—no tongue, mind you—ring all the bells, rattle the pewter plates; and if you can contrive to tumble down a flight of stairs without breaking your neck, so much the better; but remember, all snug, all snug, no tongue.

Curry. O! never fear; I'll make noise enough to frighten even you; I'll warrant you, we'll drive all the ghostesses to Jericho; we'll beat them at their own weapons, and then we shall have all the good things to ourselves, master Supple.

Sup. But snug's the word; don't budge, don't be too valiant; only you and I are to know; I'll reward you. An't it a pleasant joke, Curry?

Curry. Ha! ha! ha! Main pleasant, faith! We shan't

shan't be called cowards. I'll see if Mr. Scentwell is as good a man as I am. (*Reels.*)

Sup. That he is not. Dress and prime yourself as quickly as possible; and d'ye hear, Curry, don't be too late in beginning, or Mr. Scentwell will be on the look-out, and perhaps find out the cheat. But I'll watch him.

Curry. O! never fear, dear master Supple; I'll have the first word with him.—Now I'll be revenged on you, old man, for all your sly tricks. (*Aside.*) [*Reels out.*]

Sup. A pleasant joke, Curry; but mum's the word, I'll reward you.—(*Salus.*) Hang it! I could almost find in my heart to reform. My dear worthy duped master's goodness makes me almost ashamed of myself. If I come off well to-night, I will reform, that's fixed; it is too much for my head to be always planning; besides, last night paid me better than usual; guineas cannot be proved, they lie snug; nobody saw where I put the bag; I can now afford to be honest. Were it not for this one little flaw, never had master a better servant. Have I not made two cabbages grow where one Welsh leek would not have grown before? Have I not planted, and improved, and manured, and watered? and have I ever suffered any body to rob him but myself? Look at the estate! Scarcely a rook has been allowed to pick up a grub upon it, or to carry off a stick to build her nest with. But merit in these days is not rewarded even by the best; I have therefore rewarded myself. "Snug and warm," is Supple's motto. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.—Allworthy and Scentwell.

Scent. I trust your loss, sir, is not so great as you at present apprehend. What! do you suppose there were two hundred guineas in the bag you missed last night?

All. I have never been very fond of money for my own sake, and therefore cannot swear to the exact sum; but believe it might be about two hundred guineas.

Scent. A serious sum! *That* could not go without hands.

All. I am sorry for it; I wish to think better of mankind than I fear they will allow me.

SCENE V.

Scent. O! here comes Supple; I'll venture to say he will lay the whole to the charge of ghosts and goblins, and that he will try to conjure up some to-night to run away with me, if possible.

Noise heard; Supple starts. That drunken, blundering fool, I dread, will spoil all, he is begun already.—(To Allworthy.) Save us;—these, what shall I call them? are determined to drive us all out of the house to-night; don't you hear them already?

Scent. I thought they would be polite; they knew a gentleman expected them, and therefore could not have the rudeness to make him wait. Come, Supple, we'll go and see who they are, and what they want. [*Noise increases.*]

Sup. Sir, sir, master, your honour! Sure you would not put a Christian in the power of the wicked one? You would not leave master alone?

Scent. My uncle will have the goodness to excuse me for a moment while I lay the ghost. Here is my authority. (*Showing a sword.*)

Sup.

Sup. It is coming nearer, I hear it on the stairs.
(*Scentwell advances to the door, Supple locks it, and places his back against it.*)

Scent. Open the door, I say; don't be afraid of the old Gentleman; you and he are too good friends to hurt each other.

Sup. Dear, dear sir, save me; think of master: there, I cannot open the door. (*Shouting heard without.*)

Curry. Open the door, bring a light, I have played the devil to some tune, almost broke my neck by tumbling down in the dark.

Scent. What, is this your ghost?

Sup. (*In agitation.*) Ah! too sure; and it has borrowed the voice, and I suppose the form, of Curry; I cannot face it. Oh, what a fool was I! all is out.
(*Aside.*)

Curry. I've found it, I've found it. (*Rattles money.*) I'm spirit proof—Who's afraid?—Curry's the man for his master. (*Supple falls down behind the door—Scentwell pulls him away, and opens it.*)

SCENE VI.—Curry feels in disguised.

Your honour, sir, I beg pardon; I'm ghost to-night, and an honest one. Here's a bag I have found.

All. What's the meaning of this, Curry?

Curry. Faith, master, to tell the truth, I lost my reason two hours ago, and with it my meaning: all I can say is, that I have been playing the ghostefes by commission; Supple employed me, and he is to pay me. Don't be frightened, master Supple, it is only poor Tom Curry. In rumbling and tumbling things about in Supple's room, I found this bag by its

its jingling; I thought it was a pity such a pretty rattle should not be used, and here it is. (*Rattles.*)

Scent. You see, uncle, this *worthy, excellent* servant of yours, who spoke well of nobody, who wished to give you an ill opinion of every body, except himself; who tried to divert the usual channel of your benevolence, or at least to render it contracted; has, as I suspected, been plotter and agent in all the losses and uneasiness you have experienced.—(*To Curry.*) Supple employed you?

Curry. He thought as how the ghostesses might not like to come to be laughed at by you, sir; and so, lest you should think you had frightened them away, I was to perform to-night. Good spirits (*patting his stomach*) will always beat bad ones. (*Lays the bag on the table.*)

Scent. Is this your bag, uncle?

All. I believe it is.

Sup. (*Raising himself on his knees to Allworthy.*) I implore that mercy which no wretch ever implored in vain. I own all. Your goodness, though abused, grossly abused, will, perhaps, spare me!

Scent. Do you think you deserve it at his hands? you hypocritical, malicious, intriguing villain! Were I in my uncle's place, I should think I was doing an essential service to society, to rid the world of such a monster of baseness and ingratitude.

All. There might be merit in this, but it would neither bring me peace nor satisfaction; I will therefore make no inquiries that can substantiate particular guilt.—(*To Supple.*) Go, and let me never see you more. Go, and may a sense of your own demerits be your greatest and only punishment. The injuries you have

have done me personally, I forgive : but when I reflect that by your false representations I have been withheld from doing all the good to others which I wished to do ; when I reflect that my name perhaps has been prostituted to sanction cruelty, or to colour injustice ; I pray Heaven to forgive me the unintentional fault, and to restore me the love and confidence of mankind.

Sup. O ! how could I abuse such goodness !

All. Go ; and that you may not be tempted to commit any more crimes, take what you have earned or purloined in my service. With honesty you might have commanded more than roguery could procure you. I hope, however, you have enough to set you above want, though it cannot give you credit. Go ; and where you are unknown, you may still escape execration. [Exit *Sup.*

(*To Curry.*) You, who have been made the dupe of another's artifice, I this once forgive ; take that bag ; without you, I probably should never have seen it again, and therefore I shall miss it the less. But let the fate of *Supple* be a lesson to you all, as it will be to me. (*Gives him the bag.*)

Curry. Thank you, master, with all my heart, though I desired nothing but the pleasure of serving you. *Betty Collop* shall have a new gown out of this ; for many a fright have we had together. I never will get drunk again, unless for your honour's sake. I hope master *Supple* has taken all the ghostesses with him. (*Reels out.*)

Scent. I too have gained a lesson ; I will try to copy your goodness, though I trust I shall have less occasion to practise your lenity.

And where the virtues fix their constant home,
May peace and pleasure still delight to come.

BELLE

BELLE REPONSE DE CATON, ENCORE ENFANT,
AU SUJET DE SON FRERE.

ON demandoit au fameux Caton quel étoit son meilleur ami dans le monde; *C'est mon frere*, répondit le jeune Romain, alors âgé de douze ans. Et après lui, quelle est la personne qui tient le second rang dans votre cœur? *C'est mon frere*.—Et le troisième? *C'est aussi mon frere*.

Devenu grand, et se trouvant en Asie, ce Romain intrépide et vertueux apprit que son frere, nommé Cépon, étoit tombé malade à Thessalonique. Quoique la saison ne fût point favorable, et qu'il n'eût point de bons vaisseaux, l'amour fraternel lui fit braver les dangers de la mer pour embrasser encore une fois ce frere qu'il aimoit si tendrement.

Arrivé chez Cépon, Caton le trouva expirant. Il est aisé de se peindre la douleur dont fut pénétrée son ame grande et sensible. Il ne se contenta point de lui donner des larmes si dignes d'un philosophe rempli d'humanité, il lui fit faire, à grands frais, de magnifiques obsèques; et lorsqu'il partagea l'héritage avec sa nièce, il ne lui compta point cette dépense, qui étoit considérable.

MEMOIRS OF DICK, THE LITTLE PONEY.

[Concluded from page 350.]

XVII. PRESENTED TO AN AMIABLE YOUTH IN A LINGERING CONSUMPTION—HIS CHARACTER, CONDUCT, AND GRADUAL DECLINE—THE CATASTROPHE—PATERNAL DISTRESS—AND AN EPITAPH.

FROM scenes of wanton pastime or heedless dissipation, I now passed to one of such a melancholy and

and affecting nature, that the impression it made on me can never be effaced. Though it has been my lot on various occasions to promote the pleasures of the gay, it always afforded me a higher gratification to be in any degree instrumental in alleviating the ills of the wretched. I have known ills myself, and have learned to sympathize with the sufferings of mankind, which I soon witnessed in all their poignancy.

Soon after my return from the race, a person dressed in black, who went by the name of the clergyman, came to inquire how my young master was after his tumble, and was pathetically lamenting the situation of his eldest son, whom he had been obliged to remove from a public school, on account of an incipient consumption, the mortal enemy, as it appears, of youth and innocence.

The old squire immediately recommended exercise on horseback; and, as he did not want humanity, and was glad of so good an opportunity of disposing of me to advantage, offered me to carry the poor youth. My young master, who, it seems, had been a playfellow of his, cordially joined in this benevolent design, and made a free gift of me to his unhappy friend. I saw the tear of gratitude start in the clergyman's eye; by an involuntary impulse he grasped the hands of his kind benefactors, while silence expressed his thanks. He was too much affected to do more.

Accordingly I was sent to his house the same evening, completely equipped; and though I perceived, from the accommodations, that I was now in the hands of a man who lived in a style of humble

mediocrity, I felt myself perfectly at ease. Here I made myself sure that I should not be hardly used.

The sick youth came to see me almost immediately, and the lambent flame of joy lighted his eyes at the thought of being master of such a prize. The idea of my former loved mistress was instantly presented to me. In mild complacency of look, in elegance of form, and beauty of features, he was her exact counterpart. I was attached to him at the first sight, and wished in secret that my services might be available to restore him.

He daily rode me out when the weather was fine for an hour or two, and seemed so fond of me, that his countenance brightened up at the moment I was brought out. He caressed me so much, spoke to me in such soft and gentle accents, and was so pleased to feed me out of his hand, that my affection for him increased to a degree I had never felt before, and I thought myself completely happy in the hands of such an amiable master. The most pleasant rides were constantly selected; and not unfrequently he alighted to collect flowers and plants in the hedges and fields, which he carried home with him, as I understood, to examine and ascertain their names and qualities. While thus engaged, I was suffered to graze at liberty, for he had such confidence in me, and it was not misplaced, that he never thought it necessary to lay me under any restraint. I loved him too well indeed to give him pain or trouble, and we were mutually pleased with each other.

The father sometimes attended us on a large horse, and sometimes walked, and laid his hand on my neck.

neck. He seemed to have a sincere regard for me likewise, on account of his dear boy's partiality; and never did I see parental affection more strongly exemplified than in his whole conduct. All his attention and all his care were exerted to promote the recovery of his son; and, if I may be allowed to judge of the hearts of human beings, never was there a youth who more eminently deserved a father's love, or who experienced it in a higher degree.

That health, however, which seemed dearer to him than his own, unfortunately did not mend, as was wished and expected. In consequence, it was judged expedient to alter their situation for what is called a change of air; a mode of cure which, it seems, is frequently prescribed for human maladies.

Accordingly I was taken by gentle stages to a great distance, and here I first beheld that immense collection of waters called sea, and a kind of moving houses filled with men, and wafted by the wind. The clergyman now constantly attended us on foot; for it seems he had not a horse for himself to ride, and he never suffered my dear master to go a step without him. New scenes for a time seemed to amuse and to invigorate my rider. New plants and flowers, and new productions on the sea-shore, served to exercise his taste for investigating the qualities of nature; but his amendment was slight, and of short duration; and I began to anticipate the worst.

After staying from home an indefinite time, we set out again on our return. It filled me with melancholy to think, that more evident benefit had

not been received from an excursion, which was undertaken purely in this hope, and which must have cost dear to a man who had given up every thing for the welfare of his child.

At home the same scenes were renewed as before; but I could perceive that my master was daily becoming more feeble. Some little time after this, he was assisted to walk and to mount me; but it always gave him such pleasure to be on my back and to caress me, that he strove against his illness with the utmost fortitude; and seemed as far as possible to conceal his sufferings, that they might not prevent his going abroad, and that they might not wound his father, whose tenderness was witnessed in every action, and who frequently wore the smile of hope in his presence, but turned away in an agony of despair.

By degrees winter came on, and nature put on her most unlovely hues. The weather became generally such that I could be used but rarely with pleasure or profit, and my dearly beloved master was apparently fast sinking into an untimely grave. The last time that he rode me, I saw his father burst into tears, as if conscious of his approaching loss, and patting me, said, "Poor Dick! I wish your master was as able to ride, as you are willing to carry him; but I hope he will soon mend." His words were choked in the utterance: he knew not how to dissemble his sensations; yet he was not capable of destroying hope, the last hold of the miserable.

After this, the dear youth was wholly confined to his room; yet he wished me sometimes to be taken to the window, that he might feast his eyes by looking at me. This, however, did not last long;
I found

I found that he became too languid to rise, and the tears and lamentations of the family soon convinced me that he was no more.

This was the second time I had felt such a distressing separation; and could my life have ransomed that of this amiable boy, gladly would I have sacrificed it for his sake. My attachment to him was extreme, as his was to me. Indeed, he was all humanity and goodness, and was incapable of using any thing ill that breathed. Even the servant who attended me blubbered outright, and lamented in the most pathetic terms the death of his young master; but the first time the father saw me, after the heart-rending event, I thought he was distracted. He threw his arms round my neck in frantic woe. "Oh, William! William!" exclaimed he, "dearest and best beloved! never, never more shall I have the pleasure of accompanying you on this poor creature; but you are happy! while I am left to struggle with misery, which has been my constant lot: but we shall soon meet again."

A tie to earth with thee, dear youth, is gone;

A tie to heaven with thee, dear youth, is flown.

O! as a father lifts his streaming eyes,

And views your home, the bright empyreal skies,

May fond reflection on his WILLIAM'S bliss

Allure to brighter worlds; and wean from this:

To reach thy raptures be it all his care,

And all his pride to suffer and to bear.

XVIII. PRESENTED TO A FAMILY OF DISTINCTION—TRANSFERRED FROM ONE BROTHER TO ANOTHER—AS A REWARD FOR HIS SERVICES, HAS A Paddock AND A SHED FOR LIFE—ARGUMENTS FOR CONTENTMENT—CONCLUSION.

No sooner was the mind of the unhappy father, whose heavy loss I have mentioned, a little com-

posed, and time had applied its lenient balm to a wound, which I have reason to think could never be wholly closed, than he consigned me to the eldest son of the heir apparent of one of the first fortunes and titles in the kingdom. It appeared he had been honoured with some share of countenance and patronage from the family; and gratitude prompted him to show that he was not unmindful of the obligations he lay under, though the only return he could make was Dick, the little poney.

In placing me, however, in such an eligible situation, he, no doubt, consulted his own feelings, and was happy to reward the faithful servant of his ever to be lamented boy, by a provision which he concluded would be permanent, and a service that he knew would be easy.

His recommendation ensured my favourable reception. A good introduction is all that merit wants. I speedily became a favourite of my little master, who was only about six years of age; and young as he was, no fears were entertained when he was first set on my back. My duty was merely to carry him short and pleasant rides round his father's park; for he always went in a carriage, when it was necessary to take a distant journey. He was one of the sweetest children I ever saw; and I soon perceived, that in this family I should be as happy as I could wish. They seemed to have no taste for fox-hunting, or racing, for frivolous pursuits or criminal dissipation. Happy in domestic society, and the company of a few friends, they seemed to enjoy life in the most rational manner; and I participated in their felicity. In winter I was always carefully lodged and attended; in summer I had the range of

— I have mentioned a little more of my life

—

a fine paddock, where I was able to take care of myself. The follies and frolics of youth had now been wholly subdued in me, by age and experience; and I pleased, because I studied to please.

In this agreeable service there was so much uniformity, that the seasons revolved without any material alteration in my enjoyments or my duties. The only incident by which my life was now marked, was being transferred from one brother to another younger, for there were several. As one grew up, he was mounted on a larger animal, and I fell to the lot of the next. Thus I had the honour of initiating a family of the first distinction, in the rudiments of horsemanship; and I found no diminution of attention in my elder masters, when I was given to a younger. All alike amiable in disposition, and trained up in habits of regularity, benevolence, and virtue, I know not to whom I was most partial, or who most deserved my praise. Every want was now supplied in the most liberal manner, every wish of my heart was full.

The poor clergyman who had been the carver of my good fortune, occasionally visited in the family; and never did he behold me, but the tears trickled down his cheeks. He gradually sunk into dejection and melancholy, and became decrepit before his time. Often have I lamented that it was not in my power to provide for his happiness as amply as he had for mine; but the lacerated ties of nature in him could never be healed; he seemed cast in a mould different from the common race of men; his sorrows were costly, but I fear his joys were few.

By the time that the honourable young family I served had all grown too big for such a little animal

to carry them, I had seen eighteen winters pass over my head; and my natural gray received an additional colouring from years. Still, however, I was active and strong, and might have endured more labour; but it was a maxim in this worthy family, never to distress an old and faithful servant, nor to discharge him when he had spent the best of his days in their service. Would all masters and mistresses adopt the same benevolent plan, they would find the gratitude of their dependants keep pace with the generosity that provided for their wants; they would find the assiduous application of health and strength, striving to compensate for the expected support of illness and debility. Happy are those who are born to servitude, that have the good fortune to fall into such hands; happy was it for me, that my humble endeavours to please and to be useful, met with such a bountiful recompence.

My shoes being taken off, in testimony of my being exonerated from farther duty, I was turned into a fertile paddock, with some other veterans of my species; and now I enjoyed plenty without labour, and peace without the fear of change. We had a commodious shed in one corner of our domain, from which we retired from the heat of the sun or the cold of winter. When grass was plenty, we provided abundantly for ourselves; when the season stripped the fields of verdure we were liberally fed. Nothing, however, delighted me more, than to see my former masters come to visit, and pat me. Even animals do not like to be forgot or neglected by those whom they have studied to oblige.

In this happy relaxation from care, this blissful emancipation from restraint, there were no occur-

rences that could either amuse or instruct. I associated much with my kind; and to relieve the languor of uniform unvarying enjoyment, we mutually communicated to each other the principal circumstances of our lives. On comparing my lot with that of others of my species, I found abundant reason to be thankful on the whole, that I had not suffered more. Life, I find, is chequered with good and ill; mankind are born to calamities as well as horses; and though they often capriciously treat us, our advantages in many respects are greater than theirs, our hearts less susceptible of wrong. At least, on a view of what I have endured, and what I have enjoyed, I acquiesce in my own allotments, and am grateful to destiny. Contentment is true wisdom, because it conducts to felicity; and gratitude for good received, is an evidence that it has in some measure been deserved.

The burden of age now begins to retard my speed, and to sink my spirits; but assured that I shall be allowed to breathe my last in peace, I neither fear nor anticipate the final event. Anxious, however, that my humble memoirs may record my thankfulness to all my benefactors, and my forgiveness of those who have wronged me, I have put them into the hands of one, whose kindness I have already acknowledged, and who has promised to lay them before the public. Should that public find entertainment in my story, or profit by my occasional remarks, the fame of Dick will, perhaps, be more permanent, and at least more pure, than that of some of those who have proudly beset with his back.

He is anxious to send all his writings as generally as possible to the hands of the public, and is desirous that they should be as generally as possible read. **REVIEW**

REVIEW

OF

SCHOOL AND JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY; containing a brief Account of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Persons, and remarkable Characters, in every Age and Nation. By Stephen Jones. The third Edition, corrected; with very considerable Additions. 18mo. Price 6s. 6d. 1799.

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We consider biography as the most animating and instructive species of composition for persons of all ages, and more particularly for youth: it exhibits models for imitation, or paints the vicious in such colours as may warn and deter. It is, in fact, a kind of history which comes home to every person's feelings; and, when there is a just appreciation of the characters of the dead, it has the most powerful effect on the manners of the living. Impressed with a sense of the importance of biography, some months ago we recommended the **BRITISH NEPOS**, whose reception from the public has justified our praise; and, though Mr. Jones's **DICTIONARY** has been established for some years, and is generally in the hands of readers of all classes, the recent improvements and additions which

which the assiduous author has made, entitle this new edition to universal notice, and warrant the attention we have paid it.

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Independently, however, of the ~~framing~~ principles he uniformly wishes to inculcate on the minds of young people, he has much merit for giving an accurate outline of the natural history of each animal he has made the subject of his volumes. This is no trivial advantage; it promotes a taste for farther inquiry into the delightful field of nature, and it fixes the impressions irresistibly on the heart. When we have only a confused idea of the object, it is impossible that it can gain so strongly on the affections, as when we are acquainted with its habits and qualities.

Some of the verses are not destitute of beauty or feeling. When the Canary-bird, after various adventures, finds himself restored to his mistress, and perched in his own cage, he is supposed to recite the following stanzas :

"Through shady groves, through flowery fields,
I've prov'd the joys that nature yields;
But absent thou, forlorn I stray;
I scarcely heed the beauteous way;
For thou not there, ah! what to me,
With Mira may compared be?
Not shady groves, nor flow'ry fields,
Nor all the joys that nature yields!

"Sweet is the woodbine's bonied breath,
And sweet the many-blossom'd heath;
Sweet the lark's carol; sweet the song
That floats the evening breeze along:
Blest are these charms! but none to me,
With Mira to compared be!
No, nor the shade of groves, nor flow'ry fields,
Nor all the living joys that bounteous nature yields."

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MEMOIRS OF DICK THE LITTLE PONEY. Embellished
with a Frontispiece. Price 2s.

As this little volume originated in our Magazine, and our readers have shown it abundant partiality, we shall only observe, that it is well and neatly printed, and has been carefully revised; in some places considerably enlarged. We have no doubt but it will long continue to be a favourite with the public; and perhaps exceed the fame of Pompey the Little; if any comparison can be drawn between works so very different in their structure and tendency.

HAMLAIN; OR, THE HERMIT OF THE BEACH: a
moral Reverie. Calculated for the Instruction and
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THE idea of the Hermit is extremely well conceived; and whoever attends to the sage and benevo-

lent lectures of Hamlain, will be the better for them. The following extract will authenticate our commendation, and induce a desire to possess and peruse the whole. It is evident Hamlain is of the school of St. Pierre.

"I have," said he, "of late years, particularly since this retirement has afforded me leisure to give full scope to my thoughts, endeavoured to pursue every object that presents itself to my notice, through its analogies, comparisons, and references; so as to come at that instruction which, I apprehend, is secretly couched almost, if not absolutely, in every thing we see. If then, in the course of the little time we may spend together, and the different objects we may direct our observation to, I should endeavour to engage your attention a little, in this way of viewing things, you will please to excuse me; and indeed, I have been so long in the habit of it, that those who only view things superficially, that is, merely as pictures and dumb forms, which they continue to look on, or turn from, according as they are pleasing or disgusting, appear to me, scarcely to see any thing: but, to the person who endeavours to detect the latent lessons of wisdom and instruction, that, as I said before, lie couched perhaps in every thing we see, nature becomes one large volume, of which every object is a chapter, page, or section: it is thus that the morning and evening's walk, or the noon-tide retreat of the wise man, is always pleasant and entertaining, because always presenting him with something new and instructive; and the man or woman who has once got the key to this large and instructive volume, can never entertain so preposterous a thought as how they shall kill time; for this, to them, would be like Alexander in his cups, killing their best friend.

"The analogy between a voyage and man's life, has been frequently and beautifully noticed. I make no doubt you have read many of these instructive allegorical allusions: the principal moral of all, centres in the uncertainty of every thing in this life; and that, from the exam-

ples

ples of the vessels getting safely into port, after being in the most imminent danger of sinking, we should learn not to give up hope in adversity; but, invoking the divine aid, use our best endeavours to meliorate our condition: on the other hand, that, in a prosperous state of things, we should not be too confident, because we seem to have a favourable gale, a placid sea, and the sun shining upon us; for like the vessels I have mentioned, which after leaving port with all these advantages, have been overtaken by the tempest, and perished in the storm, the advantages of birth, fortune, friends, and abilities, may all prove insufficient: you may fail in the most desirable and commendable pursuits in life, while others, wanting at their outset all these advantages, may finally attain the object of their pursuits; the one failing, perhaps, through that negligence which arises from too much confidence in the advantages they possess; the other succeeding through that diligence and circumspection which the consciousness of the want of every other advantage naturally inspires. You, my dear young visitors, are perfect strangers to me; your family, your connexions, your expectations, are equally so; but as often as recollection shall renew in your remembrance Ham-lain and his rocky cell, remember this advice:

“Neither let the advantages with which you may begin life’s voyage, lull you into confidence and negligence;

“Nor the want of them depress your minds into hopelessness and inactivity: but humble and moderate in prosperity, and firm and patient in adversity, persevere in that path which reason and justice point out, and then despair not of reaching your desired port.”

THE WOODLARK'S COMPLAINT.

“**H**ASTE, my Delia, hasten yet;
 Soon the golden orb will set:
 Up yon grassy hillock bending,
 Let us view the sun descending;

Till the dusky night appear,
 In her mantle dark and drear:
 Haste, my Delia, hasten yet;
 Soon the shining orb will set."
 Colin spoke, and light they trip
 Up the hill with airy step,
 Just as a fleecy cloud of gray
 Had obscur'd the god of day;
 When, with sweet and tuneful throat,
 A Woodlark pour'd her plaintive note:
 The sadden'd strain her mate return'd,
 As wildly warbling thus she mourn'd:

"Ah! wherefore does the hawthorn bloom,
 Why smile the daisies in the field,
 Or why do blossoms deck the broom,
 Which late our nuptial treasure held?"

"For hawthorn gay, with blushing face,
 Can never bring me sweet repose;
 Nor scented meadows e'er erase
 The sad remembrance of my woes.

"The rosy spring, with soft'ning care,
 Beheld my early labours long;
 And often zephyr fann'd the air,
 To rock the cradle of our young.

"When, on a summer's evening still,
 Parch'd by the sun-beams' blazing heat,
 I flew to sip a friendly rill,
 Which bubbled near our waving seat,

"On plunder bent, a ruthless boy
 Mark'd where the little nestlings lay,
 And springing forth with barb'rous joy,
 Our wretched offspring bore away.

"But those who cruel deeds pursue,
 The cup of grief themselves will drain;
 And always meet the vengeance due,
 Which rises from another's pain.

H

* Returning

"Returning home, he bent his course
Within the crystal stream to lave;
And vanquish'd by the torrent's force,
For ever sunk beneath the wave.

"Long time I wander'd o'er the plain,
My constant partner at my side,
But others' joys increase my pain,
While others sang—alone I sigh'd.

"Oh! may I from the world's gay scene,
(Fit place for birds with grief oppress'd),
Retire within the forest green,
In solitude to ease my breast.

"For hawthorn gay, with blushing face,
Can never bring me sweet repose;
Nor scented meadows e'er erase
The sad remembrance of my woes."

Sweet bird! another spring shall rise,
And wake your breast to joy and love;
Your melting strains shall fill the skies,
Your melody the vernal grove.

Colin heard the tender tale,
Warbled from the neighb'ring vale;
His looks, his inward feelings spoke,
As from his eye the crystal broke;
The mournful accents caught her ear,
And Delia dropt a tender tear.

B. ARBUTUS.

DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY: A TRUE ANECDOTE.

SOME time in the year 1760, Mr. Rigby being one evening playing at hazard, at a public place in Dublin, was very successful, and having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse, when a person behind him said, in a low voice, to himself, "Had I that sum, what a happy man should

I be!" Mr. Rigby, without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying, "Take it, my friend, and be happy." The stranger made no reply, but accepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr. Rigby's uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure on being informed, that the person who received the present was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after, a gentleman waited upon him in his own equipage in London, and being introduced to Mr. Rigby, acquainted him that he came to acquit a debt he had contracted with him in Dublin. Mr. Rigby was greatly surprised at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. "Yes, sir," continued the visitor, "you assisted me with above one hundred pounds, at a time when I was in the utmost indigence, without knowing me, or ever seeing me;" and then related the affair at the gaming-table. "With that money," continued the stranger, "I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so lucky as to make an ample fortune." Mr. Rigby declined taking the money, saying, that though he recollected the circumstance, he was unacquainted with the sum; but in a few days he received some valuable presents, that amounted to much more than the money he had bestowed.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUTH,
OF BOTH SEXES.

GENTLEMEN,

MANY of my companions, with myself, have frequently wished for an easy receipt to preserve specimens

specimens of curious and useful plants: we have, after some inquiry, met with several which answer extremely well. As you have a regular course of botany in your instructive Magazine, I think they would meet with a kind reception, particularly among those who study that noble science. I have sent the following for insertion, if approved.

DR. HILL'S METHOD OF PRESERVING PLANTS.

TAKE a plant in flower, with one of its bottom leaves on it, if it have any; bruise the stalk if too rigid, or slit it if too thick; spread the leaves and flowers on paper, as nearly in their natural order as possible; cover them with more paper, on which place a sufficient weight. In a day or two, or whenever they are perfectly flat, lay the plants on a bed of dry common sand, sift over them more dry sand, and let them lie three weeks or a month; after these are perfectly dry and hardened, they are placed in a book with the following cement: infuse for a considerable time before it is wanted, two ounces of camphor in three quarts of water, shake it from time to time; add, when the plants are ready, two ounces of carpenter's glue, and two ounces of isinglass, to a pint of water; let them stand a day or two, then boil the liquor, and strain it through a coarse cloth. Smear the backs of the plants with this cement when warmed; lay them on paper, and gently press them; then expose them to the air a few minutes, and finally lay them to dry under a small weight.

Sir Robert Southwell's method is this: Two plates of iron of a proper size, must be made so thick as to prevent bending, and must have a hole near each corner

corner for the reception of a screw. He prepares the plants the same as Dr. Hill, and then lays several sheets of paper under and over the plant, spread upon one; he then puts the whole between the iron plates, and puts them into an oven, after the bread is drawn, during two hours: after this, he mixes equal parts of aqua fortis and brandy, and rubs the flowers lightly over with this liquor; then he lays them on fresh brown paper, and presses them gently till the wet of these liquors is dried away. The plant thus prepared, he puts the quantity of a nutmeg of gum dragon into a pint of cold water, and lets it stand till dissolved: with this he fastens the plant to a sheet of white paper.

To preserve flowers perfectly, we are told to gather them when not yet thoroughly open, in the middle of a dry day; put them into a good earthen vessel glazed within, fill up the vessel to the top with them, and when full, sprinkle them over with some good French wine, with a little salt in it; then set them by in a cellar, tying the mouth of the pot carefully down; after this, they may be taken out at pleasure, and, on setting them in the sun, or within reach of the fire, they will open, and retain not only their colour, but their smell.

Your devoted correspondent,

Norwich.

TOBIAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

AS I am a man of a reflecting turn of mind, and fond of investigating the springs which actuate our

our nature, I have often puzzled my imagination to discover why the pleasures of the *chase* are followed with so much ardour and avidity.

That a human being gifted with reason, endowed with humanity, and blest with the means of rational gratification, should be capable of deriving pleasure from *persecution*, or enjoyment from *cruelty*, is one of those extraordinary caprices in the human frame, which neither reason or philosophy have the power of defining.

There is something so repugnant to my ideas of *courage*, in *attacking* that which cannot *repel*, that I could as soon raise my hand against a *helpless infant*, as I could pursue a *fleeing stag*; and I would rather engage in warfare with a wild boar, than be compelled to hunt a *timid hare*.

Is it not astonishing, Mr. Editor, that, in this age of *feeling* and *refinement*, the barbarous custom still should be pursued? for surely the heart which is alive to sensibility, can never be gratified by inhumanity and persecution!

I do not mean to infer, that all men who follow the chase are *cruel*, or that all who despise it, are *humane*; for we are creatures of *custom* and *habit*, and more frequently err from want of *reflection*, than from *cruelty* or *design*.

I shall close my letter, sir, by inserting the reply of Frederic king of Prussia, to one of his officers, who had been expatiating upon the pleasures of the chase, as it coincides with my opinion, and may more effectually be the means of exciting a disgust to that cruel amusement, in the minds of your juvenile admirers, than any argument against it which I might be able to produce.

“The

"The chase is one of the most sensual of pleasures, by which the powers of the body are strongly exerted, whilst those of the *mind* remain unemployed. It consists of a violent exertion of desire in the pursuit, and the indulgence of a *cruel passion*, in the death of the game. It is an exercise which makes the limbs strong, active, and pliable, but leaves the head destitute of improvement; and the man who practises it, is more savage than the beasts of prey. If we pretend to superiority over the beasts, it ought to consist in *reason*; but we generally find, that the most passionate lovers of the chase renounce the privilege, and converse only with their dogs and horses, or beings as irrational as those animals. This habit renders them wild and unfeeling; and it is not to be supposed they would be very merciful to the human species; for a man who in cool blood can torture a poor inoffensive animal, cannot feel much compassion for the distresses of his fellow-creatures."

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

A FRIEND TO THE ANIMAL CREATION.

INDOLENCE AND APPLICATION.

DURING the reign of Cosroes king of Persia, the empire was governed by a man whose private virtues could only be equalled by his public abilities; and Mitrane was at once the friend of the sovereign, and the favourite of his people.

For several successive years, Mitrane sat at the helm of the state, and conducted the plans of that extensive

extensive empire in a manner that reflected credit upon himself, and honour upon his master.

Gratified in the possession of so faithful a servant, the king was solicitous to evince his regard, and Mitranes was loaded with unlooked-for benefits. Grateful for such proofs of his sovereign's favour, Mitranes endeavoured to express his obligations, but instead of availing himself of the king's munificence, he solicited permission to retire from court.

This request, wholly unexpected, the Persian monarch heard with concern, and sending for the minister into his private apartment, pathetically remonstrated in the following words :

"Why, Mitranes, would you *desert me*? have you any *cause* of complaint? has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee? have not my slaves been ordered to make no distinction between *thy orders* and *mine*? have you any thing to ask that *I* can *grant*? speak, and you shall be satisfied, but do not think of leaving me."

To these affectionate and interesting interrogations, the faithful minister thus replied :

"O king! I have served thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou most amply hast rewarded me for it; but *nature* now requires from me *one* of *its* most *sacred duties*. I have a son who can only learn from me, how to *serve thee*, or *thy successors*; permit me then to practise *private duties*, and, by attending to my boy's improvement, render him worthy of so great a master."

The king listened to the reply of Mitranes with a mingled appearance of pleasure and regret; and told him, he was ready to accede to his petition, on condition

condition that he would educate *his son* with the same solicitude he did his own.

To this proposal the minister readily agreed, and made instant preparations to quit the court, attended by his august and royal pupil.

Six years were devoted, with unremitting labour, to the arduous task of anxious instruction; and whilst Mitranes had the happiness of observing that his son's mind gradually improved under his careful culture, he had the mortification of finding that the young prince neither attended to his precepts, nor was directed by his advice. At the termination of the period above described, Mitranes received a summons from the king, and presented his pupils before his royal master.

Though elated with joy at beholding his son, the king instantly observed a striking difference between his deportment and that of his young friend, and felt sensibly mortified at perceiving the disadvantage lay on the side of the young prince. A few hours conversation with them both, convinced him that his son's *mind* was no less inferior to his companion's, than his *manners*; and no longer able to conceal his chagrin, he demanded of Mitranes the *cause* of the difference; who with a mixture of candour, mortification, and regret, fully explained it in the following words:

"O king! my son has made a better *use* than yours, of the instruction I gave to *both*. My attention has been *equally* divided *between them*, but my son knows that *his dependance* must be on *mankind*; but I could never *conceal* from yours, that *men* would be *dependant* upon him."

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